THE CULT OF SANTIAGO

J. S. STONE

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THE CULT OF SANTIAGO

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TRADITIONS, MYTHS, AND PILGRIMAGES

A SYMPATHETIC STUDY

BY THE

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TO

MY BELOVED AND LOVING DAUGHTER

VIOLET

PREFACE

THE Iberian Peninsula is one of the most delightful countries in Europe, and the better the traveller knows it the more enchanting it becomes. Every part of it has this quality, but none more so than the remote province of Galicia, in which the chief glory is the shrine at Compostella of St. James the Great, once fisherman of Galilee, then Apostle of Christ, and for these many centuries Patron Saint of Spain.

This book has for its purpose the encouragement of a still more lively interest in St. James and the things which have been associated with him in history and tradition. The subject is capable of wide expansion. It was not found possible to gather and present in so limited a space all that is known or told of the distinguished Apostle; but enough is given to illustrate the part he played, or the part that has been assigned to him, in history or in folklore, and to clear and freshen an atmosphere beclouded and darkened by time and change, so that the man himself may be better seen, the virtues which were attributed to him, and the wonders he is said to have wrought.

Into this sketch or study neither controversy nor prejudice has been allowed to enter. On the contrary, far from any indulgence of antagonism or attempt at destructive criticism, there is maintained, and it is hoped unmistakably expressed, a feeling of respect, sometimes even a warm sympathy, for the legends, traditions, and customs which sprang out of the cult of St. James, and which so deeply affected the people among whom they prevailed. Without accepting unqualifiedly the principle that anything, whether it be myth, ceremony, hymn, or music, designed to call forth the devotional feeling of the ignorant may be recognized as admissible—so that untruth, absurdity, or indecency may be justified by their purpose—this book has to do not so much with the origins of the myths and legends advanced

as with their results. No reasonable doubt disturbs the supposition that for the most part these results were beneficial.

The writer may be seriously misunderstood if this particular be not kept in mind. The tales told and the miracles recorded are not of equal value, much less of equal veracity. Some seem intended to be taken symbolically rather than literally. Their worth, if they chance to have any, depends largely on the effect they produce on the hearer. Some people find no difficulty in believing them: others can by no means give them credit. No wise man will argue either way. There may be, and in these pages it is assumed there is, some truth underlying them, even though it be such as only the poet can imagine. After all, as St. Gregory the Great reminded Queen Theodolinda, the worth of a relic depends more on the disposition of the recipient than on the intrinsic value of the object—or, as may be added, on the physical, actual verity of the story.

Much is touched upon in these pages besides the Apostle Santiago or the city of Compostella. An ordinary guide-book furnishes a sketch of the latter, and an ordinary encyclopaedia an account of the former, sufficient for travellers who are satisfied with a few hours in the city, and a passing thought of the Apostle.

But for the help of those to whom such fragmentary information serves only as a gateway into the spacious woods and fields of history—for readers who would seriously consider men and movements, and follow suggestions even along devious paths and unfrequented byways—these pages present many personages and events, and some glimpses of curious manners and strange incidents, which had to do with the foundation and development of the cult of St. James.

The book, therefore, will be found discursive, yet may it be fairly said that in not a few of its wanderings happen some of the most helpful and interesting work done. The tendency has been to subjects of picturesque and winsome quality, or of historical or biographical consequence, such as mediaeval pilgrimages and romances, or the ties which once bound England and Spain together in pleasant fellowship, or the story of Cluny, or the part in the world's life taken by men

such as Ramón Lull, Andrew Boorde, John of Gaunt, or the hero of Corunna. The effort has also been made to maintain simplicity of thought and style. If the writer has been tempted to drift wide in the sea of knowledge, or upward into the sky of imagination, he has determined never to pass out of sight—never to be lost in profundity of learning or in absurdity of speculation.

The reader must judge for himself how closely this intention has been observed, and how far these pages have encouraged and furthered him in the study he has been led to expect from the title of the book.

God bless all good pilgrims, whether they wander across the sea or over the mountains, or through the mazes of literature, to the shrine of the Blessed Apostle of Spain!

University Club, Chicago,
September 29, 1927.

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CHAPTER I

THE APOSTLE AND PATRON OF SPAIN

THE name of St. James the Apostle not only carries us back to the times when a Roman procurator ruled in Jerusalem, but also brings to mind some of the romance and splendour of the Middle Ages.

Few periods, and especially the latter, are more informing than these in history or more attractive in legend; and in both history and legend, like other heroes of the past, St. James has his place—scarcely any more outstanding, and none more worthy of study.

In sketching his story, as is our purpose, it should from the outset be remembered that though myths and legends differ from history and philosophy in origin, and in nature may be distinguished the one from the other, yet ever and anon they become so intermingled that separation is difficult. History is supposed to be founded on literal, physical fact, and philosophy upon sound and irrefutable thinking. Myths and legends, even should they chance to be true and reasonable in themselves, spring out of likelihood or tradition, the product of imagination and symbolism. Not infrequently they bring about beneficial results, and even control for good the purpose and conduct of life, not so much because they are true in themselves—for they may be pure fictions, without fact or probability—but because they tend to an end which may be helpful and desirable. The end may not be allowed to justify the means, but the means may bring about the end. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

It is not well that history or philosophy should despise myths and legends. They may not indeed stand the tests which history and philosophy freely apply to themselves. I am not sure that Alfred the Great tended the oven in the herdsman's hut, but I learn that homely tasks are not beneath a monarch's notice, and that disguise is most easily effected in unexpected places. I think all the more of the Anglo-Saxon king when I picture him handling cakes; even as I do of English archers when I recall the feats of Robin

Hood and the exploits of Agincourt. I may not be able to prove the story, but the story helps me to appreciate the truth to which the story points.

In dealing with myths and legends it is not needful so much to search for the verity that may or may not be in them, as to discover what fact or lesson they may reflect. For they are as mirrors which cast back the rays of the sun. The sun is not in the mirror. Indeed the mirror in itself has neither light nor heat. Yet it may convey, even where the sun itself could not convey, both light and heat. The mirror may send the brilliance of the morning sun into the recesses and caves of the eastern side of the valley; and the legend may bring to me a truth which in the legend itself does not exist. If the mirror be faulty, it necessarily fails in its purpose; and undoubtedly there are myths and legends so absurd, far fetched, improbable, lifeless, that not only do they defy respect, but they also tend to evil.

It is not unlikely that some of the myths and legends to which our attention may be drawn in this study will provoke nothing more than a smile. Others may excite ridicule and even contempt. For such no excuse may be advanced. They degrade whatever they pretend to make known. But myths and legends of the kind that delight us, win our sympathies, and do not outrage our common sense, whether in themselves physically true or untrue, have another purpose and bring about a different effect. Some judgment must be exercised. We cannot believe the unbelievable; and though faith be not required, it is apt to become troublesome if there be no verisimilitude.

But believable or unbelievable, honest or false, it is well to recognize the influence, right or wrong, which these things have had in human affairs. Nothing should be refused consideration that has wrought either good or evil.

It will be found on examination that myths and legends are concerned chiefly with personality. As clouds gather round mountain peaks, so they cluster about some renowned and eminent individual. In this study we shall consider the stories and miracles which have been told of Santiago of Compostella: the stories and miracles which have given him dignity in Spain and position in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Other like characters abound. We might have taken, for instance, either Paul of Tarsus or Roger Bacon, but unhappily in the one case we should have been plunged into theology, and in the other lost in science. In both

instances we should have had wider and safer material; but in neither an equal romance or as lively an interest. At any rate, St. James is fairly typical of all such men, though he was neither a theologian nor a scientist. His legends are more daring than those of most saints, his adventures more surprising, his adherents more devoted, and his surroundings more remarkable.

These stories, probably more mythical than historical, and these miracles, perhaps more doubtful than otherwise, created or supported the cult which in the course of time came to St. James. By 'cult' I do not imply the worship and adoration of Almighty God, with which religion can allow no interference, but the relationship to God which may find its most important quality in successful influence and unfailing intercession with Him. Even as it is held that in this life the prayers of a righteous man availeth much, so from very early times it has been maintained that the same principle continues in the other life. Death may sever the individual from his body, but not from his sympathies or from any of the qualities which united him to his fellows. The closer his obedience and attachment to God, the surer his power with God. In ages when people felt afraid to go to God themselves, either from shame or a consciousness of futility, they besought these friends and adherents of God to help them. The more renowned the saint, the more hopeful his success. His popularity increased with his miracles and the evidences of his graciousness and proficiency. The multitude resorted to him more fervently than ever. They implored his prayers, and made offerings for his favour. They did not give him divine honours; but they reverenced him, and did all they could to get him to represent them rightly and lovingly to God.

So grew mightily the cult or fame or popularity of St. James.

But my purpose is not to use St. James merely as an illustration of myths and legends; but rather to deal with such because they tell of him. He is the object of our study; the myths and legends which I shall touch upon are interesting mostly because they are associated with him. They may have worth; but he gives them that worth.

The St. James who ranks among the national saints as the Apostle and Patron of Spain, and with whose cult these pages are concerned, is distinguished by the title of 'the Great,' or 'the Greater.' He was not only called to be an

Apostle, but out of the Twelve Disciples he was chosen as one of the three more intimate friends and immediate associates of the Teacher of Galilee. These three disciples, Peter, James, and John, formed an inner circle to whom Christ revealed Himself as to none other, and to whom He gave greater opportunities and a more direct confidence. He brought them close to Himself. More than their brethren they appreciated His mission and purpose in the world; they beheld in ever-clearing vision His personality, knowledge, love, and power; and they devoted to Him both themselves and every quality they possessed. On them He laid responsibility, and they accepted that responsibility faithfully and fearlessly. So He made them the first princes in the kingdom of God, and invested them with an immortality that should outlive the ages.

Of the three Apostles, St. Peter became the leader and chief, St. John the resplendent manifestation of the power and supremacy of love, and St. James ranks with them as one of the greatest of the spiritual heroes of Christendom. With the mightiest of the mighty, he becomes a commander of men. One of the three friends of the Christ, apostle and confessor, and then martyr, he is remembered through the centuries, and in most countries, in a glory all his own.

But nowhere has he been given greater reverence and affection, or lifted up to higher honour, than in Spain. On the other hand, no country has received more help from any saint than did Spain from him. He and Spain are inseparably one. There he shines in a galaxy of splendour, the brightest star among them all, amid the myriads of holy ones, beyond all others, none more beloved.

So mighty and splendid is the Saint of Compostella, so transcendent his deeds, and so tremendous the claims made for him, that sometimes, in spite of my enthusiasm, I find it hard to think of him as the disciple spoken of in the New Testament. Far removed from the occupation of a fisherman on the Sea of Galilee, he attains a position among kings and princes, and becomes high among the most excellent ones of earth. In this, however, he is not alone. St. Peter passed through an even more significant transformation. In social life next to nothing, yet he became the Church's pontiff, with his foot on the neck of kings, and the whole world acknowledging him to be the Vicar of Christ. And in far-away times, when the sons of Abraham were strangers in a strange land, Joseph, child of a foreigner, once a dweller

in tents, and once in prison charged with a criminal offence, became viceroy of Egypt and friend of the Pharaoh; and David rose from the sheepfold to the throne of Israel. But for such examples, not uncommon in oriental lands, one might dispute the continuity which is alleged to lie between the disciple of the Nazarene and the Santiago of Spain. It is not necessary or well to disturb one's peace by questioning that continuity. It is established on the best authority available; and there were times in Spain when to deny that same continuity might cost a man his life. Spain never had a doubt.

As the centuries went on, not even the shrine of St. Martin of Tours or that of St. Thomas of Canterbury, resorts of two of the most renowned saints, the one in France and the other in England, could vie in popularity or in reputation with the sanctuary of St. James the Apostle at Compostella in Galicia. In the Middle Ages, throughout the Christian world, by all classes of people, and especially by the distressed in body and the burdened in soul, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and the men and women of outstanding crime or of notoriously sinful life, St. James was known as a kindly and prevailing advocate. His influence with Heaven was assumed to be almost boundless, the efficacy of his intercession with the Almighty not excelled. With the exception of the Apostles at Rome, no saint in Europe attracted such multitudes of pilgrims, inspired such confidence, drew out such gifts and offerings, occasioned such astonishing legends, or wrought such wonderful miracles. He had the confidence and won the devotion of innumerable believers; and around him gathered romance no less vivid and felicitous than was his reputation.

To take St. James the Great out of those centuries in which faith ran riot and life glowed with fancy, and in which the world prepared itself for an outburst of art and literature and vision beyond aught that antiquity knew, is not only to leave significant movements in history beclouded, but also to lessen the charm of the past, and to lose much of its hope and inspiration.

It is my endeavour to gather as much material together as possible, or at least as much as comes within my reach, and, for the curiosity and knowledge of those so inclined, therefrom set forth as best I may the adventures, associations, and renown of the courteous and generous benefactor of Compostella, or, as he is more fully described, that 'Apostel de Jesu Christo, Sanctiago Zebedeo, Padron y Capitan

General de las Españas'; once a fisherman of Galilee and one of the chosen Twelve, then the tutelary Saint of Spain, the guardian of all faithful Netmakers and Pilgrims, and the mediator of kings and popes, and in time a prince among Christian knights. His name is the warcry of valiant Spain, and he is the spiritual cousin of St. George of England.

Much that I have in mind has been done already, and done much better than it is possible for me to do it. Neither time nor opportunity, to say nothing of other qualities, is sufficiently at my disposal. And yet in my purpose of inducing others to think of St. James somewhat as the people of old thought of him, and to appreciate more livingly the times in which his fame was at its height, I have sought after a principle, I may call it a humour or a mood, which is not always evident in the work even of those who know more about St. James than I can hope to know. I shall not attempt here to distinguish this spirit, for if it become not evident in the course of our study, I should only tell of my failure. More than this, I love and reverence with all my heart those ages through which my peregrinations chiefly meander. Those ages had evils and inconveniencies in them undoubtedly; undesirable qualities which make me glad that I did not live in them. They were coarse, cruel, oppressive, with imperfections peculiarly their own. So with every age. Each has its abuses, excesses, misapprehensions, and indifferences which clamour for removal. But the past, this very period which many readers so freely condemn, was no more deficient than the present in its desire for reformation. The excellences of human nature were present and active then quite as much as they have been in every age. There have always been men among men contending with evil and battling for good.

Human nature remains much the same through all time. The pilgrims whom we shall see on their way to Compostella differed in nothing essential from the men and women who wandered in primeval forests, or from the men and women who occupy the world to-day. If we would follow this thought, and judge more justly and kindly of people whose weaknesses astonish us, chiefly because our own shortcomings are so different, it is well to remember the picture drawn by a poet of very distant times in his effort to account for the existence of sin in the world. Had there been no sin, there had been no shrines, no pilgrims, perhaps no saints. There would have been no need for such. But when the first

parents of our race, created, as he would have us suppose, innocent and immortal, and set in a garden of sweet and clean delight, fell before temptation, the poet does not reproach them as having been addicted to wrong-doing. They were neither born in sin nor shapen in iniquity. On the contrary, he speaks of them as in close fellowship with the Creator Himself. He implies that evil was not inherent in them, but in the creature which assailed them, and for which he can find no more apt figure than that of a serpent. They erred, not because they were in their nature wicked, but because they were human, just as God had made them: positively good and negatively bad; and from their very power of obedience capable of disobedience. Even angels in heaven, pure in conduct and free from peril of evil, as we commonly imagine them to be, are said to have done wrong and to have been cast out, as Milton, amply supported by the sacred writings, tells the story.

Nor did Adam and Eve after leaving Paradise abandon themselves to evil. Ever since the beginning of the exile, their descendants have been on pilgrimage from the garden where grew the tree of life to the garden where grows the tree the leaves of which shall be for the healing of the nations. A toilsome journey! But all the way along man has been building his altars, consecrating his temples, and offering his sacrifices, that possibly he might get to God, and realize his ideals of that holiness which makes God. Man did these things when the flaming sword at the gate of Eden had scarcely vanished out of sight. He did it, too, in those ages when weary souls wandered across the river to Thebes, or over the mountains to Santiago.

Such conclusions should be set against the opinion that the Middle Ages were so benighted and wretched, the people so far gone in ignorance and recklessness of living, that they can scarcely be thought of as Christian. I do not thus blacken the past. Rather do I turn gladsomely to that past, because it was as human, even though it was in its own way also as bad, as any present I know, or as any future will be. It may have been worse than aught I suspect. I am sure it was better than many will allow. If Jacob would steal his brother's blessing, and John Lackland his brother's kingdom, in the market-places to-day there are brethren not one whit less reluctant to do one to another dishonest and contemptible things. And, on the other hand, through all the ages, there have been those who have walked carefully

and lovingly in the way ordained by God and commended by man. I do not exaggerate when I say that in the Middle Ages, in spite of what some are pleased to call ignorance and superstition, Christ was beloved and followed by multitudes.

My readers will agree with me. Our experiences have probably been closely akin. I have tried to live in those old times, to think as people then thought, to appreciate the philosophy and ceremonies, the arts and customs, the churches and the homes, that then were common. I revel in the books of Cardinal Gasquet, Dr. Jessopp, Canon Rawnsley, and Professor Brewer, and delight to annotate them with with the wider and more accurate knowledge of Professor G. G. Coulton. Maitland's *Dark Ages* and Macaulay's *Third Chapter* were mines whence came rich treasures. Long before I could understand scholars and antiquaries such as these, I knew all the characters of the Prologue, and had laughed with Falstaff and the Merry Wives, dreamed through Chevy Chase, wept with the Lady of Shalott, and tried to picture King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Robin Hood and his fearless outlaws were cherished and faultless friends. Now and again I met them in the greenwood. Friar Tuck reminded me of a rotund, good-tempered curate—a happy man of God who taught boys Latin constructions and the way to cut whistles out of willow-sticks and pens out of goose-quills. Not far from ruined castle and narrow-windowed church I read the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. I imitated Old Mortality in deciphering inscriptions on time-worn walls. In these reminiscences I am recalling not merely my own but the reader's experience; and I do so that I may the more readily bring him into sympathy with my subject. And thus, in one way or another, early in life some of us gain an inkling of that mysterious and subtle quality, I scarcely know what to call it, which in these days is said to linger faintly and only in rare and hospitable souls. To get nearer that romance, for which I suppose my reader is intent as fervently as I, to hear more clearly its bewitching melody, and to delve farther into its depths, is one of the purposes of our wandering among the myths and traditions of St. James of Compostella.

A quotation from James Anthony Froude's *History of England*, apt and suggestive, is given in an opening page of the Oxford *Mediaeval England*. Here imagination suggests the region into which I would entice myself and tempt my reader to venture.

'And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of our cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediaeval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.'

As St. James to the Spaniard was far more popular and powerful than any other saint, than even St. Peter, and was held to have done for Spain more than the Prince of the Apostles, or all the Apostles put together, had done for any country, so by the people under his care his name was spread round the world. Wherever the Spaniard went, St. James went too. There is a Santiago in Chile, another in Cuba, in Haiti, in Mexico, Argentina, Peru, and in Columbia; a San Diego in California, and a cape, San Diego, in Tierra del Fuego. Speaking of the aboriginals of Mexico the *Catholic Encyclopaedia* says: 'Hearing the Spaniards speak constantly of the Apostle St. James, they became convinced that he was some sort of divine protector of the conquerors, and that it was therefore necessary to gain his favour. Hence the great devotion that the Indians had for St. James, the numerous churches dedicated to him, and the statues of him in so many churches, mounted on a white horse, with drawn sword, in the act of charging.'

Nor were Spanish voyagers and settlers alone in perpetuating the Apostle's name. The province of Victoria in Australia has a town called 'St. James,' and here and there in America 'James' appears as a place-name. It was not after the Galilean, but after the first English king who bore his name, that the eighteen or more 'Jamestowns' in the United States were so called. In every Christian country churches consecrated after his name abound; and scattered in every direction, bays, capes, islands, mountains, and rivers are so designated. It is a favourite baptismal name, especially in the Peninsula and in Scotland; and in England alone no less than seventeen peers and eight baronets carry in their coats of arms, as heraldic charges, scallop-shells, St. James's special sign and crest.

Nor may it be overlooked, though kings no longer reside

in the palace at Westminster called by the name of the Apostle, that the Court whence the sovereigns of Great Britain speak to the world is still known as that of 'Saint James.'

Perhaps the position of St. James in the life of those far-away times, his prominence and worth, and the hope and affection his votaries deposited in him, may be more pleasantly suggested in the following lines, the substance of which is said to have been sung, perhaps litanywise, in the old days by congregations on bended knee, before his shrine in Compostella, on the eve of his commemoration festival. These verses are given by George Henry Borrow in his *Bible in Spain*, published in 1863, but it is not clear from where he got them.

Thou shield of that faith which in Spain we revere,
Thou scourge of each foeman who dares to draw near;
Whom the Son of that God who the elements tames,
Call'd child of the thunder, immortal Saint James!

From the blessed asylum of glory intense,
Upon us thy sovereign influence dispense;
And list to the praises our gratitude aims
To offer up worthily, mighty Saint James!

To thee fervent thanks Spain shall ever outpour;
In thy name though she glory, she glories yet more
In thy thrice hallow'd corse, which the sanctuary claims
Of high Compostella, O blessed Saint James!

When heathen impiety, loathsome and dread,
With a chaos of darkness our Spain overspread,
Thou wast the first light which dispell'd with its flames
The hell-born obscurity, glorious Saint James!

And when terrible wars had nigh wasted our force,
All bright 'midst the battle we saw thee on horse,
Fierce scattering the hosts, whom their fury proclaims
To be warriors of Islam, victorious Saint James!

Beneath thy direction, stretch'd prone at thy feet,
With hearts low and humble, this day we entreat
Thou wilt strengthen the hope which enlivens our frames,
The hope of thy favour and presence, Saint James.

Then praise to the Son and the Father above,
And to that Holy Spirit which springs from their love;
To that bright emanation whose vividness shames
The sun's burst of splendour, and praise to Saint James.

CHAPTER II

THE SOURCES OF AUTHORITY

The literature concerning St. James is abundant and within easy reach. It is my purpose to make some observations thereon, which may serve not only to indicate the authors I have used in this study, and the tendency which underlies it, but further to express my gratitude for the help these authors have been to me, and also to suggest where more information may be obtained on the subject generally.

Modern writers naturally depend upon ancient authorities; if possible, contemporary with the events or times described, or so near them as to afford some likelihood of their plausibility. They have no alternative, unless they would draw on their own imagination; and yet, creative and resourceful as imagination may be, no imagination can occasion more admiration or surprise than the industry which is required to dig and delve in those vast and musty tomes, Latin or Spanish, or perchance Arabic, some in manuscript still, which contain the records. Perhaps, more wonderful than either imagination or industry is the skill to set in order, to interpret, to discover the real worth, and to find the relationships of materials brought to the surface out of these dark, deep mines. Few are they who have the industry, and fewer still they who have the skill; and foolish would he be who, dealing with myths and legends, would claim an imagination like unto that of the men of old time.

Now the social and political history of Spain has an attraction second in no particular to that of any other country in the world, not even to that of ancient Greece or modern France, and I know few as fascinating; but among men, and especially among such as are called men of religion, so outstanding and impressive is St. James, so pervasive his influence, and so entrancing the traditions concerning him, that nearly all writers who have had Spain or the people of Spain as their subject have something to say about him. As well forget the Escorial or Gibraltar or Cordoba as overlook the saint of Compostella. He is scarcely less in people's

hearts and minds to-day than he was a thousand years since. The revelations or opinions of travellers cannot but vary in value. So the books that are founded on such. A few authors, if not original, are at least fresh and unexpected; and many merely copy some one else. In either case, they disseminate information; but information to be acceptable depends more or less on sympathy, and in sympathy writers widely differ.

It is not easy for me to decide which I had rather read: the author who is credulous enough to accept the unreasonable and the impossible, or the writer who does not believe anything, and treats the beliefs of others as delusions. On the whole, I think I prefer the warm winds of the spice-lands to the ice-streams of the north. I may be bewildered by the one; I shall be killed by the other. Out of the one I may find a way which may lead to some satisfactory interpretation; but there is no escape from the grave. In my study of this subject, I confess that I have liked the enthusiasm of Spanish writers rather than the deliberation and hesitation characteristic of English and American writers. The one sort love and are proud of the Lord's Apostle; the other care next to nothing for him, and do not know what to think of him. At least that is the way I persuade myself.

Such discrimination, however, must not be overdone or exercised out of season. The critic is of use: much, if he be constructive; little, if he be otherwise. Yet, after all, I turn more kindly to the beauty and aroma of the rose than to its flowerage torn or dissected. I am told that some people do not believe that angels ever sang over the fields of Bethlehem; and yet it is also said that such people can listen with delight at Christmastide to the chanting of choirs or the chiming of bells. They listen to the story of the mid-winter feast, and picture the merry olden times; and yet the light enters not into their heart. Their faith, or their lack of faith, does not trouble me, but their sympathy gladdens my very soul. In that sympathy we are one with each other. I shall never myself seek to uncover the mystery that underlies Christmas; but I shall always attach myself closely to the spirit which I feel sure sprang out of that mystery. And so in dealing with the sources of authority, as a matter of course, I incline more readily and more tenderly towards those who give heart and fancy as well as mind to my subject.

Articles and references, more or less informing and illumi-

nating, may be found in such works as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*, Chambers's *Book of Days*, James's *Apocryphal Gospels*, Brewer's *Handbooks*, and Alban Butler's and Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*. Of first importance is the Bollandists' *Acta Sanctorum*, and no better summary of the Life of St. James, largely gathered from that collection, has been written than that by Anna Jameson in her *Sacred and Legendary Art*.

One of the most comprehensive and exhaustive works on the subject is *The Way of Saint James*, written by Georgiana Goddard King, Professor of the History of Art in Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. Its three volumes, published by the Hispanic Society of America, in 1920, are not only attractive in form, but are encyclopaedic in substance. Professor King may criticize, but she rarely condemns. Once in a while I suspect a laughing elf, but she never laughs because she disbelieves or scorns. Her eye lights on the humour, which even angels can create, and most likely indulge in. She knows Spain, and especially Galicia, thoroughly, having lived and journeyed there some years, and kept fast her attention and interest on the art, and to an extent really amazing, on the legends and history of the country. She is familiar with its literature, extensive and remote as it is. The language is her own, with its many dialects, and she is at ease with mediaeval Latin. Moreover, her appreciation of the people who wrought the art and cherished the legends is keen and indulgent. She has ransacked the records and chronicles of Compostella, and many another cathedral; gone over the stained documents and dusty folios with the knowledge and judgment of the expert; and examined closely the worn and weather-beaten scenes and images sculptured on walls and buttresses almost crumbling into dust. Nor does she understand the people of to-day less sympathetically. They welcomed her, and unbended themselves to her, as heartily as she greeted and mingled with them. Thus she writes with that familiarity and love which give charm to her pages, and which deserve the highest praise. I have perused with delight her sketches, her notes, and her reprints. There is little left of St. James the Great that she has not touched upon. As a traveller she is perfect, and some of her descriptions are veritable gems.

My commendation is neither fulsome nor extravagant; but there are aspects and details which Professor King could not take up.

Few more lively or more accurate descriptions of Spain exist than that written by Richard Ford in his *Handbook for Travellers*. Suppressed in 1845, the year of its publication, because of its unnecessarily outspoken and offensive assertions, it appeared again the same year in an edition but slightly altered from the original work. So bitter is his protestantism, so scornful his interpretation of legends, so unfair his ridicule and extravagant his laughter, that he makes his pages, informing though they may be, disagreeable reading. He deals with the foibles of the ignorant and superstitious mercilessly, and never points out the affection and faith which occasioned them, nor the happy consequences which not infrequently they brought about.

Scarcely less spiteful than Ford is Ulrick Ralph Burke, or his editor, Martin A. S. Hume, in his *History of Spain* (edition of 1900). His knowledge of the subject is practically inexhaustible, and so far as I can discover trustworthy, but he cannot refrain from treating the stories of St. James jocularly, and smiling witlessly and superciliously at the decisions and claims of the ecclesiastical authorities, or, perhaps, I should say, of the hagiographical seers. Nor is C. R. L. Fletcher, in his *Making of Western Europe*, free from the same infirmities. He writes well and wisely, but the traditions and cult of St. James upset his calm, judicial spirit. So with that most learned of all scholars in Arabian language and literature, Reinhart Dozy. No one has written more wonderfully on Spanish Islam. Nothing can exceed in forceful contempt his story of Spanish ingenuity in upholding the reputation of St. James. In his *Histoire des Mussulmans d'Espagne*, and in the third edition of his *Recherches sur l'histoire et la littérature de l'Espagne pendant le moyen âge*, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says, 'he mercilessly exposes the many tricks and falsehoods of the monks in their chronicles, and effectively demolishes a good part of the Cid legends.' His 'mercilessness' is that of the tiger towards its prey. The prey was born for him. He seizes his chance with ravenous avidity. Of course Gibbon is all himself in his passages concerning the Saint.

Nevertheless, the gleaner of scraps belonging to St. James of Compostella will be most unwise should he overlook these historians. He will find more in them to his purpose, at least more that he can depend upon, than in all the panegyrists put together. Their pages may be of an aching colour, but they teem with facts. The student of Gibbon,

for instance, will miss much besides truth if he allows himself to be deterred from reading him by the historian's caricature of Christianity or exaggeration of Mohammedanism. Even under a Rabelaisian exterior, grim and coarse though it may appear, there may be virtues of inestimable worth. At least, we need not throw away the good because it is hidden in evil, nor condemn the man because of his unseemly garb.

I do not affirm that these writers, and others that I could name with them, are as surprising in their merriment as they are unkind. They desire to amuse, perhaps, even more than to instruct, one feels, at the expense of some who care not for amusement on such themes. I do not say they are without excuse. I admit that not a few of the things I shall myself recall are neither reasonable nor believable; but for all that, in view of the fact that they were held by practical and honest men, I contend that they should be treated respectfully. Better choke oneself with humour, than wound to death some one else with raillery or derision.

More to be desired than treatises ill-natured and antagonistic is such a book as *The Story of Santiago de Compostela*, published in 1912 by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons in their series of 'Mediaeval Towns,' and written by C. Gasquoine Hartley, the daughter of an English clergyman, and the wife, first, of Walter M. Gallichan, and afterwards of Arthur D. Lewis. Besides the *Story of Santiago*, and books on Spanish Artists, Velasquez, Moorish Cities, and the Cathedrals of Southern and Eastern Spain, she wrote *Spain Revisited: a Summer Holiday in Galicia*. This work contains some material not given in the *Story of Santiago*, but it has not won for itself a like popularity. Curiously, perhaps unhappily, Mrs. Gallichan gave to her book a title which had been used many years earlier by an American author; and the two books, which have little in common except the title, have been confused with each other.

Students who care for out-of-the-way and forgotten books may find some pleasure, and not a little information, in turning the leaves of this older book, and a still older one which led to it.

In 1829, the Harpers of New York brought out a work in two volumes entitled *A Year in Spain*, written by 'A Young American.' Five years later it was expanded into three volumes, having become very popular both in England and in the United States, and also having been translated into Swedish. Washington Irving, writing from London, says,

'Here it is quite the fashionable book of the day, and spoken of in the highest terms in the highest circles.' At that time Spain was in serious political and social difficulties; and the Young American's book so irritated the authorities, that they forbade his return into the country. He contrived to evade the edict issued against his admission, and his experiences are told in *Spain Revisited*, issued in 1836 by the same publishers in two volumes, and announced to be 'by the author of *A Year in Spain*.' This second work is lacking almost entirely in the interest which, at least for the time being, made the first celebrated. It is dedicated to Lieutenant George Parker Upshur, of the United States Navy, and is little better than an itinerary, with ample and unimportant details of the taverns and incidents by the way. It is tiresome, dull, and uninforming; and has nothing to do with Galicia or St. James. One of its most interesting observations refers to the small number of fish-days in Spain. Fish were too scarce to serve for ecclesiastical purposes. Evidently the Spanish clergy did not know that in the days of Edward VI. of England fast-days were justified as a means to benefit the king's fisheries.

The author of these two works was an officer in the American Navy, Alexander Sliddell Mackenzie, born in 1803, and died in 1848. He also wrote *Spain and the Spaniards*, which, with his *Year in Spain*, may attract desultory readers, and bring to remembrance conditions now almost out of mind. Greatly overrated in his own day, Mackenzie's books on Spain have been surpassed in every respect by works such as *Wild Spain* (1893) and *Unexplored Spain* (1910) both written by Abel Chapman and W. J. Buck; and by H. Havelock Ellis's *The Soul of Spain* (1908). Even Washington Irving, brilliant as he is, and among authors of the first magnitude ever will be, though of importance on some features of Spanish history and life, affords little help in a study of St. James.

Passing by Mackenzie's *Spain Revisited*, after reading its dreary chapters from beginning to end, in the vain hope of finding at least some colouring that might prove helpful in my study, I turn to Mrs. Gallichan's two books: her *Spain Revisited* and her *Story of Santiago*. Of an entirely superior quality are her narratives, both for their style and for their contents. Scholarly in substance and attractive in form, her *Story of Santiago* never tires in interest or transgresses in taste. She does not accept as exact to life the traditions

invented or developed concerning the Apostle, any more than did Ford or Burke ; but she looks upon them with a kindliness and an appreciation which, with other qualities, unite in making her little volume one of the most charming and helpful of books written on the subject. I say this, notwithstanding Professor King's severe criticism. 'I am not careful,' Miss King states in the third volume of her *Way of Saint James*, page 374, 'to denounce the accomplished lady who has written of Santiago in the series of the "Mediaeval Towns." She gives herself away on every page, as one blindfolded whom the blind have led.' It is not for me to combat this opinion, but I cannot help wishing that Professor King had been less mordant. I only know that, in spite of so harsh an opinion, I like Mrs. Gallichan's book—its spirit as well as its style, its devotion to its subject as well as its desire to do that subject justice. Still, I stand by all that I have said of Professor King, and she does name Mrs. Gallichan's book in her Bibliography, which implies that she had read it.

Much information may be pleasantly picked up in books such as Miss Joan Evans's *Life in Mediaeval France* (Oxford, 1925) ; Aubrey F. G. Bell's *Spanish Galicia* (London, 1923) ; Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages* (London, 1889) ; *The Moors in Spain* (London, 1887), by Stanley Lane-Poole ; *Christians and Moors in Spain*, by Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge ; and *The Bible in Spain* (London, 1843), by George Henry Borrow. The excessive sectarianism of the last-named work is forgiven in the picturesque style, the vivid charm, and the facile familiarity with the subjects of which the book treats. Borrow is regarded as the most eccentric, the most whimsical, and in many ways the most extraordinary of the 'remarkable individuals,' as he himself called them, who during the middle of the nineteenth century figured in the world of letters ; and his *Bible in Spain* made him famous as a wanderer, and, to quote the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, will keep his name fresh for many a generation to come. Even should St. James be left out, Borrow's book should be read. It ranks among the English classics.

Besides those already mentioned, there are other guidebooks, both old and new, to help the traveller from diverse parts of the world to Compostella. These we shall find better occasion to speak of when we come to the subject of pilgrimages ; and yet reference may be made here to one of the

most curious codes of directions, written before 1435, possibly well-nigh a century earlier, and printed in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, published in 1625. The title of this book runs: 'Here beginneth the way that is marked, and made wit Mount Joiez from the Lond of Engelond unto Sent Jamez in Galis, and from thennez to Rome, and from thennez to Jerusalem: and so againe into Engelond, and the namez of all the Citeez be their waie, and the maner of her governaunce, and namez of her silver that they use be alle these waie.'

Purchas tells his reader that the author of these 'old English Rithmes' is unknown, and his time: 'which yet is likely to have beene about two hundred yeares since: Sir Robert Cottons rich Librarie hath yeelded the Manuscript, whence it was copied.' This document is written not only phonetically, but also metrically — Purchas calls it 'a Musical Pilgrime'— easier, perhaps, to be remembered. The author is practical, both as to money values, the distances from town to town, the time spent in travelling or resting, the habits of the people, and the abundance or scarcity of food and drink, and also as to relics worth seeing, penances, pardons, and remissions. The business-like treatment of the spiritual benefits is as amusing to us as it was doubtless helpful to those for whom the book was intended. Among particulars given of the way to Spain, we find that in one village were 'foul wymmen mony oon'; in another, 'wymmen in that land use no vullen, but alle in lether be thei wounden'; and in still another, 'wyn is thecke as any blode,' 'tabelez use thei non of to ete, but on the bare flore they make her sete,' and 'bedding ther is nothing faire.' It is significant to read that in one region, where Jews were lords, 'ther most thou tribute make or thou passe, for alle thi gud bothe mor or lasse'; and elsewhere, 'In that cite ther schalt thou paie passage or thou goe awaie.' In the 'Dale of Rouncevale,' which the pilgrim found 'a derk passage,' we learn that 'Witelez there ben full necessary, for in that passage my mouthe was dry.'

And thus over 'gret mountaines,' and 'heethes,' and rivers, and through 'deepe dales,' towards the journey's end:

> And then to Sent Jamez that holy place:
> There maie thou fynde full faire grace.

The pilgrim is directed around the 'gret Mynstor, large, and

strong'; to this chapel, and to that shrine; here to get forty days of pardon, and there no less than three hundred. Every convenience awaited the pilgrim. Eight priests, cardinals they were called, sat constantly, provided by 'the Popys graunting,' with full plain power, to hear confessions and to give penance; 'to assoyle the of alle thing.' But of all this, more anon.

> Under the hee autere lithe Sent Jame,
> The table in the Quere telleth the name.

Of all English and American historians, few equal in importance the judicious and painstaking Dr. Samuel Astley Dunham. With the possible exception of Richard Ford, none of his countrymen had a longer or more intimate acquaintance with Spain than he; and in the years 1832-3 he brought out in five volumes his *History of Spain and Portugal*. It met with much approval, and less than ten years later was translated into Spanish. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says: 'This is still accounted the best work on the subject in any language'; but the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* makes no mention whatever of the author or his work. Ulick Burke in his *History* acknowledges some indebtedness to him; as also, by the way, to Henry Charles Lea's *History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages* (London, 1888), which he declares to be 'a perfect storehouse of knowledge, and a monument of painstaking and intelligent research.' Had he lived to see Lea's four volumes on the *History of the Inquisition in Spain* (Philadelphia, 1906-7), he would have been pleased above measure. As an antidote to Lea, Burke names Don Marcelino's *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles* (Madrid, 1880); but neither work has aught to do with St. James, except possibly to illustrate the spirit which was attributed to the Apostle. He himself was a Son of Thunder!

But outstripping all English sources of information are the Spanish hagiographers and chroniclers; and naturally so, for only they have full faith in what they write, a determination to glorify at all cost, rather than to censure, their native land, and a fullness of knowledge uncontaminated by criticism; and from them all foreign authors borrow. They provide the quarry, inexhaustible and authoritative, whence may be hewn abundantly the massive and precious rocks of legend and custom.

Of the *España Sagrada*, begun in 1747 by Enrique Florez,

at one time professor of theology in the University of Alcala, and twenty-nine volumes of which appeared in the author's lifetime, before 1773, no less than nine volumes are devoted to the ecclesiastical antiquities of Galicia. In this tremendous compilation of Spanish Church history, which attained a European reputation, and the fifty-first volume of which was published in 1886, were incorporated many ancient chronicles and documents not easily accessible elsewhere. Galicia, the erudite and industrious editor tells us, is the oldest of all the kingdoms of Spain, dating back to the year 411, when it was established by the Suevi.

Among the documents preserved by Florez is the most important of the early records of Compostella, beginning in the year 1100, and written by Don Muñio, a Spaniard, sometimes called Nuñio, and Don Hugo, a Frenchman by birth. On their being made bishops in 1122, their work was taken up by one named Girardo.

It may here be observed that the year 1100 is one of the most important in the history of Compostella, and began a period in which the city of St. James had its most glorious days. Then Diego Gelmirez became the first of the line of archbishops of Compostella: a man of varied and remarkable attainments, of whom we shall presently hear much. To his foresight and enterprise are due the first beginnings of the Castilian navy, the cathedral of Compostella, and the dockyard at Iria Flavia. He built ships as well as shrines; and established a mint at Compostella for the coining of money to pay his artisans and labourers. An ardent lover of scholarship, art, music, and sculpture, he has been called the Maecenas of Galicia. Than he there have been few more energetic gatherers of relics and other treasures; and to him we owe this most curious chronicle, the Historia Compostellana, with its summary of the annals and antiquities of the town and neighbourhood. Not only does Florez incorporate in his *España Sagrada* this precious record, and the long lists of the bishops of Galicia, as well as descriptions of the buildings begun by Gelmirez and finished after his time, but he also preserves all the authentic facts belonging to the Apostle which different popes, from Leo III., have ratified.

Juan de Mariana, born at Talavera in 1536, published in the years between 1592 and 1605 his *Historiae de rebus Hispaniae*, and so well was it received, that he himself translated it from Latin into Spanish. An English version was brought out in 1699. As a historian he had been preceded by Jeró-

nimo Zurita y Castro, who, in 1562, wrote *Anales de la corona de Aragon*, a work somewhat crabbed and dry in style, but in authority unquestionable. Zurita is pronounced to have been the first of those who wrote of events in Spain who cared to trouble himself about the truth; and he ranks higher than any of his countrymen in all that constitutes the true and sober historian. But his methods and example had little influence on Mariana, whose popularity exceeded that of his. Mariana travelled the same road as did his predecessors, recklessly and believingly. 'I never undertook,' he says, 'to make a history of Spain in which I should verify every particular fact; for if I had I should never have finished. I undertook only to arrange in a becoming style what others had collected as material for the fabric I desired to raise.' Watts, whose *Spain* is indeed worthy of quotation, says: 'In this more modest design Mariana has been completely successful. Except that he is not to be trusted for any single fact or date, Mariana is one of the best of historians. His style is admirable, though in parts careless and diffuse. . . . He records, with admirable gravity and precision, the most fantastic stories; and believes everything he records—miracles, apparitions, heavenly interpositions in battle, improbable feats of war, and the strangest tales of slaughter. For all that Mariana is a delightful writer, who is justly reckoned an honour to his country.'

No less industrious and credulous does Ambrosio de Morales appear in his *Cronico general de España*, and in his *Viages*, dated about 1586. He was as apt in delightful inventions as Mariana, and had as implicit faith in the wonders he records. Watts says: 'Morales is even more credulous, thoroughly dull, and intolerably tedious.' Of one most astounding miracle, which arouses the contempt of the most sympathetic of modern readers, Mariana says that so great an event never could have been believed at first without sufficient evidence; and Morales declares that 'none but a heretic could doubt a fact which no man can dare to deny.' These two authors are as definite and positive in their assertions as is Mauro Castellá Ferrer, in his *Historia del Apostel de Jesus Christo, Sanctiago Zebedeo, Patron y Capitan General de las Españas*, published in 1610, and pronounced by Richard Ford to be the best book on the whole subject. His name reminds me, by the way, that there is a modern book, published at Santiago, 1898, by Canon Antonio Lopez Ferreiro, entitled *Historia de la Santa Apostolica Metropolitana Iglesia*

de Compostella, in which much may be found concerning the Church, but little about the Apostle. Professor King does not think over much of him. 'The late good canon,' she says, 'was sounder in theology than in judgment, and what he prints cannot be accepted until verified. A good rule warns never to trust the word of a pious man or the bed of a pious woman.'

A like certainty may be found in the *Descripcion del Reino de Galicia*, written in verse and, in 1550, published at Mondoñedo, Mrs. Gallichan says, by Francisco Molina, canon of the cathedral of Mondoñedo; Professor King says, by 'the Licentiate Luis de Molina,' and speaks of an edition printed at Madrid in 1675. The author is not likely to have been Luis Molina, the famous Spanish theologian, born at Cuenca in 1535. He who can labour through these long, wandering lines of Molina deserves much praise, and may gain some curious information.

More to be depended on than these Spanish writers is Juan Francisco Masdeu, a Jesuit priest, who, in the years between 1744 and 1817, published in twenty volumes a *Historia critica de España y de la cultura española*. The work was an expansion of an earlier treatise, and was left unfinished. Watts declares that Masdeu believes in almost everything, accepting even the story of the voyage of St. James the Greater to El Padron; but he will not believe in the Cid. In the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* we read: 'Masdeu wrote in a critical spirit, and with a regard for accuracy rare in his time; but he is more concerned with small details than with the philosophy of history. Still, his narrative is lucid, and later researches have not yet rendered his work obsolete.'

Notwithstanding the apparent confidence and frequent protestations of verity which characterize all these Spanish historians and annalists, there seems to run through every narrative or chronicle a fear that some readers may not have faith. Perhaps at heart the writer had a suspicion that he was asking a great deal. The incident alleged was so extraordinary, that it was as much as he could do to accept it. However, as it helped his purpose, he made the venture. In every age, unbelievers live and express themselves. They have to be reckoned with. In mediaeval times, when persuasion or argument failed, force was used; and some men died rather than be convinced against themselves. The Koran pertinently asks: 'What wilt thou force men to believe, when belief can come only from God?'

In the year 1109, Guido, Archbishop of Vienne from about 1088, and elected Pope in 1119, adopting the name of Calixtus II., made a pilgrimage to Compostella; and about 1140, an account of this visit, probably written in his name by his chancellor, Almerico Picard, appeared under the title of the Codex of Calixtus II. Three copies of the manuscript are said to be in existence: one is at Compostella, and another in Madrid. The five books of which it consists are full of delightful and astonishing things, besides four homilies by Pope Calixtus on the three great festivals of Santiago. Here may be read with widening eyes and halting breath descriptions of the miracles of the Apostle, and of his translation from Jerusalem to Spain. It is as invaluable as the *Historia Compostellana* to all modern writers on St. James.

There is a host of other Spanish writers, but let these suffice. No one can forget Jacobus de Voragine's *Golden Legend*, compiled in the thirteenth century, and beloved and believed for many generations; nor the learned and diligent Tillemont, whose ecclesiastical history of the first six centuries won the praise of both Bossuet and Gibbon, and still holds its own in popular esteem.

If in the pages of writers such as these, credulity or puerility obtrudes itself, the reader may find relief in some one of the eleven volumes of Kenelm Henry Digby's *Mores Catholici*. Written in the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, when men's minds were running like a mill-stream back to distant times, this work is steeped in the lore of the 'Ages of Faith.' Its quotations from the Fathers, schoolmen, and like writers, are thick as the autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. There is nothing strange or bewildering in the borderless sea of legend and wonder that this devout and learned author does not reduce to plausibility. More especially does he commend pilgrimages as a means of grace, and not least the one to the shrine of St. James the Great at Compostella; and you surmise that his heart quivered with delectation as he saw in a niche over the door of an ancient hostel at Fribourg in Switzerland, dedicated to St. James, 'the image of a pilgrim with his bottle, cockle hat, and staff.'

It should be observed that none of the works we have mentioned—and we refer more definitely to those of Spanish origin, since they are by far the most important—claim to have been written before the eleventh century. They speak of events which are alleged to have happened from two to

ten centuries earlier. Few of them undertake to give the source whence they obtained the particulars which they proclaim to be facts. They imply that these facts have been always held, and are incontrovertible. Sometimes they quote allusions or references in older writers to events or conditions they describe; but these allusions or references are neither abundant nor ancient. Thus the oldest testimony that St. James preached the Gospel in Spain is given in a work *De ortu ac obitu patrum qui in Scriptura laudibus efferuntur*, said to have been written by the saintly Isidore, Archbishop of Seville, who died in 636, about seventy-six years old. Not only was *De ortu* none of his, but even had it been, it would have had only a slight historical value, and that under suspicion, as St. James's connection with Spain is not mentioned by any earlier writer who had occasion to speak of the dispersion of the Apostles, such as St. Augustine, St. Jerome, or St. Ambrose. That the tradition is referred to in a poem held to have been put forth by Aldhelm, bishop of Sherborne, does not help, for Aldhelm died in 709, and, again, no authority is alleged for his statement.

The translation of the body to Spain is first told in a martyrology, under July 25, compiled by Notker Balbulus, a monk of St. Gall, and the author of the sequence used in the burial office, 'In the midst of life.' He died in 912. But from intimations by Venantius Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, the author of a series of celebrated poems, we gather that in his lifetime the body of St. James was still in Palestine. Fortunatus died in 609, nearly eighty years of age. He may have been insufficiently informed, but it is apparent that he had not heard of the removal of the Apostle's body.

It does not, however, follow that the traditions themselves were of as late date as the chronicles of them. They may have been in existence generations and centuries before any one thought of writing them down in a record. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that some manuscripts or books, earlier than the oldest we know of, may have perished and been forgotten; and it would be ungenerous, as well as unfair, to take it for granted that the authors of the manuscripts or books which remain were not honest, and did not use their common sense or judgment, in making their assertions. The reader must decide for himself. A statement need not be taken as false because to some people it seems incredible. If I did not know wireless telegraphy to be a fact, I should not believe it possible.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* concludes its article on 'Hagiology' with a quotation from Gross's *Sources and Literature of English History*, which may well be given here: 'Though the lives of saints are filled with miracles and incredible stories, they form a rich mine of information concerning the life and customs of the people. Some of them are "memorials of the best men of the time written by the best scholars of the time."'

No one is likely to go over the authorities I have named, and I might easily have multiplied them many times. It would not be worth one's while. Even to read the article on the subject in the *Acta Sanctorum*, perhaps the most critical and valuable of all works of the kind, to say nothing of Morales, is more than should be expected. My purpose in dealing with the sources of authority scarcely goes beyond the desire to illustrate the abundance of the evidence. I do not wish any one to suppose that the literature concerning St. James of Compostella is scanty or insignificant.

Only this: he who would read of legends and miracles, and in doing so holds that the common meaning of the English word 'invention' is an exhaustive or exact translation of the Latin word whence it comes, has a prejudice of which he may well free himself. If he succeeds, he will be at least more comfortable. Let the wonderful and fruitful discovery by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, be kept in mind. No more fascinating story could be desired than that told in the *Golden Legend* of the planting by Seth of the branch of the tree of which Adam had the misfortune to eat. An angel gave Seth this branch out of Eden, and bade him take it to Lebanon. Adam had recently died, and the tree was set over his grave. It took root, and flourished abundantly. Solomon cut it down, and put it in his house, where the Queen of Sheba saw it, worshipped it, and told the king that the Saviour of the world would be hanged on it. So the king had it buried deep in the ground on which the Temple stood. Years after a pit was dug there for the washing of the beasts that were to be offered as sacrifices. At the bottom of the pit lay the tree, till the time of the Passion of our Lord approached. Then it floated to the surface; and out of it the Jews made the cross on which Christ died. Then it was buried again, and remained in the earth for two hundred years, when it was found by the Empress Helena. In due time it was broken up, and now no man can tell the number of its bits scattered

in every part of the world. It was a marvellous invention. Long since the lexicographers told us that 'the restricted application of the word "invention" to the finding out what does not at present exist, as distinguished from "discovery," the finding out of what *does* already exist, is quite modern.'

CHAPTER III

CHIEFLY OF JAMES THE LESS

THE *Golden Legend* tells the story of a St. James the Martyr, surnamed Intercisus, whose name does not appear in Sacred Scripture. Born in Persia, though of Christian parents and married to a Christian wife, he became chief among the princes of the kingdom. Unlike Daniel, he fell from grace and adored the idols; but the reproach of his mother and wife brought him back to the true faith. He was speedily called to martyrdom.

In the New Testament there are five persons called by the name of James. Of three of these men little is known, and that little is barely sufficient to distinguish them one from another. We may dismiss them in a few words.

James, the son of Alphaeus, was one of the Twelve, and so appears in each of the four lists. Could Alphaeus be taken for Clopas, which seems extremely improbable, this James might be identified with the James who is described as the son of Mary, which Mary is thought to have been the wife of Clopas. St. Mark expressly calls the son of Mary James the Less, or James the Little, perhaps referring to his stature. It does not follow, however, that this James is the one spoken of by the Fathers, or thought of by the Church, as the Less; nor is it certain that Clopas is the same as Cleophas, or that Mary was the sister of the Blessed Virgin. Much less need we suppose that the Epistle known as that of James, a bond-servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, was written by this James or by any one of the number spoken of under that name in the Gospels.

Into the same inextricable confusion comes a James, by some scholars taken as one of the three just mentioned, but who is also called, as though he had a personality to himself, the son or brother of Judas. This Judas does not seem to be that Judas whom some traditions state to have been a son of Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, but rather the Judas who was known among the Twelve, by St. Matthew and St. Mark, as Labbaeus, whose surname was Thaddaeus.

St. John carefully distinguishes him from the traitor, 'not Iscariot.' According to modern scholarship, we may rest satisfied that this Judas was not the author of the Epistle entitled that of 'Jude,' even though the author styles himself a brother of James.

However uncertain the little that is known of any one of these three persons bearing the name of James, if there were three, it is clear enough that none of them has to do with our subject.

The two men of this name remaining differ unmistakably the one from the other. With the first of these two, some authorities, such as the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*, identify the three individuals already referred to, so that all uncertainty is obliterated, or at least becomes unnecessary of notice. If this conjecture be true, which we do not allow, after all there is only one James, except the other who became beyond all question the Saint of Compostella. To be sure is not possible; nor does it matter for our purpose. It may be that the title of the 'Less' was applied to him more rightly than to James the son of Mary and Clopas, if there were such a person, so as to discriminate between him and the James who was called undeniably the 'Great.' We shall speak of him as 'James the Less.'

Much may be said, and for clearness' sake something should be said, of this James the Less.

In the New Testament and in several of the Apocryphal writings, he is spoken of as 'the Lord's brother'—an expression which still lacks conclusive interpretation. It is said that, besides this James, our Lord had three brothers, Judas, Simon, and Joses or Joseph or Josetos. These four brothers may have been the children of Joseph by a former wife; or the children of Joseph and the Blessed Virgin; or the children of Mary, wife of Clopas, thought by some, but probably wrongly, to have been the sister of Mary the wife of Joseph.

The first conjecture is popularly accepted as the most satisfactory of the three, perhaps because it accords with the dogma of Mary's perpetual virginity, in early ages questioned, but now universally and reasonably adopted. If the conjecture be true, this James is our Lord's half-brother—at all events, so far as Jewish legal phraseology went. So it was held in very early times. In the Protoevangelium, one of the Infancy Gospels, and as old as the second century, when urged by the Temple priests to accept Mary as his wife,

Joseph is recorded to have declared: 'I have sons, and I am an old man'; and in a fourth- or fifth-century manuscript called the 'History of Joseph,' it is said that, before his espousal to Mary of Nazareth, 'Joseph was of Bethlehem: he was a carpenter, and married, and had four sons, Judas, Josetos, James, Simon, and two daughters, Lysia and Lydia. His wife died, leaving James still young.' Two years Joseph passed with Mary before the Nativity. The same 'History' states that 'Mary brought up James, and was called Mary of James.' The names of the two daughters make this account extremely suspicious. Nothing in the New Testament is recorded of Joseph after the Visit to Jerusalem, when Jesus was twelve years old, and it is therefore supposed that Joseph died soon after.

If the Infancy Gospels can be trusted, Jesus was brought up with these other children of Joseph, or more certainly with James, who was not much older than Himself. He is said to have wrought many miracles which astonished and perplexed all who knew Him, but which do not seem to have convinced anybody that He was more than an adept at magic. It is written, indeed, of His mother, that, after one of these miracles, 'she, when she saw it, was amazed, and embraced Him and kissed Him.' Others, when He had done them some remarkable favour, 'marvelled and gave thanks unto Him.' But this does not mean that either His mother or they believed in Him as the Son of God.

Among these wonders done by Him in His boyhood one directly affected James. There are two versions, both of second-century date, which we may blend together. In one of them we are told that Joseph sent James to gather straw; in the other, he sent him to bind fuel and carry it into the house. The Child Jesus followed him. As James gathered the straw, or the faggots, a viper bit his hand, and he fell to the ground as dead by means of the venom. But when Jesus saw that James was sore afflicted and ready to perish, He came near and breathed upon the wound, and straightway the pain ceased, and the serpent burst, and James was made whole. There is not in this anything necessarily supernatural, though undoubtedly the narrator thought there was. The 'breathing' may have had a quality or efficacy of its own. Possibly the act was otherwise than it appeared. An English queen, Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I., is said to have saved the life of her husband by sucking the wound made in battle with the Saracens by a

poisoned arrow or a poisoned knife. But this may be as unhistorical as the legend, told in a sixteenth-century ballad, that this same queen, by way of punishment for her pride, sank into the ground at Charing Cross and rose with life again at Queenhithe in London.

Notwithstanding these astonishing boyhood days of Christ, and the signs He accomplished during His ministry, to say nothing of His more wonderful words, the New Testament positively affirms that His friends or kinsmen held that He was beside Himself: 'neither did His brethren believe in Him.' This statement necessarily includes James, and refers to the authority and position claimed by Jesus. By this time, maturity of years had come to James, and he seems to have been highly respected by the Jews as much after his conversion to Christianity as before; that is to say, if, writing about the middle of the second century, Hegesippus, a Christian of Jewish origin, and still observing the old Jewish law, may be trusted. Hegesippus thus describes him—and of this extract, as of others we shall presently give, though the *Jewish Encyclopaedia* is doubtful, the *Catholic Encyclopaedia* holds that 'his narrative is highly probable'—that 'James was called the "Just," that he drank no wine nor strong drink, nor ate animal food, that no razor touched his head, that he did not anoint himself or make use of the bath, and lastly that he was put to death by the Jews.' We shall quote this passage more exactly and more fully later on. By the 'bath' we presume is meant the *warm bath*, a thing too luxurious for an ascetic. And we shall also tell of the death.

But again the legends become contradictory. As Mrs. Jameson reminds us: 'According to an early tradition, James so nearly resembled our Lord in person, in features and deportment, that it was difficult to distinguish them. "The Holy Virgin herself," says the legend, "had she been *capable* of error, might have mistaken one for the other"; and this exact resemblance rendered necessary the kiss of the traitor Judas, in order to point out his victim to the soldiers.' This story, of course, involves the supposition that James the Brother of the Lord was present in the Garden of Gethsemane at the time of the Passion, even though the sacred narrative implies that the James present was one of the favoured Three. We do not attempt to explain this exceptional legend.

Not till after the Resurrection of Christ did faith come to

this James. St. Paul refers to the appearance of Jesus to James, as though to him alone; but he says nothing of the conversion which is supposed to have followed the appearance. However, in the 'Gospel according to the Hebrews,' one of the oldest and most valuable of the post-Apostolic writings, it is said that James had sworn that he would not eat bread from that hour wherein he had drunk the Lord's cup until he had seen Him risen again from among them that sleep. I do not understand the expression 'the Lord's cup,' unless it refers to the Holy Communion. If James were present at the institution of that sacrament, not only was he already a disciple, but also one of the Twelve; and if so, he may have been James, the son of Alphaeus, or James the Less, the son of Mary, wife of Clopas. This suggestion runs contrary to the traditions which deny both that he was one of the Twelve, and also that he believed in Jesus before His appearance after the Resurrection. Moreover, James's declaration suggests that he understood when Christ foretold the breaking of the three days' rest in death, which no one else in the world did. They who first saw the Lord after His coming forth from the tomb were surprised beyond measure. It was the last thing they expected. Perhaps I am not rightly interpreting the words James is said to have used: the translation or the reading before me may be faulty.

At all events, according to this famous legend, as it is quoted by St. Jerome from the ancient Gospel, which he says Origen often used, our Lord, 'when He had given the linen cloth unto the servant of the priest,' went unto James and appeared to him. After a little while, He directed him to provide a table and bread. Then, so the narrative reads: 'He took bread, and blessed and brake and gave it unto James the Just, and said unto him: "My brother, eat thy bread, for the Son of Man is risen from among them that sleep."'

St. John the Evangelist records a similar story of the Risen Lord's appearance to Thomas, called Didymus. There is no reason to suppose that the one tradition is a variant of the other, or that both revelations did not actually happen.

In spite of his recent conversion, St. James almost immediately rose to prominence in the Christian community. At the same time, as I have already stated, he appears to have retained the kindly respect of his former religious associates. Thus Hegesippus writes: 'James, the brother

of the Lord, succeeded to the government of the Church in conjunction with the Apostles. He was holy from his mother's womb: he drank no wine, nor did he eat flesh. No razor came upon his head, nor did he anoint himself with oil or use any bath. He alone was permitted to enter the Holy Place, for he wore not woollen, but linen garments; he was in the habit of entering alone into the Temple, and was frequently found upon his knees praying for forgiveness of the people, so that his knees became hard as those of a camel.' Hegesippus, as quoted by Eusebius, also tells us, that 'because of his exceeding great justice he was called "the Just"—"Jacob, the bulwark of his people."' The man must have been of much worth and some position and influence to have occasioned such encomiums from both Jew and Christian. The *Jewish Encyclopaedia* declares that the Essene character of James the Less seems to rest on authentic tradition. But, on the other hand, no one doubts his loyalty to the Church of Jesus Christ.

He becomes bishop of Jerusalem, and is called by St. Paul a pillar of the Church. In later years, doubtless remembering his efficiency and sacrifice, men spoke of him with much reverence as a bishop of bishops. He seems to have presided in the first Council of the Church, and to have been listened to with respect, and his sentence adopted without further discussion. The Epistle of St. James is attributed to him, very doubtfully so; so is the oldest of the Infancy Gospels, called by Origen, in the second century, the 'Book of James,' and now styled the 'Protoevangelium.' An Apocalypse, pretended to have been found in a library at Jerusalem, is supposed to have been by him. One citation remains: 'As James the brother of the Lord said in his Apocalypse.' In a Coptic Apocrypha, of uncertain date and slight value, and of which little is known, is given 'a revelation of James the Less, telling how the Lord revealed the glory of John Baptist in the other world, where he figures as the ferryman of the blessed souls.' His discourses, said to have been delivered by him to the people from the Temple stairs, were preserved in a book called the 'Ascents of James'; but Epiphanius, in the latter part of the fourth century, styles the book 'supposititious,' and says that it represented St. James 'as speaking against the Temple and the sacrifices, and the fire on the altar; and many other things full of empty sound.' There is also a document called the 'Questions of St. James the brother of the Lord to St. John'; the fragments which

remain are of little worth. In all probability, St. James the Less did not write any of these books or treatises, and yet their ascription to him indicates his high position and the honour in which he was held.

A prologue attached to some of the copies of one of the Infancy Gospels may be given here. It was used by the celebrated Hrosvita, abbess of Gandersheim, in her poems in the tenth century, much too late to be of any consequence. 'I, James the son of Joseph, walking in the fear of God, have written all things that I saw with mine own eyes come to pass at the time of the birth of Saint Mary the Virgin or of the Lord the Saviour; giving thanks to God who gave me understanding in the histories of His coming, showing forth the fullness of time unto the twelve tribes of Israel.'

In the legends which deal with the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. James is given a part. The stories are curious enough, and show rather recklessness of imagination than ingenuity. For instance, ten or fifteen years after the Resurrection, the Virgin bade John, with whom she had continued to live all those years, to summon Peter and James. They sat down before her, and she reminded them of the life of Jesus, and went on to say that Jesus had come to her and warned her that her time was accomplished: 'She slumbered and saw a beautiful youth about thirty years of age,' and 'she perceived that it was Jesus.' 'I will hide thy body in the earth,' said Jesus; 'no man shall find it until the day when I raise it incorruptible. A great church shall be built over it.' Among the arrangements to be made, she directed James to buy spices and perfumes.

According to a discourse alleged to have been written by St. John the Divine, before she died the leading men of the Church, some of whom had already passed away, were summoned to witness the event. At the bidding of St. Peter, who had come from Rome for this purpose, St. James told the manner of his call and journey: 'While I was in Jerusalem the Holy Ghost admonished me, saying: Be thou present at Bethlehem, for the mother of thy Lord maketh her departure. And lo, a cloud of light caught me up and brought me unto you.' All the witnesses came to Bethlehem in like fashion: from their several countries, from the ends of the world, on the clouds. They gathered around the bed of the dying Virgin, St. James the Less among them, and offered incense and prayer. 'And when they had prayed there came a thunder from heaven and a terrible sound as

of chariots, and lo, a multitude of the host of angels and powers, and a voice as of the Son of man was heard, and the Seraphim came round about the house wherein the holy and spotless Mother of God, the Virgin, lay; so that all that were in Bethlehem beheld all the marvellous sights, and went to Jerusalem and declared all the wonderful things that were come to pass.' It does not appear that any other person of the name of James was present when 'her spotless and precious body was translated into paradise.' Some of the narratives state that all the Apostles went up into Paradise with her. They were brought back. 'Then the Apostles were taken up upon clouds and returned every one unto the lot of his preaching.' For some reason or other not so much as suggested, St. James the son of Zebedee was not brought out of his grave to take any part in these events. St. James the Less once more took up his work in Jerusalem.

Josephus states that James the Just was put to death in the year 62, soon after the death of Porcius Festus, procurator of Judea, and about twenty years, as we shall see, after the death of James the Great. Clement of Alexandria, writing in the beginning of the third century, says that he 'was cast from a wing of the Temple, and beaten to death with a fuller's club.' Josephus writes more fully: 'The younger Anan, a high priest belonging to the sect of the Sadducees, who are very rigid in judging offenders, had James, the brother of Jesus, the so-called "Christ," together with some of his companions, brought before the Sanhedrin on the charge of having broken the Law, and had them delivered over to be stoned. This act of Anan caused indignation among the citizens best known for their fairness and loyalty.' Eusebius cites the Jewish historian as holding that the miseries of the siege of Jerusalem, which followed in short time, were due to the divine vengeance for the murder of James. Josephus died about A.D. 95.

But Hegesippus has much more. He tells of the moderation of James in his teaching. Perhaps some of the Jews misunderstood him, and because of his continued attachment to Jewish principles and practices, evidently holding back from the full abandonment of the ancient Law advocated by St. Paul, did not regard him as fully given over to the worship of the Nazarene. Yet one Passover season, troubled at some of his public utterances, 'the Scribes and the Pharisees,' Hegesippus declares, 'fearing lest the people would all be led over to the belief in Jesus, asked James to

place himself upon a wing of the Temple, and address the people assembled there on account of the Passover, and persuade them not to be led astray.' But James did not prove himself as amenable as the authorities had hoped for. He was flung down from the high place. Before dying, as though he recalled the words of Christ, he cried: 'Lord, God, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' Many a time since other confessors of the Faith have uttered the same petition. 'And one of the Rechabites cried out: "Cease! What do ye? The Just One prayeth for you!" Then one of the crowd, a fuller, took the club with which he beat out clothes, and struck the just man on the head. Thus he suffered martyrdom. They buried him on the spot by the Temple where his monument still remains. Immediately after this, Vespasian besieged them.'

As in the fearful calamity of A.D. 70 Titus swept Jerusalem away, even as a man shaves the beard from off his face, Hegesippus seems to have made a venture when he speaks of the monument being there in his time. But, on the other hand, Eusebius, writing in the fourth century, affirms that at Jerusalem in his day was still shown St. James's episcopal chair.

St. James is usually pictured as leaning on a club, the instrument of his martyrdom. Mrs. Jameson does not think that he ever became popular as a patron saint. She describes a series of frescoes in a chapel at Padua, dedicated to him, in which are set forth six legends attributed to him. Two of these stories we have not spoken of; and as these two are sometimes told of St. James the Great, to whom they do not belong, they are given here. Neither of them need be taken literally, but both of them illustrate the kind of man St. James was thought to be.

In the one we are told that a certain merchant, stripped of all his goods by a tyrant, and cast into prison, implored the help of St. James. The saint, moved by his misery and importunity, came to his rescue. Then one of two things happened. Either the saint led the prisoner to the summit of the tower, and the tower bowed itself to the ground and the merchant stepped from it, or he brought the prisoner to the ground-level of the tower, and then lifted the tower on one side from its foundation, and the prisoner escaped from under it, like a mouse out of a trap. Probably the merchant was so happy and surprised at his deliverance that he could not recall how he got out of the tower, either

from the top or from the bottom. Grateful enough was he to be freed at all. According to one version of the legend, which would ascribe the miracle to St. James the Great, the man carried his chains to the church of Compostella, and presented them as a votive offering.

The other legend must have been of much comfort and encouragement to all wayfarers bent on a religious journey. A poor pilgrim, having neither money nor food, and worn out by hunger and fatigue, fell fast asleep by the roadside. When he opened his eyes, he saw beside him a loaf of bread. How he knew that St. James had set it there is not told, but this is not quite so wonderful as the fact that the same loaf was sufficient for all his wants till he had reached the shrine where he would be.

It will be remembered that St. James the Less is commemorated with St. Philip on May 1st—Old May Day! The Fulness of the Springtide! Flowers, and games, and dancing! The two saints are so coupled in the Lectionary of St. Jerome and in the Sacramentary of Gregory, as in the Roman and Anglican Liturgies. No satisfactory reason has been given for this association of names. Nor has either the so-called Greek Liturgy of St. James or the Syriac Liturgy of St. James, though of early date, and of much worth and interest, any other than a traditional connection with this Apostle.

Nor does there seem to be anything clearly certain as to the disposition of his remains. The confusion which survived from primitive times, and which prevailed in the Middle Ages between him and St. James the Great, especially in Spain, and earlier between the men known as St. James the Less, or St. James the brother of the Lord, and St. James the son of Alphaeus, is difficult to untangle, and on this point perplexes us as badly as ever. The difficulty is increased by a statement in a somewhat obscure chronicle that—not St. James the Great, as will appear farther on, but St. James the Less, was commissioned by St. Peter, acting under orders from the Blessed Virgin, to attend to the interests of the Church in Spain. And, in spite of the declaration of Hegesippus that St. James the Less, bishop of Jerusalem, was buried near the Temple, Theodosius, a pilgrim and the author of a Topography of the Holy Land, writing about 530, says that he was buried on Mount Olivet, in a tomb that he had himself built, and in which were also placed Zacharias and Simeon. Theodosius was probably

thinking of St. James the son of Zebedee; though why a Galilean should build a sepulchre near Jerusalem is now past finding out. Thirty or forty years later, another pilgrim made a note on the spot, that the grave of the son of Zebedee was on Mount Olivet; both writers making the same mistake.

For there are legends enough to show, as we shall see later, that the body of James the Great had been taken to Spain centuries earlier,—at least, with the exception of his head, which John of Würtzburg, writing about 1165, says remained in Palestine, and was still shown to pilgrims. This assertion is open to dispute. However, in 1321, still another traveller, Marino Sanuto by name, relates that in Jerusalem, near the Virgin's tomb, is the sepulchre of St. James the Less, where the Christians buried him after the Jews had cast him down from the Temple. He also tells us that this James the Less was ordained bishop of Jerusalem in the same Upper Room where the Lord's Supper was instituted, St. Matthias was elected, and the Holy Ghost descended. Theodosius, however, had written eight hundred years before this, that the Lord had ordained St. James bishop with His own hand.

We seem to be getting to the facts. But, in spite of all to the contrary that has been so far discovered, we find that ages earlier the head of St. James the Less had been brought from Jerusalem to Spain, by an archbishop of Braga. I am not sure when; nor do I know the name of the archbishop. But in the year 1116, Queen Urraca, a faithless and incapable sovereign, but restless and energetic withal, the daughter of Alfonso VI. of Castile and Leon, and the mother of Alfonso VII., gave it, or at least the head of St. James Alphaeus, which was the same thing, to her friend and favourite Diego Gelmirez, bishop of Compostella, who, with great ceremony and tremendous appreciation, carried the head to Compostella, laid it on the altar of the cathedral, and performed appropriate rites. John of Würtzburg testifies to this: and he was there not more than sixty years later. It was then kept in a silver coffer. Somehow or other, as we may discover further on, the church at Carrión had secured the head either of St. James the Great or of St. James the Less. As long as it was possible, it was the former. Then it was removed to Compostella; and in time both heads were shown there. I confess myself utterly unable to keep these heads straight. It is not the fault

of the heads, but of the contradictory or fragmentary records. Or I cannot read them aright.

In the old metrical guide which we have already quoted, it is said that in the south side of the cathedral :—

> 'Ther men maie se of Sent Jamez the lesse,
> His heed in Gold araied freche :
> To the wiche Pilgrymez her offeryng make,
> For the more Sent Jamez sake.'

It will be remembered that in Caxton's edition of the *Golden Legend* mention is made of the *Life of St. James the More.*

The pilgrims believed that the gold-enclosed head was there, but I am ignorant of its whereabouts now. Still less, if that be possible, do I know what the Empress Matilda, the daughter of Henry I. of England, and the mother of Henry II., did with the bones of one of the hands of St. James, which she is said to have taken away from Compostella, on a pilgrimage there in the year 1125. These are extremely difficult things to trace.

It is possible, indeed probable, and nothing can be easier, that all these legends will be dismissed by many people, perhaps contemptuously most likely, as being frivolous rather than interesting. By such readers they will be thought undeserving of the time taken up in recording them : such time is sorely wasted. I shall not dispute such an opinion.

But no matter whether behind such stories truth or fiction be present, or be taken for granted as present, for many centuries, and in the most civilized countries of Europe, as well as in the most ignorant, they were regarded with reverence, and quoted as authority by men of scholarship and religion. High dignitaries in both State and Church, leaders of thought and action, kings, prelates, soldiers, and legislators, saw reason to accept them, and none to reject them. Moreover, stories and traditions of this kind served to make to the people more vivid and more intimate the events and persons of distant lands and times. I have told them, however, not so much for any sympathy I may have with such conditions, or for any beauty they may have in themselves, or for any interpretation or explanation to which they may lend themselves, as from a desire to meet and contradict the tendency to confuse legends of St. James the Less with stories that belong to St. James the Great.

The men were distinct one from the other; each with an individuality and career of his own, even though the same legends are sometimes attributed to both or to one or other of them, indifferently, over hastily, and without authority. The confusion should be avoided, if for no other reason than for the obvious and tautological certainty that confusion always confuses.

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE NET TO THE SWORD

St. James the Great, the Genius of Compostella and the subject of our study, only remains; and of him, at the outset, we shall give all that is recorded in the New Testament.

Of the two sons of Zebedee, James seems to have been the elder: at any rate, in the best texts he is always named before his brother John—'James and John, the sons of Zebedee.' It is possible that at the time they come into sight, Jonas, or John as he is sometimes called, the father of Simon and Andrew, was dead. The house at Capernaum is no longer known as his: but as that of Simon and Andrew—once as 'Peter's house,' and once as 'Simon's house.' The sons of Jonas and the sons of Zebedee were partners in the fishing trade, as probably their fathers had been before them. This is shown at the time of the miraculous draught of fishes. Two boats were standing by the lake. Jesus went into one of them, 'which was Simon's'; and at His bidding Simon launched out into the deep. The nets enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and began to break. 'And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them.' Both boats were filled to sinking point. Simon was astonished as never before. 'So was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon.' This was in the beginning of Christ's ministry, and preceded the call of the partners to discipleship. Later, after His ministry had ended, and before the consecration of Pentecost, Jesus revealed Himself again by another great draught of fishes. At the one time the nets began to break; at the other, 'for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.'

Evidently, after the death of his father, Simon took the lead in the family business; he, an energetic, positive, aggressive sort of man, one who would have his say and make himself felt wherever he was; and Andrew, quieter, more dependent, less obtrusive, and more inclined to take

the background. Zebedee still held his hand on affairs; a man of importance in the community. His sons were called 'the sons of Zebedee,' as frequently as 'James and John.' Nor do we doubt that the social relationship of the members of the two families was as happy as were their commercial ties.

Into the question whether any kinship either of blood or by marriage existed between them, or with Mary and Joseph of Nazareth, though some scholars have been inclined to think so, we may not enter. We need only keep in mind that the sons of Jonas and of Zebedee were closely connected, and that Jesus was well known to them. Indeed, beyond question, all were friends, and had been such through the years of youth before the Gospel story begins.

The fishing industry of Galilee furnished occupation to large numbers of people, both native and foreign. The sea swarmed with a fish, small and delicate, which could be preserved and used, much as we preserve and use the modern sardine. Galilean fishermen, and they only, scoured the lake, caught the fish, and brought them to the warehouses scattered here and there in the towns and villages on the shore. Here, bought by Greek traders, the fish were dried or put in oil, and packed in barrels or little tubs, wooden or earthenware, and shipped to countries beyond the great sea, even to Rome itself. Thus, speaking different languages, observing customs strange to each other, and holding to widely varying religious cults, two races at least were brought into contact. They could scarcely have helped learning something from each other. The captains of the fishing fleets knew enough Greek to transact business with the people who bought their goods. They were familiar to some extent with the methods, habits, machinery, and pastimes of the strangers settled among them. The country, or at anyrate the business folk of the country, became bilingual: Aramaic and Greek. The rabbis could read Hebrew, at that time a dead language, and merchants and soldiers had some acquaintance with Latin. Galilee had no Temple; nor did its rites and customs have place in the synagogue. The community grew up largely unaccustomed to the ceremonies and traditions of the one, and closely familiar with the freedom of speech and breadth of thought common to the other. The observance of ancient and distant habits became less rigid. Among all classes in the community, a kindly respect, a toleration,

even a deference, probably made itself felt. At all events, the religious and social atmosphere of Galilee had in it a mildness and geniality almost unknown in Judea.

With this result the humble, toiling fisherman of the Lake of Gennesaret had something to do, and it affected them in turn much to their advantage. Even more decidedly do James and John seem to come under these influences: perhaps Peter also, though his tenacity and stubbornness held him back from development to the same extent. It was harder for him to approach the truth concerning that Gentile world, than for the sons of Zebedee. Possibly my interpretation is too venturesome, but I imagine James and John possessed of wider vision, say, of a culture approaching that of St. Paul, and of a generosity exceeding even his. They had their limitations, of course, for after all they were toilers rather than thinkers: fishermen, face to face with life in some of its severest aspects, and not scholars or men of wealth and estate able to gratify mind and body to the fullness of power and desire. But in their own class they were of the first rank; and not least among their advantages they were Galileans and not Judeans.

I do not advance this conception of the Saint of Compostella without purpose. That purpose will become apparent by and by. St. James the Great did not begin life among either the princely of earth or the helplessly poor and ignorant of earth, but rather in the class that really holds the world together, out of which genius grows and into which hope rises.

It may be remembered that of the Twelve Apostles, eleven were of Galilee, and only one of Judea. Of the eleven Galileans, four were fishermen, and three of the four chief of the whole company. The one man from Judea sold and betrayed his Master. But do not make too much of this. Saul of Tarsus was a Jew and a Pharisee, a strict observer of the Law, and had sat at the feet of Gamaliel.

We look back again to the bright skies of the north. Zebedee seems to have been among the successful men of his calling. He not only owned a boat of his own, but he also employed hired servants. That he appreciated the teaching of the young Rabbi from Nazareth, is shown by the readiness with which he gave up his two sons. At least he is not recorded as making any remonstrance or any appeal to affection. The man, his boys and his servants, were mending their nets: a busy scene that bright, happy

morning, for such I fancy it to be,—the mountains yonder; the green, stream-washed valleys; the quiet, rippling, blue waters; the low western shore with its sands and broken boulders, its bending trees, its anchorages dotted here and there with little boats, and its stained and yellowed walls; the fishing craft far away, with sails bleached and browned in the sun and scarcely stirred by the wind, trailing and dragging limp and empty nets; and over all, the deep, boundless sky,—a picture that heaven itself might envy.

The mending of the nets goes on; the merry talk, the gossip, the story. Serious-minded and light-hearted people these! They have to toil, but they can also laugh and sing. The same the world and the ages over! On the sea of Galilee, the shallows of the Nile and the bends of the Ganges, the bay of Naples, the coast of Cornwall, the rivers of Maine; in the days when men made nets of grass and hooks of bone, even to this present time,—just the same! Men and women, boys and girls, pass them hither and thither: some busy, some playful. To see the picture once is to see it for ever!

And, lo, the Rabbi from Nazareth comes near! Perhaps He speaks to the men He knows so well: the greeting of the day, the tidings from home, the promise of the mission on which His heart is bent, and in which they have no little interest. No one now can tell this. Then the silence,—one of God's silences, in which God speaks, and neither sound is heard nor motion seen. All is still. The birds on the wing seem to stay their flight. The young men are thinking, and God's grace is moving towards the fulfilment of His will. They look to Him. His love passes into their soul. So still! And the Master calls: 'Follow me!'

The sons of Zebedee understood. There was nothing else to do. Life had changed. The needle and the meshes drop from their hands. So they followed Him—early among the great multitude that in the ages to come should at His call and for His sake likewise leave father and mother, brethren and sisters, houses and lands; all that they had, even life itself.

I do not know that this meant that the sons of Zebedee severed themselves then and there absolutely from all affairs of the common life; that never again did they cast nets or sum up accounts. The incident at the sea of Tiberias soon after the Resurrection of Christ implies that both they and St. Peter still had some hold on their earlier vocation.

They had to have bread to eat and raiment to put on ; and there were no supplies to be had that they did not provide for themselves. But it was possible, and is still so, to regard securing the means of livelihood as secondary in a man's life, and subservient to a higher and more spiritual or intellectual calling. The disciples had to give up much and to change most things, but to what extent did not at first appear. Nor do I suppose that before the 'power' was given them at Pentecost, and their dispersion was brought about, the Apostles spent all their time in the company of Jesus. Probably they were with Him only when He went on His journeys. But from the moment they obeyed His call, they became marked men. They took their stand beside Him. They held the truth He taught, and they were ready to give life itself for Him. This meant sacrifice : social, most likely, and family in some instances. Thus much we know, that in some more than ordinary way the disciples followed Him, not only as adherents but as advocates, now as scholars, by and by as teachers ; at first to receive power and authority, and later in His name to exercise control and command. It is doubtful if the disciples thought as far ahead as this. They expected the immediate coming of a kingdom in which all things temporal would be changed, and Christ would give them to share the glory with Him which should never have an ending.

They were noble and thoughtful men, James and John, and out of a home where we may be sure Jesus was believed in and loved. Of Zebedee I know no more. He may have died not long after the call of his sons, and tradition passes him by. But Salome is spoken of as one of the women in Galilee who ministered to Jesus of their substance. Indeed, she remained steadfast to the end : present at the Crucifixion, and among those daughters of Israel who went to the Sepulchre at the rising of the Easter sun. True and kind-hearted, one with her sons in their devotion to the Master, and comfortably off in this world's goods, yet not given to false pride in social position, she felt no loss of self-respect in honouring the Man poverty-stricken and homeless, and she held to Him, even when others who knew Him as well as she did shunned Him and spoke slightingly of Him. She is one of the noble women of history—a woman who becomes the mother of noble sons ; and in the Gospel an incident is recorded of her from which we may conjec-

ture a phase of her character and that of her sons not to be overlooked, and which led to the enunciation of a principle of first importance.

St. Matthew tells the story of 'the mother of Zebedee's sons' coming to Jesus, and desiring of Him that her two sons should sit, one on His right hand, and the other on His left, in His kingdom. St. Mark, in his account, speaks of James and John themselves as making this request. We may reasonably infer, that, if their mother did not speak for them, she agreed with them and urged them on; not so much for her own advantage as for their prosperity. Fault has been freely found with both the mother and the sons. Through the ages expositors and preachers have held them up to reprobation. It was the never-to-be-forgotten sin of James the Great. As the elder son and brother, and a man of wisdom and sincerity, he should have known better. When the other disciples heard of this attempt to gain predominance, especially to their own disappointment, they were 'much displeased,' and 'moved with indignation': not so much it would seem at the mother, but 'against the two brethren,'—'with James and John.' Under like circumstances, others have felt the same anger, and have called it 'righteous'—as undoubtedly it is. Curiously enough, because so unlooked for, no class of leaders among men have been more prone to jealousy and ambition than the princes of the Church. In answer to the questionings of these very disciples, Jesus set a little child in their midst, and declared such to be the type that should become great in the kingdom. Not they who seek; only they who are sought! But the strife has never ceased. The crown or the mitre, the sceptre or the crosier; and prelates have armed themselves and have struggled quite as fiercely as commonplace warriors. So the other Apostles condemned the sons of Zebedee: 'by that sin fell the angels!'

And yet, Christ Himself, to whom were known the heights and depths, the dead and living level, of human nature, in truth the very secrets of the heart, did not so readily censure either a mother whose love had befriended Him or men who had given Him their service and devotion. Motives are not always bad, even though the thing desired may be doubtful. There were influences, not necessarily evil in themselves, which led Salome and her sons to seek for social distinction. The princes or great men of the Gentiles had

them under their dominion and authority. Business connections, friendly intercourse, the exchange of civilities, had modified their ideas and manners, more than in people of less financial importance. Nature itself seems to abhor uniformity; and there is nothing in the teaching of Jesus to support the contention that there should be no differences of rank or position among men. But such differences cannot be rightly founded on qualities or characteristics external to the individual himself, such as force, birth, wealth; even though society for its own convenience may accommodate itself to such conditions. In the kingdom of God such exceptions cannot be allowed. Position or rank there must necessarily depend upon personal qualities. In that regime office is given to those for whom it is prepared, and for which the recipient is fitted. Christ lays down the principle clearly and conclusively. The talents which make one man greater or more efficient than another are his, not by nature or of his own creation, but by the gift and at the will of spiritual powers beyond his control. Zebedee's sons and their mother, by their intercourse with strangers and the adoption of strange ideas, had been led to suppose that the kingdom of heaven was to be ruled by favour rather than by fitness. In the world, as could be seen in the secular sphere every day, favouritism went a long way. It helped proconsuls and procurators. But in God's kingdom such qualities went for naught. There the King calls: not because the man wishes to be called, but because the man is prepared and qualified for the call.

Stress should be laid on this principle, not only because it is one of those crucial and fundamental principles on which Christ would build His Church, but also because He impressed it so earnestly, perhaps I may say so frequently, on His disciples. The sons of Zebedee had to learn and practise it. 'All ye are brethren'; not equals, perhaps, or of the same rank or order. Should some be bishops and others deacons, yet they could never be other than brethren. Each one of them was the workmanship of God; one no more than another. In the Middle Ages, with which we shall have to do, the principle was constantly in men's minds, though it may not have been carried out as clearly in their lives. I do not know. Christian people were quite as anxious to do God's will then as they are now. Perhaps they did not always discern that will; but when they saw, and they did see, time and time again, men mighty in spirit

and splendid in achievement ruling in the Church, swaying multitudes by their eloquence, leading salutary and impelling movements out of small beginnings into magnificent, widespread, world-capturing triumphs, I am satisfied that they believed the men had been given grace for the work —that the position had been allotted by God to the one for whom it was prepared!

It should be observed, that in dealing with this petition of James and John his brother, though our Lord endeavoured to soften the ill feelings of the other disciples by explaining to them the causes which brought forth such a display of desire for distinction, yet He did not condemn the two brothers. The declaration, 'Ye know not what ye ask,' indicates both surprise and consideration. It was so strange and unexpected a request: and had they understood its nature and its consequences, it would not have been made.

But they who made it were moved, we may well believe, by a superb and wonderful faith. The woman and her sons not only accepted Christ as King, but they were also assured of His winning the Kingdom. There was not as yet much to encourage them, but they had no doubt that some day this beloved and worshipped Teacher would sit upon the throne of His glory. They could stand out against the flood of opposite opinion; and at times that flood came as a rushing tide threatening to overwhelm and destroy even the very elect. This woman and these her sons gave way not for a moment: they clung livingly to the Christ.

True, they would share His glory; but they believed He had a glory for them to share. They would do more than that! 'Are ye able,' said He, 'to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?' In their reply, I do not hear daring or recklessness or ignorance, but rather exultant and eager faith. 'We are able!' No more glorious and unselfish expression of devotion was ever made: not even St. Peter's declaration by which he proved himself to be Prince of Apostles. The two men would go through any trial or privation for Him. They loved Him; indeed, one of them, John, is expressly said to be the disciple whom Jesus loved—'which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?' Christ accepted their word. They should indeed suffer.

They were forceful, brave, impetuous men. The thought of St. John as above all others the Apostle of Love has tended to make us overlook his severe and impressive characteristics. But he had such, as really as St. James. Jesus knew them well. They were not men who found it hard to make up their minds. When He called them, 'immediately,' 'straightway,' they left their father and followed Him. So did Simon; and He surnamed him 'Cephas,' which is by interpretation a stone, that is to say, 'Peter,' a rock: steadfast, firm, unchangeable—even in spite of his blunderings. He did not change Andrew's name. To the sons of Zebedee He gave the name of 'Boanerges,' which the Evangelist tells us means the 'Sons of Thunder'; perhaps the 'Sons of Anger,' implying their readiness to break out into passion. In them dwells the spirit of the storm: fierce, capricious, irresistible, determined. Like Elijah with the priests of Baal, they would bid fire fall from heaven upon the villages of the Samaritans who refused to receive Christ.

These two men and Peter, more than any other of the Twelve, were taken into the inner life of Jesus. They seem to have understood Him better, to have been more trusted by Him, and to have had a devotion and confidence beyond that of other men. They went with Him to the raising of Jairus's daughter, and were also spectators of the Transfiguration. Thus they knew Him as the Master of death and as the King of glory. To them also He gave His apocalyptic prophecy in which He foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, the coming of wars and rumours of wars, the great tribulation, and the end of the age. Andrew also may have been present at the time, possibly other disciples: but certainly Peter and James and John. The three were taken by Him into the shadows of Gethsemane, witnesses of His surpassing agony; 'Tarry ye here, and watch with me.' Into the mystery itself they may not enter: 'their eyes waxed heavy,'—'he found them sleeping for sorrow.' And after the arrest, 'all the disciples forsook him and fled.'

I assume the passage to mean that among the disciples thus leaving Him were Peter and James and John. Perhaps not for long or for far: but they went. I wish I could think otherwise; and I am sure that had the Evangelist been making up a story, he would have written otherwise. No one cares to see men trusted and honoured take a despic-

able part. Simon Peter, however, headstrong and short-sighted, made an attempt at rescue. He drew his sword and smote off the ear of a servant of the High Priest. Then he dropped behind. Christ was bound and led away by Himself to be tried.

The writer of the fourth Gospel tells us that Simon Peter followed Jesus, and so did another disciple. Clearly they returned quickly from their flight. The name of this other disciple is not given, but we are told that he 'was known unto the high priest, and went in with Jesus into the palace of the high priest.' Peter remained outside; 'Then went out that other disciple, which was known unto the high priest, and spake unto her that kept the door, and brought in Peter.' Evidently that 'other disciple' who knew the high priest, also knew Peter, and felt friendly enough towards him to get him in to see the end. What happened to Peter a little later, need not be told.

The difficulty increases. Who was this other disciple? Some have said John, one of the sons of Zebedee; and this because in the fourth Gospel the writer, supposed to have been John himself, avoids the name 'John,' and in place thereof speaks of the 'other disciple,' or of 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' It is by no means certain. Nor is it any more likely that the 'other disciple' was James the brother of John. Indeed, that either of the sons of Zebedee should be known to the high priest, and able to obtain favours from his servants, seems beyond explanation. If Peter's speech bewrayed him, why should a son of Zebedee escape? All were Galileans; and the Galilean dialect was easily recognized. Moreover, this 'other disciple' seems to have disappeared, or, at all events, to have gone unnoticed, after the admission of Peter. Nor do I think it probable that any son of Zebedee was known to the high priest because he supplied the pontifical household with fish. I am not sure that the highest dignitary in Israel knew anything about his commissarial department. The position of fishmonger to his court would more likely have fallen either to a Greek or to a Judean merchant in Jerusalem, than to a net-caster from Galilee. Perhaps, after all, this 'other disciple' may have been a Judean who had not as yet declared himself; one like unto Nicodemus or Joseph of Arimathea, learned or rich, moving in high circles, loyal to tradition and yet impressed by the teaching of the young Rabbi from Nazareth. But if so, how could he have known

and been interested in Peter ? And how came he that night in Gethsemane ?

I should be glad could I find some testimony convincing enough to justify me in thinking this ' other disciple ' to have been St. James of Compostella. That supposition lies straight before me ; but the fancy is too vague and elusive for the venture. We may be sure, however, that if Salome, the wife of Zebedee, were the sister of Mary, the Blessed Virgin, so that the sons of Zebedee were cousins of Jesus, there would have been more than discipleship to keep them close to the centre of affairs. Indeed, to John, the dying Christ commended the care of His Mother ; and we are told that from that hour ' that disciple ' took her into his own home. This need not be taken to imply that that home was in Jerusalem.

From that time on, the New Testament has little to say of James the Great. He is mentioned as lodging or abiding in an upper room with the other disciples ; and he was with them on the Day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost was given, and St. Peter preached a sermon which added about three thousand souls to the Church. Instead of James, John becomes closely associated with St. Peter. They awaken the first determined opposition to the new Gospel. They take the lead : the other members of the Twelve follow. There is only one more reference to St. James in the Book of the Acts.

But this does not mean inactivity on the part of James, or that he weakened in his attachment to the Gospel of Christ ; or that he found himself more in sympathy with those who would avoid a break between the old and the new, and retaining Judaism would accommodate Christianity to it. The silence is rather due to the failure of the writer of the Book to make good the claim of his title. Practically he gives sketches of only two of the Apostles : St. Peter and St. Paul. Others are brought in incidentally. Of St. James he has scarcely anything to say, though the chances are that St. James was as much to the front and as busy as any of them.

This conjecture is near a conclusion. We can scarcely imagine that Herod Agrippa I., in order to please the Jews, would put to death an obscure, unaggressive, and inoffensive man. Had James the brother of John kept in the background and not said or done anything to provoke the Jews, he would have been left alone. As it was, he became

outstanding enough to attract popular notice. And Herod had much to gain by putting out of the way one hated and feared by the Jews. Of the question at issue he probably cared little, but the policy of his reign was to keep quiet, and to satisfy the people over whom the Emperor Claudius had made him king. Josephus and the rabbis testify to his devotion to this principle. No ruler ever held more firmly the favour he coveted. About A.D. 44, in the third year of his reign, the opportunity came for him to enhance that popularity. The best support he could give to Judaism was to intimidate its opponents. So we are told that he 'stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also.'

After this the sacred narrative has no reference to St. James, the son of Zebedee. He was the first of the Twelve to suffer martyrdom; the first to drink the cup and to pass through the baptism.

Fourteen or fifteen years from the net to the sword: from the bright spring morning of youth in Galilee—sweet as the sweetest land on earth, when the red flowers cover the plain of Esdraelon and the turtle-dove's welcome moan responds to the fisherman's song; from that golden dawn in which dreams lightened into life, and life began to unfold itself into the joy of man; from the nets which angels shall weave and disciples shall cast to catch souls for the kingdom of God—down to the dreary, cold, cruel morning in Jerusalem: the clanging of arms, the gruff cries of soldiers, the hateful murmurings of foes! The beauty and strength of youth; and a broken, headless body on a stained marble slab!

Only the manner of his death is told: with the sword! Henceforth the sword is associated with him, as the club came to be with St. James the Less.

In his *Mediaeval Preachers*, published in London, 1856, Dr. John Mason Neale gives the notes of a sermon preached by St. Anthony of Padua on the three witnesses of our Lord's Transfiguration. St. Anthony, the most celebrated of the followers of St. Francis of Assisi, was born at Lisbon in 1195, and died at Padua in 1231. In his day no preacher excelled him in popularity. Enormous crowds thronged to his sermons. In his interpretation of Scripture he went far beyond even mediaeval usage in ultra-mysticism. No more

fervent or skilful allegorist ever spoke in pulpit. He discovered meanings in names unthought of by those who originally used them. He freely added incident and colour to whatever story or passage he touched. Thus in this sermon on the Transfiguration, delivered one Lenten Sunday, we find some particulars concerning St. James, so far as I know, not mentioned by any other authority. We have also a fair example of the thirteenth-century style of preaching. We may be sure that pilgrims to Compostella heard like sermons at the shrine of the Apostle.

'*Jesus took Peter, and James, and John.* These three Apostles and special companions of Jesus Christ, signify the three powers of our soul, without which no man can ascend to the mount of light—that is, to the excellence of holy conversation. Peter is by interpretation, *He that acknowledges*; James, *a supplanter*; John, *grace*. *Jesus taketh with Him Peter.* Do thou, also, who believest, and who hopest for salvation from Jesus, take with thee Peter—that is, the acknowledgment of thy sin. Which consists principally in three things: in the pride of the heart, in the lusts of the flesh, in the avarice of the world.

'Take also James—that is, the supplanter of these vices, that thou mayest tread down under the foot of reason the wickedness and pride of the spirit, mayest mortify the evil desires of the flesh, and mayest repress the vanity of the fallacious world.

'Take also John—that is, the grace of God, which stands at the door and knocks—that it may enlighten thee to the perception of the evils which thou hast done, and may preserve thee in the good which thou hast taken in hand.

'These are the men of whom Samuel said to Saul, *When thou shalt come to the oak of Tabor, there shall meet thee three men going up to God to Bethel, one carrying three kids, and another carrying three loaves of bread, and another carrying a bottle of wine.* The oak of Tabor and the hill of Tabor, signify the excellence of a holy life, which is well called an oak, a mountain, and Tabor. An oak, because it stands firm and inflexible to final perseverance. A mountain, because it is lofty and sublime, by the contemplation of God. Tabor, which is by interpretation "the coming light," by the illumination of good example.

'In the excellence of a holy life, these three things are required: that it be constant in itself, that it contemplate God, that it illuminate its neighbour. When, therefore,

thou comest, that is, when thou art resolved to come, or to ascend—to the oak or to the mountain of Tabor—there shall meet thee three men going up to Bethel. These are Peter—that is, he that acknowledges ; James—that is, the supplanter ; John—that is, the grace of God.

'Peter, carrying three kids.

'James, three loaves of bread.

'John, a bottle of wine.

'Peter—that is, he who acknowledges himself to be a sinner, carries three kids. By a kid is set forth the ill savour of sin. In the three kids are expressed the three kinds of sin by which we principally offend ; that is, the pride of heart, the petulance of the flesh, the avarice of the world. He, therefore, that will ascend to the mountain of light must carry these three kids ; that is, must acknowledge himself to be a sinner in these three things. He that supplants the vices of the flesh, and carries three loaves of bread, signifies sweetness of mind, which consists of humility of heart, chastity of body, and love of poverty ; which sweetness none can have, except he shall first have supplanted vices. He, therefore, carries three loaves of bread—that is, a triple sweetness of mind—who represses the pride of the heart, restrains the petulance of the flesh, casts away the avarice of the world. John—that is, he who, the grace of God preventing and following him, preserves all these things faithfully and perseveringly—truly carries a bottle of wine. Jesus, therefore, *took Peter, and James, and John.* Do thou also take these three men, and go up to Mount Tabor. But, believe me, the ascent is difficult, because the mount is lofty. Dost thou wish to ascend with ease ? Get that ladder, of which the 28th of Genesis : *And Jacob dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven : and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it.* Note each word, and you will see their concordance with the Gospel.

'— *He saw.* Here is the acknowledgment of sin, of which Bernard says : "I asked no other vision from God, except that of my own sins." Jacob is the same name with James ; and thus Esau, in the 27th of Genesis : *He hath supplanted me these two times.*

'— *In his sleep.* Behold the grace of God, which gives the sleep of quiet and peace. . . . It is well, therefore, said : Jacob beheld a ladder, by which thou mayest ascend to Mount Tabor.'

In a footnote, Dr. Neale reminds us that St. Anthony is here parallelising the three names, Peter, James, John, with the three words, *Vidit, Jacob, scalam*—Jacob beheld a ladder. I do not know how closely the people could follow this excessively mystical interpretation, or understand the learning of the preacher, but I imagine that they pictured literally the three disciples carrying their several burdens up the mountain. They saw Peter with the young goats, James with the loaves of bread, and John with the wine. Thus another tradition was added to the story of the sons of Zebedee.

CHAPTER V

MIRACLES AND LEGENDS

The silence of history, or the absence of records upon which dependence can be sure, is no discouragement to tradition. Indeed even now, though criticism be more eager and exacting than in days of yore, the failure of the one is the opportunity of the other. So strong is the desire for further knowledge, especially concerning men whose popularity has developed into romance and stirred up imagination, that suggestions and fancies, sometimes scarcely resting on possibility, long entertained, dwelt upon, and frequently told, slowly exaggerate themselves and pass imperceptibly into the region of accepted facts. The processes are forgotten; the conclusions are so plausible, so gratifying, so inspiring, that in time they obtain common acceptance without inquiry.

Before taking up the legends and miracles which enlarge, if they do not always enrich, the story of St. James of Compostella, some further consideration of the general subject of tradition may not be out of place, and may enable us the easier and more clearly to deal with our study.

Of one thing we may be fairly sure: though apt to indulge in extravagances and distortions, owing to its ingenuity, industry, and impetuosity, tradition nearly always keeps true to life. The most reckless and most incredible of legends may have in it some modicum of verity. That modicum may be hard to discover, perhaps irrecoverably evasive; but if ascertained, it may turn out to be accurate and faithful in itself, an honest germ, buried beneath conjecture, misinterpretation, and superabundance of dust and colouring. The story may rest upon a foundation more substantial than an opinion that such might have been or should have been the case. Nor may forgetfulness be overlooked. Origins are easily lost sight of; and oral transmission is by its very nature uncertain. It is not, therefore, wise to dismiss a tradition or a legend as untrue simply because it is a tradition or a legend. It may be, of course,

a pure invention; on the other hand, it may have some element of truth worth considering.

When tradition touches upon miracle, it assumes the possibility of such. By miracle we understand a departure from the ordinary, common, recognized process or law of nature: a unique or extraordinary happening which violates the principle on which nature is generally known to act; an event brought about by supernatural agency, a power outside of and above and mightier than any power with which we are ordinarily conversant. In common thought, a miracle is taken to be an act of God, or by an emissary of God, whereby He suspends the law though appointed by Himself. He who made the law can also change the law. If this principle or possibility be wrong, then miracle is out of the question.

And yet care should be taken not to bring under this conclusion discoveries of wonders which may be in accordance with laws heretofore unknown. Science has brought to light phenomena that are so remarkable, even stupendous, that at first sight they seem utterly impossible. A generation since, no one would have believed that vibrations could be sent thousands of miles through the air conveying human messages; or that the voices of singers and orators could be so preserved as to be reproduced years after the men themselves had perished. Yet such things, and others as wonderful as they, create no surprise whatever. The ancients would have called them miracles; we have found that they are no more than the normal and natural outcome of laws and causes, once unsuspected, but now clearly ascertained.

Possibly events which we still speak of as miracles, and which tradition has handed down as such, are not departures or violations, but the normal and natural effects of laws, which, though to us unknown, may yet be real and active. The time may come when we shall discover and understand such laws. The laws are not new because unsuspected. We have found out fresh uses of electricity, but electricity was operating before light began.

It is also well that we should refuse a ready acquiescence to the reason commonly given for the operation of miracles. There may be good reasons, but the one I would now speak of is open to suspicion. Some theologians hold that miracles were wrought in New Testament times to substantiate the claims and authority of Christ. They were intended to

prove the truth of His utterances. Without miracles His mission would have been a failure. The mission, however, proved, miracles ceased for all time. In other words, miracles were necessary to faith. Christ must create faith by working wonders. An ancient idea, from before the days when the rods of magicians were turned into serpents.

Such an idea does not seem to rest on a very secure foundation. St. John expressly says of the people at Jerusalem: 'Though he had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him'; and the Evangelist goes on to point out that Isaiah had foretold such should be the case. Others, indeed, especially after the raising of Lazarus, when they 'had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him'; but it should be kept in mind that before Jesus did anything, He demanded of Martha a declaration of faith: 'Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?' The same truth appears in the prayer: 'Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me'—not because of the miracle which had not yet been accomplished, but because of the claim which He made. So when the messenger came, announcing that the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue was dead, He answered: 'Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.' Again and again, after the healing of the sick, He ignores the miracle and declares, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole!' A centurion's servant was healed, because in the centurion the Saviour found a faith greater than any He had discovered even in Israel. To the father of the child with the deaf and dumb spirit He said, 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' Of the blind men who pleaded that He would give them their sight, He asked, 'Believe ye that I am able to do this?' They told their confidence. 'Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you.' We are told that in His own country He could do no mighty work: 'and he marvelled because of their unbelief.' When the disciples inquired the reason for their failure in working a certain miracle, He said: 'Because of your unbelief.'

The deduction which follows these illustrations is generally allowed: faith is a necessary preliminary to all human enterprise and action. Without faith man would neither

sow seed nor look for harvest. No business would be undertaken, if the merchant had no faith in it ; no ship sent across the sea, no railway laid over the mountains, no agent entrusted with commission. The traveller would not put foot on bridge if he did not believe the bridge was safe. We send the boy to school because we have faith in the boy and in the masters by whom he shall be taught. In sickness, the physician is sent for in whom we have faith. It is faith that encourages us to put our money in the bank or in an investment. We retire to rest and close our eyes in sleep because we have faith in those around us. In short, faith must operate to some extent or nothing whatever would be done —not so much as eating or drinking. No man would touch food unless he believed it free from the power to hurt or harm. And if faith be thus necessary in the common life, it is no less so in the religious. No man can worship or serve a God whom he does not believe to exist. So Holy Writ says : ' He that cometh to God must believe that he is ' ; and the same authority declares that ' without faith it is impossible to please him.' I am not now interested in the cause or production of this quality. I only submit that life, that is to say, conscious life, in any of its departments, common or religious, will not put itself into action without faith.

And further, from the foregoing summary of the sayings of Christ, we gather that it is not the miracle which produces the faith, but the faith which gives the miracle likelihood. We do not believe in St. James the Great because of the miracles which he is said to have done ; but because we believe in him, we consider indulgently the wonders told about him. Christ did not save the world by His miracles, but by His faith in God, in Himself, in man. He may have healed without faith on the part of the person healed, as in baptism the Holy Ghost may impart grace without the child being conscious of the act, much less having faith or knowledge ; but even then He took the faith of the people bringing to Him the person for whom they would obtain His favour : ' And when he saw their faith.' And yet even then, had He discerned no such faith, His own faith would have sufficed. God saves man because God believes in man. So one might reasonably be led to hold, for instance, that the parthenogenesis of Christ does not beget faith in Christ, but, if that stupendous hypothesis be necessary to the being of Christ, as the Church undoubtedly holds it to be, faith in Christ

would lead to its acceptance. We do not believe in Christ because He healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, cleansed the leper, and raised the dead. Not to miracles, but to His labours for the moral and spiritual benefit of others, does He refer when He says, 'Believe me for the very works' sake.' The world has come to believe in Him, not for the miracles, but for the purity of His life, His gracious words, His beauty and loveliness of vision, the boundlessness of His love, His unfailing justice, and His power of sacrifice—for the Man Himself!

Were miracles necessary, as some advocates of religion hold, it is strange that miracles have done so little to further the cause for which we are told they were performed. Take Christ Himself. In spite of the miracles He wrought—and I do not question the reality of any one of them—the people put Him to death, and did their utmost to destroy both the teaching He inculcated, and also the men who endeavoured to carry out His purpose. He may raise Lazarus from the dead, or cause the soldiers in the garden to fall back, or heal and restore the servant's ear, but He will be crucified just the same. Indeed, the wonder of His own resurrection, actual and physical, according to the evidence, did not affect favourably either the priests at Jerusalem who sent Him to the Cross, or the philosophers at Athens who heard of Him from St. Paul. Of course, miracles had in them a purpose and produced an effect, or no one would so much as allege them to have happened; but I do not find that they built up Christianity.

Many a true and beautiful application, for instance, may be made of the turning of the water into wine, symbol of changes which happen in life; but the miracle itself would not bring a soul to Christ. It could be explained away. Except in the particular of time, nature is constantly working the same transformation; and through the grape, water of the spring may become exhilarating wine that shall make glad the heart of man.

Again, I do not say that Christ did not work the miracle at Cana of Galilee, or suggest that He could not, for, if we will, we may see changes as sudden and more wonderful wrought in human life: the passing from ignorance into knowledge, from anger and wrath into gentleness, from sin into holiness, from spiritual death into spiritual life. These transmutations, strictly speaking, are not miracles, but they are as wonderful as any miracle ever performed. He who

can lift a man out of the mire and clay, and set him on the Rock of Ages, can, of His own might and will, strike disease from the unclean, and break asunder the bars of death.

I am not, therefore, inclined to think that miracles prove much, if anything, for oftentimes they arouse questions difficult to answer and suspicions impossible to allay; though, possibly, they may tend to confirm a faith previously existing. I can imagine that many of the miracles told of St. James the Great were recorded to create a stronger faith in him; but St. James is not St. James because of them. I do not contend for belief in any miracle I shall repeat: St. James stands apart from every one of them. Some of them may be true; few of them are impossible—at least, you do not know them to be such; and all of them are curious. Nor does it follow because you cannot believe or accept a miracle or legend, that everybody else is in the same condition. To some other person, of equal intelligence, experience, and education, that which you reject as absurd, is welcomed with eagerness and adopted as reasonable. There are people who cannot believe in God; and there are people who cannot rid themselves of direct, intense, controlling faith in God, even though they may try with all their might.

And yet, notwithstanding all that I have said, and perhaps in greater measure suggested, miracles will never lose their fascination. Joshua may have quoted an old song; and reflection may induce one to think that the song must be interpreted poetically rather than physically; but there is something that quiets every doubt and forces adoration in the sublime and astonishing spectacle of the sun standing still in the midst of the heavens, and hasting not to go down about a whole day. 'And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel.' It may be true, or it may not be true, that the sun stayed over Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon; but the more you contemplate that wondrous scene, and think of the circumstances associated with it, the more entranced you become, and the more you are convinced that he who would ask the question at all is bereft either of intellect or of poetic instinct. What does it matter? Why should a question which cannot be answered absolutely keep one from passing under the spell, or from enjoying the fascination of a unique and magnificent miracle? Must imagination always be bound by physical conditions?

CHAPTER VI

MORE ABOUT LEGENDS

THE Legend contains the record of the Miracle, and sometimes other remarkable and unexpected particulars which can scarcely be called miraculous. It is the name given to a story connected with a saint; and a story so called is commonly and at once taken to be more than doubtful. Few words have dropped so decidedly from respectability into disrepute. Etymologically it means nothing more than a thing read: *legere*, to read, without suggesting the nature of the thing read. It might have been called a 'Reading.'

In the course of time the word came to be applied to the narrative read in church at the commemoration of a saint: the story of his life, sayings, and deeds; a short biography, as it were. Archbishop Trench, more than three-quarters of a century since, touched on the subject. 'By this name of "legends,"' he said, 'the annual commemorations of the faith and patience of God's saints in persecution and death were originally called; these legends in this title which they bore proclaiming that they were worthy to be read, and from this worthiness deriving their name.' And he adds, just what happened to give the word 'legend' its bad character: 'At a later day, as corruptions spread through the Church, these "legends" grew, in Hooker's words, "to be nothing else but heaps of frivolous and scandalous vanities," having been "even with disdain thrown out, the very nests which bred them abhorring them."' Thus the word came to be a synonym, not merely for a marvellous story, but for a 'lie,' or, to say the best of it, a statement which may be dismissed without a second thought.

'How steeped in falsehood, and to what an extent,' the archbishop says, 'the "legends" must have become "lyings," we can best guess, when we measure the moral forces which must have been at work, before that which was accepted at the first as "worthy to be read," should have been felt by this very name to announce itself as most

unworthy, as belonging at best to the region of fable, if not to that of actual untruth.'

In the Reformation short work was done with the 'Legends.' An Act of the English Parliament, 1549, decreed that all such books should be 'clearly and utterly abolished, extinguished, and forbidden for ever to be used or kept in this realm or elsewhere within any the King's dominions.' The same Act commanded that any such books should be delivered up to the authorities, who should 'cause them immediately either to be openly burnt or otherwise defaced and destroyed.' The violation of this law involved severe penalties, even imprisonment at the king's will.

Such laws were sufficient to brand 'Books of Legends' for all time as 'Wicked Books'—books that no Christian should harbour or shelter in his house, much less read. Far safer was it that his children should hear of Robin Hood and his Merry Men than of Thomas of Canterbury or Richard of Chichester; and in a few years every boy in the land knew that Tom Hickathrift had done mightier deeds than either St. Nicholas or St. Anthony. And the dictionaries of the English language, even to the present day, have perpetuated the stigma and the anathema: 'myths; idle tales in the form of history, but without its truth; inventions flimsy as spiders' webs; fancies without foundation; things existent only in a story.'

When, then, I undertake to deal with the legends of Santiago de Compostella, I am not a little handicapped by the word itself. In some minds, by using it, as slang would express it, I give myself away. My case is lost the moment I mention 'legend.' It is not a respectable word, and there is sound authority for holding that evil communications corrupt good manners.

But ragged, stained, disreputable as the word undoubtedly is, even an outcast may be entitled to some consideration. After all it may not be bad through and through. It may have some truth. Indeed, it may be misunderstood. Being in the form of history and having the appearance of truth, it may yet be found without either quality, but, on the other hand, the clearest sky is not without the possibility of cloud, and your conclusion is rarely free from doubt. You may reject the legend, perhaps, because it seems absurd or ludicrous; but does that prove it to be untrue? You may condemn it because it is used, perhaps designed, to further some project you do not approve of; but again I ask, does

that prove it to be untrue ? Or you may suspect it because the same thing is told of some one else ; but does it follow that a thing can never happen more than once ? Christopher Columbus may have shown the Spanish grandee how to stand an egg on end, but children the world over again and again have done the same thing. Because Nicodemus is said to have gone to the Great Teacher by night is no argument that other men have not tried to obtain information in similar manner. In other words, I am not obliged to set aside the Saint in whom I am interested because stories abound about him which I do not always know to be true, and because they chance to be called by a suspicious and disagreeable name.

On the contrary, I have used the word ' legend ' invariably in a good sense. To me it is a pleasant word, suggesting romance, the charm of far-away days, the ballads of minstrels and the songs of pilgrims, Canterbury roads and Florentine gardens. Nor shall I allow it to be aught to me but a sunny, merry mediaeval word, just the word I want : the fault charged to it being rather in those who use it, than in itself.

But though we take the word in this kindly sense, it is not clear that we always understand aright either miracle or legend. Thus, for instance, objection is made to the legend of Elisha's causing an axe-head to float, for the reason that iron cannot swim : an allowed fact, and yet thousands of tons of iron float across the sea every day. There is a difference between an axe and a steamboat, and the difference is not altogether in the material. Possibly the stick the prophet cast into the water had some quality, magnetic let us say, which brought the iron to the surface. Have we got the full story ? Or take the journey of the Israelites through the Red Sea. Moses lifted up his rod, but does not the narrative ascribe the division of the water to the effect of the ' strong east wind all that night ' ? Or do the words describing the rising of the waters in Noah's flood necessarily imply a deluge the whole world round of upwards of twenty-seven thousand feet ? May not the narrative mean, that as far as the eye could see, up to the tops of the hills that edged that valley of the Euphrates, the waters spread, deep enough to float the Ark, to cover every point of land, and to sweep life from off the earth ? ' Every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground ' ! Besides the rain, the flood had come up the river from the sea : ' the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows

of heaven were opened.' Have we interpreted the story fairly and reasonably, or have we read into it a meaning as extravagant as it is strange ?

I do not claim that miracles or legends can thus be explained away. I only suggest that in many instances we have exaggerated or distorted or misread traditions till they have become next to impossible, or at all events so difficult to accept as to demand a faith which finds no justification in reason. The most that I contend for is an assurance that the miracle is really a miracle, in the sense commonly given to the term, and that the legend has been fairly dealt with. I do not think that either should be dismissed as fiction, unless it is certain that neither has been founded on fact.

But, on the other hand, there is no question whatever that in some instances tradition has preserved the memory of miracles which were intended to be taken as such, and which have no discoverable evidence of their reality. The difficulty of accepting miracles is their departure from known law. There may be occasions in which reason can justify such departure ; but reason must be satisfied, or the faith alleged is not worth having. If there be no possible justification of such violation of law, the violation may be doubted and even denied. The objection to all miracles is the uncertainty they beget in the processes of providence or nature. If a man may cast himself from a great height and escape the consequences which ordinarily ensue, we can have no dependence in the law which ordains the effect. If Christ may cause the stones in the wilderness to be made bread, He destroys our faith in the operations by which food is to be obtained. In this case it is not a question, Can He do it ? Rather, Will He do it ? Undoubtedly God can do many things which He certainly will not do.

What then shall be my attitude towards the miracles and legends which so frequently are alleged by hagiologists ? Must I accept as true, or must I reject as false, the wonders they present and the stories they tell ? Is there a hard and fast rule for me to apply either way ? There is only one answer to the question. To be fair, and to avail myself of the truth which possibly lies within the tradition, I must use my common sense—that practical quality which comes out of reason, experience, and conviction. I am not obliged to believe things that are in themselves stupid, useless, frivolous, absurd, contradictory, or without sense or pur-

pose. I cannot give credence to the ridiculous, not even when it may happen to be true. I may respect the spirit which led to the invention, but I cannot give faith to an invention which in itself has nothing to commend it.

So I find myself in various moods not always corresponding to the moods of tradition itself. Tradition is always serious. So am I at times ; but at other times I find myself provoked at the stupidity of the miracle or legend, or I have to laugh at its ludicrous assumptions, or I have to put it from me till patience revives and interest returns. In this I am not altogether short-sighted.

In the end, however, though I may chance to throw aside the story, or at least the version I have of it, I come round to think more of the motive and purpose of the men with whom it originated. Sometimes I am woefully disappointed. Unscrupulous and conscienceless men have been always alert to further their purposes by any means within their reach. They are not reluctant to fabricate deceits and to foster misleading suggestions. For truth they have little regard ; and if a lie can be made useful it arouses no hesitation. Thus, to further their own interests, they measure discerningly the gullibility of the people round them, excite their avidity, trick them out of their ordinary sense, play with their emotions, and by irrepressible reiteration and well-disguised confusion of thought make them acknowledge as true that for which no unimpeachable evidence can be produced. This process goes on in every country and in every age ; and religion is no more free from its subtleties and corrosions, its attacks and ravages, than any other department of human life. Nor is it other than common knowledge that the process is as vigorous to-day as it ever was : even in what we style our new thought, or our new methods, or our new religion. In this particular, the new is as vulnerable as the old. In the time of Saul, king of Israel, and ages earlier, one could go to a village such as Endor, and get a shrewd, crafty old woman to pretend to bring back the dead. In the Middle Ages one could do the same thing in a like neighbourhood. To-day, one can have a ghost conjured up in some dark room in a dingy tenement. No one ever sees the spirit, any more than Saul saw Samuel, but the witch or the medium performs the same trick, and, beyond all cavil, according to her expertness, brings about pretty much the same result as mongers in miracles and legends have always been able to effect. I have no doubt that some

of the miracles and legends told about St. James the Great, or any other of the saints, are of this quality.

But, in no age and in no country, is every man who tells or repeats a strange story either unscrupulous or conscienceless: any more than because there have been dishonest bankers or merchants is every banker or merchant dishonest. There have always been upright, straightforward, pure-minded, and truth-loving men, in every proper or legitimate walk of life—no less so than among those who have to do with shrines and relics. We need not condemn Compostella because, possibly, it had among its builders some rogues, and, again possibly, a few who sought the end without much respect for the means. There were others besides such as these concerned in that enterprise, to whom deceit was as poison, and swindling or fraud impossible. They had some evidence, which they were satisfied was sound, on which to rest their assertions; and when I think of them, and of the multitude of annalists, chroniclers, and historians who have no purpose other than that of discovering and perpetuating truth, even if I am sometimes brought to a standstill, charity and judgment intermingle and suggest that the tradition is probably right, though possibly it may be wrong.

CHAPTER VII

THE LITTLE WORLDS IN OLDEN TIME

In considering the subject before us, we should not forget some of the conditions which separate from us the people of the Dark and Middle Ages. That mankind is in grand essentials the same through all the generations, markedly so in what is commonly designated 'human nature,' goes without saying; but in surroundings, conceptions, knowledge, and the like there is occasion for much differentiation. Therefore, to understand a remote age rightly, we need not only to take for granted general and time-lasting characteristics and traits, essential, as one may say, to the species, but also to picture to ourselves the accidents or circumstances which shaped and coloured its development, and indeed gave it individuality.

Thus, apparently for no reason whatever, but because of an instinct more powerful and more tenacious than reason can ever be, man believes in life after death. He may differ much from his fellows as to the nature and qualities of that life; but, even from the times before civilization was more than in its dawn, he has clung to some kind of immortality. I do not suppose that the individual to whom once belonged the oldest skull that anthropologists have as yet discovered would have understood the metaphors of Damiani's *Glory of Paradise*, or Bernard of Morlaix's *Contempt of the World*. But I am satisfied that he would have agreed with those poets that after death came something better than aught that man has known in this world. Man has always looked for that 'something better,' but his conceptions of it have varied with the stages in his development.

In the ages with which I am dealing, it seems to me that the people maintained and cultivated a more intimate relationship to the dead than in these later days we indulge in, or think possible. Our consciousness of immortality is probably no less keen than theirs was; but we are more apt to regard death as involving complete separation, at least for the present. The ancients rarely thought of the dead as being far away, or as having no continued interest in a

world they loved so well and had left so reluctantly. The living prayed for the dead, and the dead prayed for the living. Not only had the living kindly remembrance of the dead and a desire to further their happiness and enlightenment in the other world; but they believed that the dead still had power to help and comfort those who had been to them dear as life itself. The body slept in its winding-sheet. In hallowed ground near by a mound marked its resting-place, or in the church itself an effigy retained its well-distinguished figure and outline of face and hand. But the soul itself still hovered near: in the shadow of the yews, or the moonlit hall, or the silent aisle, or the recesses of the garden, or wherever it had lingered in the old days. No one ever went far from the place where one was born or far from the place where one died. Heaven itself lay across the blue sky, and hell was near enough for its fires to burst from mountain-top and its shrieks to be heard in storm and tempest. Even purgatory lapped over into the present, and began its cleansing processes before death closed in.

Thus the ancients had a familiarity with the dead, or at least thought they had, that we are not ready to encourage, even if we allow it to be within reach. We love our dead as much as they did; but our dead are distant, remote, beyond intercourse—'in a land that is very far off.' The great gulf fixed between paradise and gehenna, or the conditions represented by those terms, is indeed impassable; but the gulf, if there be a gulf, between the living and the dead need not be so considered. Nor did the people of bygone ages so think it.

For one thing, of the vast spaces and enormous distances, the myriads of millions of miles, told over and over again, which lie between the worlds of the universes and between the universes themselves, and of which we have tried to make ourselves conscious, they knew nothing. They did not dream of them. No attempt was then made to define the universe. The earth itself, so small to us in comparison to other worlds, that we liken it to the point of a needle in an ocean's borderless breadth, was indeed stupendous to them. It was the centre of all things; and even that centre, though they imagined it not, was but a small part of a diminutive cosmos, hemmed in by the horizons of the Atlantic waters and the African deserts, the fires of the east whence the sun drew in his heat, and the hills of the north where death brooded in the ice and destruction gathered its terror in the storm. A little world to us!

But all there was, to them !

Doubtless they wondered what mysteries lay in the wilds beyond the rising and the setting sun, the regions they supposed impenetrable and for ever closed to mortal man. Perhaps, as some of the ancients thought, the dead who had lost their last tie with the present went thither ; and monsters that imagination itself could scarcely picture dwelt there—monsters more hideous than reptiles, huge, repulsive, and hungry, that haunted jungles and marshes. Legends there were indeed of men who had tried to force their way through those depths, forests and deserts that had no end, and seas that had no farther shore ; and such adventurers, if they came back, brought gruesome stories and spread fearsome warnings. So that, after all, man's world was small ; and to say nothing of the dead, few were the living who went out of the neighbourhood to which they belonged, or over the bounds where their speech could be understood.

In this life, then, as we consider them, distance and size were narrowly limited. Even the empires, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, were small. Athens ruled the thought and art of the world, and Rome its wealth and power, but neither Athens nor Rome in population or extent would approach a suburb of some of earth's cities. On the other hand, in the schools of London and New York and Paris the languages, literatures, laws, and philosophies of Italy and Greece are taught as of first importance—in some respects, more important than anything intellectual or thought-creating that has been evolved since.

We are in danger of generalizing too much. I do not forget that in all ages and in all countries life was complex and varied : in many phases contradictory. That which is true of one class may not be true of another class ; and classes have always existed, and always will exist. It is impossible to avoid distinctions between people who live in large cities and people who live in small towns ; and the differences are wide and permanent which characterize the merchant, the shopman, the artisan, the farmer and the ploughman, or the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the prince and the pauper, the priest and the layman. Even the forester and the hayward diverge, though both have to do with woods and hedges. And men are not equal in the powers of mind or of body. We must not, therefore, suppose that the people of past ages were of one dead level, or that what we say of some of them is true of all.

Let us recall the old-time village life—not because there was no town life, or that village life was typical of all life—but for the reason that here we may find our best illustration of the little world, and perhaps the most fruitful field for miracle and legend. It does not matter for our purpose whether we picture to ourselves a village in Spain, say in the neighbourhood of Compostella, or in France or in England. All the world over the village was a little world to itself, self-contained, with customs of its own: a mill, a church, perhaps a castle, a dungeon, stocks and gallows, a whipping-post, a beer-house, a bowling-green, and a graveyard. No one lived at any distance from his fellows. He knew them, and they knew him, perhaps better than he knew himself. The cottages were small, badly built, crowded, earth-floored, and dark; of sanitation there was none, of cleanliness and neatness very little, and of household comforts, as we understand them, scarcely any. Flies swarmed on the dunghills in the lane, and the crannies abounded with rats and mice. As ever, the owls and hawks pursued the brown sparrow; and the thrush and the blackbird sang merrily among the hawthorn bushes. Life was dull, but the people were not necessarily unhappy or miserable. They had their pastimes, drinking-bouts, fights, and other hilarities. Some would throw quoits and play barley-break. They trained magpies and jackdaws to talk, and pigs to dance. Once in a lifetime, perhaps, some of them saw a performing monkey or a bear cutting capers. They had neither tea nor coffee, but their ale lacked not plenty or potency. Tobacco was unknown, but in the cold, weird winter nights they told tales and sang songs, as jovially and merry-heartedly as in the long summer evenings they sought for fairies in the grassland, or hunted witches in the huts beside the brook. They were superstitious, grossly and normally—so would be the people of to-day had they to live in such a little, cramped world!

If the village grew in size or in importance, it enclosed itself within walls for defence. Its dogs were fierce; its young men expert with bow and fist and bludgeon. For centuries the community remained intact and complete in itself. It was jealous of its own traditions, privileges, manners, and conquests. It had its own leaders. The food and clothing necessary for its inhabitants came largely from within its own fields, and was of its own handmake. Expansion not infrequently happened. It advanced in friendship

with other towns within reach. Lordships and kingdoms became more firmly established. Probably from the beginning it had its overlord, to whom it paid tribute, and from whom it secured protection.

The lord may have lived miles away, in a stronghold where he could command approaches to the towns, villages, and farms which he held, exact toll of itinerant pedlars and jugglers, administer such laws as he favoured or found necessary, and shelter armed men either for the king's services or his own purposes. He was likely to be arbitrary and self-willed. But it is doubtful if he was always the tyrant romance has represented him to be. Apart from his stewards and bailiffs, he probably knew his tenants and serfs personally, and could tell the worth of an able and trusty man when he saw him. One can imagine him passing the time of day or a merry jest with his farrier as he shod his horse, or his fletcher as he trimmed his arrows. He talked of bullocks as well as branding culprits. A man according to his individuality ; perhaps with a passion that made stout hearts tremble ; perhaps with a prudence that sought for peace and loyalty. His world was a few miles wider than the world of the villager, and he met more people, heard more news, decided more questions, but rarely could he read, or do more than make a mark for his name. He believed most things that were told him, especially if they were outside his experience and he could not refute them. The more surprising the demand on his credulity, the readier his acceptance. Probably he settled disputes more by the strength of his arm than by the skill of his brain. Most likely he was steeped in traditions, and the women of his house could interpret dreams as happily as weave and spin.

But in many ways more important than he, at least to the community itself, was the Church : a parish priest, from the world outside, better taught than his people, guide and adviser to every one, possibly less and possibly more superstitious than they, trusted and honoured by them, and in due time one of them in a very real and intimate sense. In the village life he was practically the social centre. Even the bailiff recognized his superiority. The constable walked humbly before him. His parishioners might steal his tithe pig, and even burn him in effigy, but they listened to him on Sunday, and sent for him to visit their sick or bury their dead. Sometimes they ran down his reputation, but they believed what he said, even though they hesitated to do all

that he advised. A little rougher, but much the same life through the ages. Perhaps he loved his people : Chaucer's poor town parson did. No more beautiful picture of the devout, diligent, and patient parish priest of the Middle Ages has been depicted. But there were probably few such. Had there been many, the poet had not made so much of him. I imagine that in the usual run of country parishes there was no overflowing consideration on the side of either priest or people. He thought never was parson afflicted with such a flock ; they wondered if ever cassock was more rusty than his, or ever priest more careful of his fees. Poverty is apt to beget clergy who are not loth to curse for their tithes.

Human nature being what it is, I have no doubt that the clergy of those days could have fairly stood the test. Few may have attained to Chaucer's ideal, but, on the other hand, few may have fallen to Trulliber's level. I am satisfied that as a rule they were true and faithful to their vocation and helpful to their people. In their little world, their lives were open to every eye, and their opinions were of some worth to every mind. Neither they nor their people had means of acquiring knowledge or of scattering knowledge except by word of mouth. Newspapers were unknown, books scarce ; probably the priest the only person within miles who could read, and even he may have been able to write but an indifferent hand. Here and there were schools for children, more surely so if an abbey were not far away. But reading, writing, and arithmetic were not the only things a child need learn, nor by any means the most important.

And yet I am sure that neither boys nor girls, nor grown up men and women, were one whit more unhappy in those days than they are in these. They lived in a little world ; but that little world was merry enough in spite of its ignorance, and they who could sing and dance also knew the habits of birds and beasts, the lore of the woodland, the weaving of the wool, and loved the whistle of the ploughman and the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil.

After speaking of the then sad side of human society, L. F. Salzman, in his most helpful book, *English Life in the Middle Ages*, says : ' Yet all this disease and poverty and cruelty could not quench the note of joy, and the Middle Ages were full of laughter. Humour played a very large part in mediaeval life.' So Professor Huizinga, in his *Waning of the Middle Ages*, thus sums up the contradictions of those times : ' So violent and motley was life, that it

bore the mixed smell of blood and of roses. The men of that time always oscillate between the fear of hell and the most naïve joy, between cruelty and tenderness, between harsh asceticism and insane attachment to the delights of this world, between hatred and goodness, always running to extremes.'

Well, in that little world the people not only believed in legends of the saints, but they worshipped the saints. You will say that they did not know any more. That may be true. But they believed and worshipped because they loved. No nobler prelate ever sat on the throne of Canterbury than St. Dunstan. A pleasant story tells how once he held the Devil fast in a pair of red-hot pincers. Only Alfred the Great excelled this bishop as a patron of learning and education. His virtues led to his canonization. His school at Canterbury bore evidence to his zeal. There the boys learned to love him. The love lasted long after his day. Future generations of boys remembered him. In their studies, they prayed to him for help and perseverance, and in their punishments, which were severe to the point of torture, they cried for protection to 'dear Father Dunstan.' In their little world, 'dear Father Dunstan' was very real and not far away.

A little world! And in those ages Europe was covered with little worlds! In such worlds men are not likely to think or to do what we call great things. They live quiet, uneventful, unprogressive lives. And when any one died, as some one did once in a while, the dead one, as we have already said, did not go far away. The body was buried in the churchyard near by, but, for some time at least, the spirit frequented the places with which it had been long familiar. Sometimes it gave messages to the living, and sometimes it became so troublesome with its appearances that it had to be laid. This was done by asking it a question which it could not answer. No one doubted the possibility of these apparitions. The Apostles themselves, when in the night-time they saw a Figure walking on the Sea of Galilee, cried out for fear, 'It is a ghost!' Jesus did not tell them that such appearances did not happen. Later He declared that a spirit had not flesh and bones. In old time, some people had seen such with their own eyes, or knew of others who had. Indeed, here and there men and women had died after going through this experience. And not only were there ghosts, but also fairies, imps, goblins, and the like—survivals of pagan times: some morose and mis-

chievous, others kindly and helpful, all nowadays in evil repute. But they lived in that little world.

One of the most curious traits in these little worlds was the familiarity of the people with the Devil. I do not mean to imply that he and they were boon companions, though occasionally we hear of a 'stranger' attending a feast at which wines and ales were abundant and good company hilarious. The stranger said little, but drank much. Every man present saw him, and guessed who he was, but none spoke to him. Generally he was treated with respect—perhaps on the assumption that it was well to keep on pleasant terms with one who could do so much harm. No little care was taken to avoid speaking harshly or unkindly of him. He might be close at hand, and if he overheard would be likely to take offence. In such cases, flocks and herds suffered, and crops came short. In the dairy milk turned sour. Foxes and hawks seriously reduced the barnyard fowls and pigeons. Misfortune after misfortune happened: in winter gales and snowstorms, fearful in the damage they wrought, in summer drought or flood, thunder and lightning, hail, fever, and accident. It was right and safe enough in church to speak of renouncing the Devil and all his works; but elsewhere, in the everyday life, and especially late at night on the way home from the tavern or the bowling-green, it was discreet not to say anything about such things, and to keep in mind that he is a wise man who makes a friend when he has the chance. Moreover, if unfortunately hereafter a man should fall into his hands, the Devil would not forget that the man had kindly treated him. There would be an understanding between them.

At the same time one had to be careful. People addicted to witchcraft had sold themselves for certain privileges, and at all times a bargain is a bargain. Nothing could save them. They were damned before they died. But straight-living, God-fearing folk should know Satan only as they know an obnoxious forest-keeper or thieving miller—an individual to be shunned and avoided, or, if it can be done safely, to be disappointed and annoyed. Thus, in the old little worlds, there were men and women who sought to run on both sides, and to keep in with dove and falcon—even as to-day.

But the Devil was artful, and played sorry tricks on the people of those times. No one imagined him going about like a roaring lion. Rather was he pictured lurking fox-like,

silent and sly, ready at the opportunity to pounce upon his unwary victim. He crept into places where he could do most evil. Hence the authorities strictly prescribed that every font should have a locked cover; and Dr. Coulton reminds us that the hasp, or traces of it, are almost always visible at the present day. Not only did men find Satan near them in their devotions, but he pestered them in their studies. One day St. Dominic discovered it difficult to keep his mind on his reading. He looked about him, and saw near by a sparrow. He at once discerned the Devil in the sparrow. He caught the bird, and, that he might torment the disturbing demon, he plucked the feathers alive out of the poor, squirming creature. Thus, too, many a fly has been thrust out of life at the hands, say, of a schoolboy busy with his books, or of a churchwarden on a warm Sunday afternoon when intent on absorbing the sermon. Everybody knows that flies are demons.

But in the old days Satan did not confine himself to sparrows or flies. Next to the toad and the serpent, the spider was the Devil's favourite disguise, as it was also more venomous than they. There are no spiders in heaven, so say the mediaeval poets; nor in Ireland, for everybody knows that St. Patrick cleared the country of all vermin, though some may have crept back since. But elsewhere the Devil made the best use he could of churches. A pet pastime of his was to drop a spider into the chalice. This sometimes happened in other places. Leontes, in the *Winter's Tale*, says :—

> 'There may be in the cup
> A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
> And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
> Is not infected: but if one present
> The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
> How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
> With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.'

All the more fearsome such episodes at the altar. The Devil thus perplexed St. Conrad and St. Norbert, and not a few other holy men, in the most solemn moments of the Mass. We are told that the blessed William, abbot of Clairvaux in 1236, one day when about to drain the sacred vessel saw a spider fall therein. He could not fail to discern the Devil in the beast. From the *Chronicon Villarense* we learn, that 'not considering the horror of taking this spider in the draught, the Father, for the reverence of the Sacred

Blood, swallowed the nauseous insect.' This was bad enough ; indeed, it is difficult to imagine one thus taking in the Devil alive. But fact sometimes outstrips imagination, and the Chronicle adds : 'It was about a year afterwards that a pustule formed in one of the good priest's fingers, from which, instead of matter, there came forth this spider, whole and entire.' This story of itself suggests the intimacy and the playfulness the Devil had every now and then with the people of those distant days. One wonders if the dislike diligent housewives have for spiders owes any of its strength to the ancient supposition that the Devil and the spider were closely associated.

But, after all, even in those little worlds, the Devil did not always have things his own way. He could be fooled, as is witnessed by the bridges, punch-bowls, frying-pans, dykes, walls, and dens named after him. Such constructions are scattered over the country, in lonely, weird, uncanny places, and testify to his having been outwitted by man. That human ingenuity was always superior to diabolical craft is not certain. But very early it was discovered that the Devil had an invincible dislike for holy water. A few drops taken from a well frequented by some man of God, or consecrated in solemn rite, and sprinkled on the brow, would protect the devout soul from his machinations. This water would be found useful in times of sickness, and infallible against ghosts, witches, and necromancers. Happier still was the conviction that the ringing of bells would drive away demons of every sort. No devil could enter the sanctuary during or immediately after the sounding of the church bells, either in chime or in peal. The bells spread the music of heaven far and wide. They called the angels, and silenced the spirits of evil. Into the clerestory came God's birds—seraphim and cherubim, beautiful in form and rich in song. From windows and caves, nooks and crevices, in haste and confusion, dismayed and defeated, fled the powers of darkness : unearthly shapes, of colour black, with heavy, flopping wings, and dismal, croaking voices.

The ages and the little worlds differ one from another. So with the people of the multiplying generations. A given individual cannot be happier in any generation or age other than his own. This fact should keep us from disparaging the past and from over-praising the present. We could not live in those little worlds, but the people who did were as happy and useful as they possibly could be.

I do not intend by anything I have said to imply that in those days men did not think. In Western Europe before the Renaissance, say, before the fifteenth century, the spacious days of Greece and Rome had indeed become little more than a memory ; but people were as able as ever to reflect and to exercise judgment. There is no evidence that in mental power man advances or goes back as the ages proceed. He may not have known as much in remote Chaldean or Egyptian periods, and therefore had not as much to occupy his mind, but he could think as well as he can to-day. Indeed, I doubt if the average citizen of London, New York, or Paris is in intellectual ability the equal of the corresponding man of Athens, say, in Pericles's day. Anyway, out of those little worlds of the past came men at whose feet the generations will sit till the end of time : Homer, Plato, Isaiah, Dante, Shakespeare. Aristophanes has been laughing through the centuries, and Demosthenes holds his own even with Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster. The Church has not yet produced a second Athanasius or a second Augustine. Richard Hooker still remains in an exceedingly small company. He who shaped the figure of the Venus de Milo has not been surpassed ; no human eye has seen farther into the spiritual world than did Fra Angelico ; and Raffaelo Sanzio and Michel Angelo still stand alone. So that the little world of which I have spoken is not to be taken through and through as dense in ignorance or degraded in credulity. The peasant indeed might tell the ghost-story, and the wise-woman sketch the fairy-dance ; but there were also scholars and artists, stalwart men of arms and keen-witted artisans, and priests pure in habit and rich in thought, and merchants who crossed the seas, and women who loved as women have always loved, and it was people of this kind who discovered the legends and recognized the miracles which have made evident and picturesque the saints who adorn the calendar and excite the emulation of believers.

The things that modern times laugh at or ignore were to them real and important. You ask, Were the things true? Most of us ask that question, whatever we may mean by it. But we have gone so far from things spiritual and religious that we may doubt our ability to answer it—at least, as I have already intimated, in the more serious instances. The people of old lived with God near at hand. In some way or other they heard Him in the storm-cloud and in the quivering leaf. He was present in the forest, the sea, the spring-

tide, the well of waters, and in hallowed sacrament on every altar, and doing wondrous deed at every font. And the angels were everywhere, as surely as they were with Jacob at Bethel or with Christ in the wilderness. They came to the little child in baptism, walked with him through life, and at the last carried him safely into the land of the blessed. The older people called them the good folk, sprites, elves, or messengers of the gods. The name mattered little. They were ever present, kind, loving, generous. The flowers, fragrant and many coloured, in wilderness or in garden, were odds and ends which fell from their robes, full of life, and dropping on green bough made glad the heart of man. Perhaps life was richer and more abundant in the ages when men not only believed in, but also felt, these spiritual influences. Is it not so with those who retain this consciousness ? And the dead—were there any dead ? Did they not sleep or wait in expectation ? Did they not know the present which to them had become eternal ? Did they not help the loved ones left in the wilderness yet to toil and suffer till the day when angels should carry them to their rest ? And help, too, not merely as a memory, but as an actual, living inspiration ?

If you do not realize this closeness of the unseen to the seen, of the spiritual to the physical—perhaps not to the extent of the ancients, yet in some degree—you will not appreciate the growth of miracle and legend. Clear and plain to the people of old time, to you they are as idle tales. You can no more interpret them than the ancients could understand wireless telegraphy. You dismiss them because they are strange : the ancients believed them for that very reason. Had they not been strange, exceptional, there had been nothing in them. That they were contrary to law, meant nothing to people who did not assume that they knew law, or supposed that they had penetrated and understood all the mysteries of the universe. Probably there were agnostics and infidels then as now. It was a very old writer who said : 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' In the littlest of those little worlds, among the ignorant as well as among the learned, there were people who did not believe in anything that required faith.

In Arthur Lionel Smith's Ford Lectures on *Church and State in the Middle Ages*, given at Oxford in 1905, we are told that Fra Salimbene of Parma having been disappointed in the prophecies of Abbot Joachim concerning the begin-

ning of the Age of the Holy Ghost, when the year 1260 went by, said : ' I dropped all that doctrine, and mean to believe only what I actually see.'

Professor G. G. Coulton produces some striking illustrations to the same point. Our own John Gower, writing in the latter part of the fourteenth century, speaking of the dishonesty of the merchants of his time, adds : ' I know not why I should preach to such merchants concerning the joys of heaven or the pains of hell ; for they well know that he who multiplies money in this life gets at least honour of his body. One of them said to me the other day : " He who can get the sweetness of this life, and lets it go, would be a fool in my opinion ; for after that, no man knoweth the truth, whither or by what ways we go." Thus do the merchants of our day dispute and say ; and thus will they commonly answer.' There was more of this sort of thing in the late Middle Ages, and especially in Spain, where the Mohammedan had so long held sway, than the reader would gather from much that I have said, both in towns and also in remote country places. But I have had in mind days long before the Crusades began to clear the way for the coming of the Renaissance. In these beginnings of modern times, not only did wise men argue on fundamentals of the faith, while coarse-minded peasants not infrequently dropped into depths undistinguishable from fetishism, but unbelief crept in concerning the legends and relics of the saints. Sir John Mandeville, about the year 1370, had no little perplexity over the multiplication of St. John the Baptist's head. ' I know not,' said he, ' which is true, but God knows ; but however men worship it, the blessed John is satisfied.'

But in earlier times sceptics were more exceptional, and not infrequently they came to a bad end. If they were troublesome, both pagan and Christian disposed of them. The priests of Amen had their way with the priests of Aten, and there was no love lost between the men who held with Celsus and the men who favoured Origen. Even Joshua did his best to demolish the Canaanites. Elijah dyed the waters of Kishon with the blood of the priests of Baal. And in the Middle Ages, many an infidel and many a necromancer was hurried out of the possibility of further mischief.

We have nicer and neater ways of battling with adversaries in our day. The ancients may have killed their atheists and witches unselfishly for their own good. When dead they could do no more harm to the living, and they

were thereby saved from incurring further wrath. We have no such tenderness for those who differ from us. Our faith rarely enables us to believe in its own imperishable nature. We seldom consider it so true and strong that it can be left to take care of itself. We are afraid of it and for it. If we do not fight for it, it will die. In this respect, after all, we are much the same as our forefathers. They had more certainty than we, or, at least, they could exercise it easier than we can ; but again, human nature being what it is, we may be sure they did not feel over kindly to those who denied the objects of their faith.

I refer to this dark cloud which sometimes overspread the ' ages of faith ' with which we are dealing, because I would not have it supposed that man has ever had greater love because he has had greater faith ; or, to put it the other way, I do not think that the consciousness of the invisible, or the capacity of accepting the exceptional and miraculous, necessarily leads to either breadth of thought or expression of love. The men who told and believed in the legends and miracles associated with St. James of Compostella, no doubt had reasons for their faith which we cannot understand, and which we have no right to scoff at or to pronounce impossible ; but I have not discovered that they were gentler, kinder, more self-sacrificing, or more considerate because of their faith. On the contrary, we shall find that the more they believed, the more they sharpened their swords, and that the deeds they did were not always the shadows of the things they believed. And this is true of the good they accomplished as well as of the evil they attempted.

But whether the legend or the miracle be true or false, it may have an influence widespread and lasting, and of tremendous strength. Once accepted, age adds to its power and honour. The time comes when no question may be asked, and no suspicion entertained concerning its integrity. Men may not know its origin, but they are satisfied that it is all right. That it has been believed in for generations, and more certainly so if it has been approved of by men of authority, especially if they are now dead, is sufficient to intimidate the most adventurous and the most sacrilegious of inquirers, and more than sufficient to justify its maintenance as fundamental to thought and necessary to action. Antiquity is not always a mark of verity, but it is always venerable, and, as Burke says : ' Veneration of antiquity is congenial to the human mind.' We love that which is old ;

and the greater our love, the more precarious becomes our regard for its truth. Sometimes the more faith it demands, or the more impossible it seems, the easier is its acceptance: 'Credo quia absurdum,' or, according to Tertullian, 'Certum est quia impossibile est.' Sometimes, too, a legend is so pretty, perhaps even beautiful, that without thinking one feels that it ought to be true. And not a few people will hold that a thing which ought to be true, is true.

More than this. Faulty and suspicious though the tradition may chance to be, people have lived and wrought upon it. According to it, they have shaped careers, built up theories, decided doubts, and conducted individual and national life. And still more. The outcome may have been beneficial and desirable. No one now believes in the Egyptian Anubis or the Greek Nemesis, but no one can doubt that the people who did believe in them, and therefore feared them, were helped by their faith to live a more careful life.

Possibly much of what I have said may seem pragmatism. I do not intend it to be taken as such. But this I think. A mother who has been robbed of her child by death, goes with her broken, grief-driven heart to seek for consolation, in one age or land to the shrine of a goddess at Philae, in another to the brink of the Ganges, in another to the image under the rock in the wilderness, in another to the cross by Bohemian roadside, in another to the altar of a saint in cathedral crypt, in yet another to the relics of St. James the Great, and in still another to the bedside where her loved one died, or the grave where the loved one is buried; and no matter whether she seeks for Isis, or Gautama, or Nanna, or Christ, or Geneviève, or Santiago, or the spirit of the dead, she rises from her knees comforted, encouraged, hopeful, and with a new vision of life. The father who laid his firstborn in the arms of Moloch had the same faith as he who beholds his best-loved boy dying int he burning fever. I do not say that the object of faith matters nothing; but it does seem that faith has in itself, apart from its object, a vital and sustaining power.

So I am led, on the one hand, to think it possible that miracles were wrought at Compostella, even as they are still wrought at Lourdes and at Lhassa, and among so-called 'faith-healers' in city slums. But I do not think that the miracles in themselves are of much worth; and I do not care to trouble myself about their verity, though I admit their consequences.

CHAPTER VIII

ST. JAMES'S MISSION IN SPAIN

Twelve or fourteen years passed between the Day of Pentecost and the death of St. James the Great. The Book of the Acts of the Apostles affords us no information concerning the life or work of St. James in those years. We may reasonably infer that he was not slack in his service for Christ. He did not make as deep or lasting an impression on the Church as his brother John or their fellow-disciple St. Peter ; but he seems to have been as devoted and energetic as they. He missed a biographer : perhaps because he filled whatever office he held so steadfastly and unassumingly, that he attracted no attention either by extraordinary exploits or reprehensible failures. He simply did what was expected of him as a matter of course. Episodes did not befall him. But he was distinguished enough to make it worth Herod's while to put him to death.

Still, though history has passed him by, it is not improbable that stories about him may have been handed on either by word of mouth or in documents which quickly perished. Thus some reports of the Apostle were carefully preserved by Epiphanius, one of the celebrated Fathers of the fourth century—by the way, a contemporary of St. Jerome, and archbishop of Constantia or Salamis, the metropolis of Cyprus, a man of encyclopaedic knowledge, a linguist and an ascetic, and chiefly famous for having discovered, analysed, and provided remedies for eighty varieties of heresy. According to Alban Butler, Epiphanius says 'that St. James always lived a bachelor, in much temperance and mortification, never eating flesh nor fish ; that he wore only one coat, and a linen cloak, and that he was holy and exemplary in all manner of conversation.' Here we have the picture of an ascetic, though we need not suppose that St. Epiphanius intended to suggest anything exceptional in the mention of the Apostle's virtuous life. According to the hagiologists, all the Apostles were faultless and exemplary : even St. Peter when he got over his mendacity and

habit of swearing, and the sons of Zebedee, when they had won the mastery of their hot tempers. It will be observed, however, that Epiphanius says nothing about St. James's ability as a preacher ; but about this time rumours began to float into hearing that St. James had been a missionary in Spain, and had laid the foundations of the Church there. Of these rumours, however, Epiphanius says not a word.

It is probable, and indeed plausible, that St. John the brother of James devoted his life to the work of the Church in Asia Minor ; and it is possible, though open to grave doubts, that St. Peter preached in Rome, and, after having served twenty-five years as bishop of Antioch, served another twenty-five as bishop of the imperial city ; but the silence of tradition for wellnigh four centuries dampens the likelihood that St. James found his field of enterprise in Spain. It was, however, an attractive suggestion ; and so attractive that there seems to have been no difficulty in the way of its adoption. We may object, but St. Jerome vouches for the fact ; and, do our best, we cannot show that silence proves or disproves anything. We do not know that the men of the fourth century were wrong. If of the three leading Apostles, the ecclesiastical triumvirate appointed by our Lord, one stayed in the East, and another went to Rome, what more appropriate than that the third should go to the West ? Certainly, from St. Isidore of Seville in the sixth century to Alban Butler in the eighteenth, including the Bollandist Fathers, affirmation is constantly made of the fact. Why should we expect St. Jerome to have troubled himself about authorities, when nearly sixteen centuries of scholars and historians are satisfied of the truth of his statement ?

Nor may it be forgotten that a local or national church that could trace its beginnings directly to an Apostle, or at least to an evangelist of the first Christian generation, had an honour and stood higher in dignity than a church of later and inferior origin. Who can tell the glory which befell Glastonbury from the planting of a thorn-bush brought there by Joseph of Arimathea ?—the very thorn-bush, by the way, when it was growing in Judea, out of which came the crown for Calvary. And so the Church of England, which had no connection with the old British Church, planted, so some said, by St. Paul himself, but was a daughter of the Church of Rome, and therefore of late sixth-century genesis, had no such position as the Church of Spain founded

by one of the great Apostles. Canterbury might talk of St. Augustine, but Compostella could outstand Canterbury in dignity as the Church of St. James.

Spain needed an Apostle. She had long been to the eastern world much that many centuries later America became to Europe: a new country, abounding in opportunities and chances for the adventurous, a land ambitious, daring, free from customs and laws that had oppressed and would in time outwear ancient kingdoms and republics, and presenting attractions strange, promising, and mysterious. In the post-exilic midrash entitled 'Jonah,' an imaginative and symbolical story founded on the supposed exploits of an Israelitish prophet living in the eighth or seventh century before Christ, we are told of ships sailing from Joppa to the country called Tarshish, at the other end of the Mediterranean, and corresponding to our Southern Spain. The prophet is represented as seeking to avoid a mission to Nineveh by taking passage in one of these ships bound for Tarshish. We are scarcely concerned with what befell him on the way. Like similar legends with which we may have to treat, the narrative is to be understood symbolically, and not literally. It may be said that our Lord spoke of Jonah as having been three days and three nights in the belly of the sea-monster, but such an allusion no more implies reality than would a reference to a well-known but fictitious character or event in romance or poetry. We all quote Falstaff and Wolsey and Hamlet without for one moment supposing that we are uttering historical and literal truth. No one is confused in reading that the Babylonian Tiamat, the dragon of chaos, the monster or great fish of the deep, swallowed up Israel, when one remembers that figuratively this is what Nebuchadrezzar did to the people. Jonah's adventures aptly symbolize Israel's condition in the Babylonian captivity: storm-driven, devoured, swallowed up, carried away, and afterwards delivered and thrown out.

Were we not dealing with miracles and legends, we should not have made this digression; but the digression illustrates our subject. The two points, however, that immediately affect us are, first, that Jonah paid his fare, implying that the traffic between east and west was established and that passengers regularly went hither and thither; and, secondly, that the prophet sailed for Tarshish, which at once implies the importance of that country. I do not know how exact the writer of 'Jonah' was to his story.

Possibly he described things, not as they were in the days of the prophet, but as they were in his own time. That was about three hundred years before Christ; and Tarshish (or Tartessus) had been explored and partly settled much earlier by Phoenician colonists. Abdera, Malaca, Carteia, and Gadeira, the last two now known as Gibraltar and Cadiz, were ports of entry. It has been conjectured that voyagers went from Cadiz along the western coasts perhaps as far as Cornwall, if not to Ireland. Other settlements were effected. The Greeks had colonies in the Peninsula long before Jonah's time, or rather, the hero of the book so called; and about 243 B.C. the Carthaginians founded Carthago Nova, now Cartagena, even as in a distant future, and with the same home-love, on the farther shores of the Atlantic, the Hollanders should found a New Amsterdam and the English should rename it New York. If Jonah preferred a more hopeful field, undoubtedly Tarshish far excelled Nineveh. The country at that time was sparsely settled, and untrodden wildernesses lay north towards the snow-mountains and west towards the dark sea; but it had towns and villages throbbing with enterprise and speculation, and in the course of a few hundred years was sure to become rich in much that goes to make up civilization.

A New World! In its way important as America has grown to be, and, like America, more conservative than the mother countries, prouder and more self-confident than Greece or Rome, more adventurous even than Egypt or Phoenicia! One of Rome's noblest developments!

Divided into three provinces, which roughly correspond with the geographical features of the peninsula, before the Christian era began, the southern districts had become practically Roman; and the western region, our modern Portugal, fertile and peaceful, needed the presence of few troops; but the northern and north-western parts, which included the country afterwards famous as the abiding place of Santiago, still contained some disturbing and unconquered tribes. A strong garrison was kept at Leon to overawe these tribes. Julius Caesar, governor of that province in 61 B.C., gave them some of his attention. He made his way to the tin mines in Galicia. The government conceded to discharged soldiers grants of land, and some of these became flourishing municipalities. The mineral resources of the country, iron, copper, silver, and lead, were developed to an extent said never to have been equalled since. Men, too, were born

there who distinguished themselves among the greatest in the empire. At Cordoba, of a well-to-do equestrian family, were born in the century next before the Christian era the two Senecas, of whom the son became one of Rome's greatest statesmen and philosophers. Lucan, Martial, and Quintilian were also natives of Spain. So were the emperor Trajan and his successor Hadrian. Later in time, Galicia itself contributed its sons: Prudentius, Priscillian, Paulus Orosius, and Idatio. In almost every particular, for the first two centuries of our era Spain enjoyed a prosperity scarcely to be found elsewhere within the bounds of the great empire.

In the expansion of Christianity, Spain could not be overlooked. It had possibilities quite as wonderful as Italy itself. St. Paul, whose missionary zeal admitted no restraints, thought of Spain. Writing from Corinth to the Romans, he spoke of the time when he should take his journey into Spain as though such a journey had been long contemplated and talked of; and he expresses the intention to go there by way of the imperial city. It is doubtful if his desire was realized. In the 'Acts of Peter,' written not later than A.D. 200, St. Paul is said to have received a vision from the Lord bidding him go into Spain, and a description is given of his setting out from Rome on his voyage; but the story does not help much. More significant is the unbroken silence of the Spanish legends. Neither in Spain nor in any of the Latin countries was St. Paul ever popular. He has rarely been a favourite, except with theologians, and Spanish hagiologists made nothing of him. Indeed, there is not a tittle of evidence that either St. Peter or St. Paul went to Spain, though foreign tradition says they did, immediately after the Crucifixion.

Nor have we any records concerning the introduction of Christianity into Spain. But that Spain was not slow in turning to the new faith is shown by her martyrs. Before the century had run out, in the reign of Domitian, St. Eugenius, the first great name in Spanish martyrology, received the baptism of blood. This happened at Toledo, that most ancient of cities, founded, some said, by Hercules, others said by Tubal the grandson of Noah, replete with memories of Jewish exiles driven there by Nebuchadrezzar, marked with the signs of Carthaginian traders, and made a *colonia* by the Romans. Never was Tertullian's saying, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,' more directly illustrated. Toledo became one of the greatest centres of

Spanish ecclesiastical life. Eugenius, the city's first bishop as well as its first martyr, is claimed to have been a disciple of St. Paul, and besides him three of his successors, Eladius, Ildefonso, and Julian, were canonized. The first Spanish national synod was held in 589 at Toledo, and later other councils much more important.

Other martyrs and witnesses of the Faith followed: Mancius at Evora, under Trajan; Facundus and Primitivus in Galicia, under Marcus Aurelius; and the more celebrated Fructuosus at Tarragona, under Gallienus. The Galician martyrs have some legends to themselves, but we need not turn to them at this time.

The martyr Fructuosus, still patron of the city in which he died, must be distinguished from the even more famous St. Fructuosus, next to St. Emilianus, one of the founders of Spanish monachism: and with this purpose in mind, we feel justified in telling his story here. We may add by the way that Emilianus, who died in the year 570, obtained from the severity of his life such fame, that some authorities have claimed for him a joint-patronage of Spain with St. James of Compostella. Good and deserving as he was, it is needless to say that the claim has never been accepted. St. James holds the office alone.

Early in the seventh century, the St. Fructuosus of whom we would now speak, the son of a wealthy and powerful Galician nobleman, attained widespread celebrity for his holiness as an anchorite. He built his cell in the lonely and remote valley called El Vierzo, embedded amidst lofty mountains, the Switzerland of Leon, and through which in after years ran the pilgrims' road to Compostella. Thither resorted multitudes of like-minded men from many parts of Spain. Soon the valley swarmed with hermits and anchorites, a veritable second Thebais; a monastery called that of Compludo was established; and the whole region became filled with shrines, retreats, and sanctuaries, the number of which, we are told, God alone, who can count the stars of heaven, could enumerate. In after years St. Fructuosus founded other houses in places distant from his sacred valley. He obtained a bishopric, and in 656 was translated to the metropolitan see of Braga. A shy, tender-hearted, but energetic man, he is said in all his wanderings to have been accompanied by a pet hind or doe. The poor beast was killed by an enemy. Fructuosus wept, but he forgave the heartless slayer of his little fondling. About the year 660, the good

man died; and some six hundred years later his remains were taken to Compostella, where they rest in a chapel of the cathedral. He is one of Galicia's favourite saints, and none there is more worthy. A mystic and a poet, of deepest and truest religious instinct, we are told of him, so the author of *The Story of Santiago de Compostela* reminds us, that 'by the immaculate innocence of his life, by the spiritual fire of his contemplations, he made virtues shine into the hearts of his countrymen.'

From the founder of monasteries we turn back again to the days of the martyr of Tarragona. The white-robed army of confessors and martyrs increased with the centuries, till in the year 304, at Valencia, under tortures almost indescribable, died one of the best-known and best-loved saints, not only of Spain, but of all Christendom, Vincent the Deacon. 'Under the persecution of Diocletian,' says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, quoting from authorities such as the *Acta Sanctorum*, 'Vincent was arrested and taken to Valencia. Having stood firm in his profession before Dacianus, the governor, he was subjected to excruciating tortures and thrown into prison, where angels visited him, lighting his dungeon with celestial light and relieving his sufferings. His warders, having seen these wonders through the chinks of the wall, forthwith became Christians. He was afterwards brought out and laid upon a soft mattress in order that he might regain sufficient strength for new torments; but, while Dacianus was meditating punishment, the saint gently breathed his last. The tyrant exposed his body to wild beasts, but a raven miraculously descended and protected it. It was then thrown into the sea, but was cast up on the shore, recovered by a pious woman, and buried outside Valencia.' St. Augustine attests that in his lifetime the festival of the saint was celebrated throughout the Christian world, January 22. The cape at the extreme south-western point of the peninsula is named after him, while Lisbon continues to honour him as its patron saint. How his body was brought from Valencia to Lisbon I shall tell later.

A few years after this, perhaps in 306, not later than 316, and at least nine years before the Oecumenical Council of Nicea, a church council was held at Elvira or Illiberis, on the site of the modern Granada, the first council, after the one called at Jerusalem by the Apostles, of whose proceedings we have authentic records; nor will scholars forget the part at Nicea itself taken by Hosius, bishop of Cordoba, and

a confidential friend of the emperor Constantine the Great. Dean Stanley says that there Hosius was an object of deeper concern to Christendom than any bishop of Rome. He is spoken of by Tillemont as having gravity, dignity, gentleness, wisdom, generosity, and in fact all the qualities of a great soul and a great bishop.

Thus, in the earliest centuries, the country not only abounded in churches, bishoprics, and monasteries, but also produced prelates and scholars of ability and zeal. More than this : Spain quickly learned the shortest way of dealing with heretics. No matter what their religion, Pagan, Jewish, Buddhist, or Christian, earnest and devout people are apt to become narrow-minded, perhaps bigoted. The more faith they acquire in one direction, the more they lose in another. They grow afraid of differences of opinion, forgetting that in dealing with subjects which are infinite, differences are unavoidable. They pity the heretic, but they fear him, and if any love for him be left it expresses itself in weakening him, perhaps in killing him, so that he can do no more mischief to himself or to any one else. St. Paul went so far as to deliver two men, who had made shipwreck concerning the faith, over to Satan, which, whatever else it may mean, indicates punishment of some severity—and yet for the good of the condemned : 'that they may be taught not to blaspheme.' So did the Spanish Church, not out of cruelty or from barbarism, but honestly thinking it was doing God service.

Take, for instance, the case of Priscillian—an instance that at one time would have mightily pleased Elijah and the sons of Zebedee. Intensely spiritual, while still a layman, Priscillian regarded the Christian life as continual intercourse with God. To further this idea, he became a mystic, and advocated a hard and an almost impossible asceticism. Others came to his way of thinking : which suggests that in the community some laxity of morals prevailed. Among other things, the reformers condemned marriage, and insisted on continence. With catholic doctrine they dealt lightly, though as their views spread and the authorities discovered their pernicious quality, they were accused of Manichaeism and of practising magic. Opposition naturally increased their zeal. The sect grew in numbers and strength. It succeeded in getting Priscillian made bishop of Avila ; and several bishops joined with him in carrying out his policy. A synod held at Saragossa in 380 excommunicated him and

other leading Priscillianists. The orthodox party invoked the help of the Emperor Gratian, and the emperor issued an edict threatening the sectarian leaders with banishment; but three of the offending bishops placated Gratian, and held their own till the emperor's death. Then the struggle broke out with renewed vigour.

To bring back peace, which was the thing above all others that the government desired, in 384, Maximus, the new emperor, convoked a council at Treves. The council was severe, in spite of the efforts of Ambrose of Milan and Martin of Tours to stay the hand of persecution. Priscillian appealed to the emperor, and, driven on by ecclesiastical conditions which threatened to disrupt the empire, the emperor adopted drastic measures. In 385, Priscillian and six of his companions were burned alive at Treves. No voice seems to have been raised to avert the fate of these men. Like the Cathari, the Puritans, and other sects which from age to age have sought to revive the strictness of life which prevailed in primitive Christianity, and to destroy the last vestiges of naturalism, even though that naturalism were necessary to the continuation of life, the Priscillians had to suffer the consequences of their convictions. The Church found it impossible to accept their theory of asceticism; but she had to compromise by enacting celibacy for the clergy. Henceforth the clergy were forbidden to marry, and this not as a matter of discipline, but because of the Priscillian doctrine that marriage was unclean and sinful in itself. Priscillianism lingered on in Spain for nearly two hundred years. It failed, as all such efforts fail, not from the lack of self-sacrifice and honesty of purpose, but from proposing restraints on human conduct more evil in themselves than the evils they are designed to correct. And yet such efforts have kept the Church constantly striving for such integrity of manners, as well as of faith, necessary to her ideals and claims. The twist of Priscillianism to heresy, if it existed at all, was very slight. A careful examination of its author's writings has brought scholars to the conclusion that 'they contain nothing that is not orthodox and commonplace, nothing that Jerome might not have written'; and the writings go far, says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, to justify the description of Priscillian as 'the first martyr burned by a Spanish inquisition.'

We have thus wandered into the history of a Church which from its inception was pronounced in aggressiveness, energy,

and enthusiasm ; but we are still without information as to its origin. There is no question, however, that Christianity was established in Spain early and firmly, and, as we have seen, lacked none of its characteristic virtues. With her scholars and martyrs, her bishops and missionaries, in the diadem of Christian provinces which encircled the Mediterranean no jewel shone more resplendently than the country of the far west.

As to the beginnings, till legend comes to our help we can only conjecture. Probably the seed which yielded a harvest so abundant was scattered by many hands : merchants who traded from the East, and had their agents in most cities ; sailors and soldiers ever passing hither and thither in that Roman world ; state officials, broad-minded men, who knew everything that was going on from Britain to Africa and the Euphrates to the Atlantic ; women, ever the more eager adherents of the Cross, and indeed of all religions ; practically all sorts and conditions of people, some settled in the land, others newcomers, immigrants, Greeks and Jews converted to the Faith—a multitude such as would have business with and in one of the most important and energetic colonies in the empire. No one man led in such a dissemination of the Gospel : no one set of evangelists. The winds of heaven carried to the West and over the peninsula the tidings of a religion which held within itself both the best of the old cults and philosophies and also a revelation of God, energized and overrunning with life and hope and strength. The tidings, like plumed seeds, fastened themselves and took root everywhere. Such is most likely the real story of the advent and propagation of the Gospel in Spain.

But as time went on, and it became apparent to all Christendom that the Churches in Asia Minor, and much more the Church at Rome, had gained in importance and dignity, perhaps beyond all other Churches, from being able to trace their origin to two of the chief Apostles, the Church in Spain awakened to the significance of the rumours which attributed its foundation to the remaining Apostle of the Great Three. Whence the rumours came, on what facts they were based, or why they were quiescent and unheard of for nearly four hundred years, provoked no inquiry when they were actually here. The generation that discovered them and brought them to life never encountered dispute. As I have already stated, for centuries, more than ten of them, no one doubted that James the son of Zebedee spent some part of the

fourteen years before his martyrdom in the evangelization of Spain.

Among the renowned and learned men who upheld this tradition, we find no less a scholar than that historian of the Lombards, known as Paulus Diaconus, a monk of Monte Cassino, a literary leader in his day, and a friend of Charlemagne. Writing in the early part of the ninth century, he says incidentally : ' And the Gallegans, that were all turned to belief in God by the preaching of St. James and his two disciples, and that had turned afterwards to the sect of the Moors, were baptized by the hands of Archbishop Turpin.' Turpin had gone on a pilgrimage to Compostella with Charlemagne, about the year 813. The great emperor brooked no trifling in religious matters : those of the apostate Gallegans ' who would not be baptized he put to the sword, or into the power of the christened.' We may imagine the tender mercies of the folk into whose hands the impenitent wretches were committed. All that concerns us now is that Paulus speaks of ' St. James and his two disciples.'

Some particulars of the Apostle's work in Spain have been handed down, interesting, though perhaps doubtful, unless silence, which says nothing either way, be taken as sufficient security. Thus we are told that St. James, not long after his return from Damascus, whither he had gone to help the Church in the persecution threatened by Saul of Tarsus, besought the Blessed Virgin for her permission to preach the Gospel in Spain. After a conference with St. Peter, consent was given. He kissed her hand, and in due time set sail. It is true, owing to the confusion which crops out ever and anon between the two disciples, this incident is also told of St. James the Less. An old chronicle states that St. James the Less was commissioned by St. Peter, acting under orders from the Blessed Virgin, to attend to the interests of the Church, especially in Spain. It may have been so, but opinion is almost unanimously the other way. Besides this, Spain would not want the Little James.

It is not certain where St. James the Great landed : some say at Carthagena, and others at Tortosa ; but in the course of his wanderings he reached Saragossa, where he spent his days in expounding and his nights chiefly in prayer, and where he was successful in converting eight pagans. Wearied by his efforts, he fell asleep, during which sleep the Blessed Virgin manifested herself to him, and bade him erect a chapel on the spot. Other accounts say that he was not asleep,

but one night being with some disciples just outside the walls of the city, he saw a light and heard singing, and perceived a multitude of angels bringing St. Mary on a throne from Jerusalem in a great glory, and by her a wooden image of her, and a column of jasper. It does not follow, because Zeus threw down from heaven the image of Pallas for the protection of Ilium, that the image of Artemis did not fall in like manner at Ephesus, or that this image of the Blessed Virgin was not miraculously conveyed to Saragossa. Nor because there are pillars here and there in oriental lands, said to be of celestial origin, set as centres round which worshippers could gather, does it mean that this jasper pillar was not brought as mysteriously to the same city. On reaching St. James, the Blessed Virgin bade him build a temple there, where, with her, his name should be adored. 'For,' said she, 'this place is to be my house, my right inheritance and possession. This image and column of mine shall be the title and altar of the temple that you shall build.' So the Apostle built the church, and the Blessed Mary often came to service there, and in it were preserved the black but comely figure of the Virgin's own self, and the jasper pillar: and there in a chapel in the centre of the cathedral they remain. Diego de Astorga, primate of Spain, on August 17, 1720, excommunicated all persons who questioned this fact; and Risco, writing in 1775, holds 'its truth to be established on such firm grounds that nothing now can shake it.'

The pillar, 'La gloriosa Colonna,' is to-day one of the most venerated objects in Spain; and the descent of the Virgin, with the little dark image, is still commemorated, October 12, the *day* of Saragossa. Thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims resort to this shrine every year. Miracles are common: as far back as 1200, Pope Innocent III. declared that 'God alone can count the miracles which are here then performed.' Ford reminds us that the most sacred representations of the Virgin, and especially those carved by St. Luke, are dark-coloured. Thus was kept in mind the effect of the sun during the flight into Egypt.

This is one of the treasures and wonders of Spain, directly due to St. James. But for his mission to Saragossa no such visit of the Blessed Virgin had been made. However, St. James did more for the city which in the legends is called the 'Happy Other World,' and in which neither fruits nor corn ever spoil, and where no reptile or serpent can ever

live. Not only did he build the Church of St. Mary of the Pillar, but he also made Saragossa a bishopric, and consecrated as its first bishop a disciple named Athanasius, who is supposed to have been a Greek born in Toledo, converted at Jerusalem, and a companion of the Apostle on his voyage to Spain. He also ordained another of his own disciples, Theodore, and gave into his charge the sacred image and pillar.

It will be remembered that Paulus Diaconus, already quoted, speaks of St. James and his two disciples. Now from early times the houses of Saragossa have been whitewashed on the outside, and Saragossa is therefore called the White City. As a result, above it is a white light which can be seen day and night, in fair weather and foul. There is no doubt that this white light thrown up into the sky from the whitewashed city had a part in the vision St. James saw of the multitude of angels bringing the Blessed Virgin in glory to Saragossa. The hagiologists could not attribute so resplendent a sight to whitewash. Nor could the Mohammedans, who also had something to say about this same phenomenon. According to one of their twelfth-century geographers, they claim that this reflection happens because two virtuous men are buried in the city. One of these men certainly, and the other probably, came into Spain, companions of the conqueror Tarik, in the year in which Spain was subdued by the Mussulmans. So that the Mohammedan Apostle had also two friends, one of whom had the additional honour of having been one of the Companions of the Prophet. We shall hear more of the two disciples of St. James, and possibly make the Saragossa legend more difficult.

Another legend, disputable only under pain of excommunication, declares that the Apostle, sailing round the coast of Spain, landed at Mugia, a mournfully desolate little port near Cape Finisterre, which was indeed the very end of the world. Several stories are told of this voyage of the *Apostolus peregrinus*, one of the most curious being founded on a relief at the village of Caldas de Reyes, which represents the barque of St. James as guided by a figure half-girl, half-swan. Some of the phases of the legends of this voyage seem to have been founded on the wanderings of Jason, of Ulysses, and of Aeneas, the voyages of Brendon and of Maelduin, and possibly of Sindbad the Sailor. It is as difficult to thread one's way through this labyrinth of myths as it is

to trace the Apostle's journey through Galicia. He is said to have preached at San Martino de Duyo, a hamlet on the hills near Finisterre, a short distance from Mugia. Here the Phoenicians used to worship the sun and moon, and here the Romans built a town.

On this same Coast of Death, as the Galicians call this wild, rocky, wreck-strewn shore, is an estuary within which lies another small settlement, once Phoenician and then Roman, Iria Flavia. This place is claimed to have been St. James's headquarters during his mission in Galicia. Here, again, he had a vision of the Blessed Virgin, who told him to build a church on this spot, which she promised him should remain for all time to sustain the true faith in Galicia. St. James obeyed her command. It is disputed whether this church, or the one built by St. James at Saragossa, or the one St. Peter erected at Antartus or Tortosa, on the coast of Syria opposite the Island of Cyprus, was the first in all the world consecrated in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The Dominican traveller known as Burchard of Mount Sion, writing about 1280, says that the church at Tortosa was still standing and that he had celebrated Mass therein, but Saragossa seems to have best established its claim.

However, at Iria Flavia, whether actually built by the Apostle or not, there had been a church from the earliest days of Christianity in Galicia, and on the site of this primitive structure now stands the Cathedral Church of Santa Maria de Iria, or, as it was formerly called, the Colegiata de Iria. Of the older building absolutely nothing has been preserved ; but the present one is conjectured to have been built in the sixth century. The bishopric is said to have been founded by the Apostle ; at any rate, in the sixth century Lucretius is known to have been the seventh bishop of Iria, and his immediate successor was one named Andrés. In the cathedral several tombs of the ancient prelates remain, and a long list of the bishops has been preserved. Some scholars suppose that the name of the place, Iria Flavia, indicates a Basque origin.

That St. James himself visited, first, Mugia, and later, Iria Flavia, is not open to question. In the granite rocks near the former place the prints of the Blessed Virgin's feet are still shown. In that bleak, inhospitable region she came to comfort and sustain her lonely and defenceless servant. The stone on which she alighted is preserved in the Church of Nuestra Señora de la Barca, a favourite pilgrim shrine at

Mugia. Mr. Aubrey F. G. Bell, in his *Spanish Galicia*, says that 'by the sea below the church are the hull and rudder of the ship in which St. James came, now turned to stone. The boat is a flat rock raised an inch or two from the rocky surface of the shore and with no visible means of support. At certain times it is seen to sway lightly. The sail is likewise preserved, also in stone, and people crawl beneath it, kiss the ground, and perform other rites held to be a certain cure for some diseases.'

There is some confusion as to this petrified ship. A traveller, Nicholas of Popplan, who was there in 1484, says that Nuestra Señora de la Barca herself was the rocking stone, though how he could so identify her is not told: nor, indeed, what he meant by the assertion. But he declares of the stone: 'We could move it with our hand.' Other travellers heard that the Virgin came over in this boat; but they still called it the 'Barca de St. Yago,' because the Apostle also sailed across the sea in it. We shall find that Iria Flavia has a stone of similar characteristics and with similar legends. The weight of evidence, however, shows that St. James landed at Mugia.

As to his life at Iria Flavia, Mrs. Gallichan asks: 'Are not his pulpit and his couch to be seen still on the Monte San Gregorio at Padrón?' She might have mentioned, as Ford did, the broken and perforated rocks which St. James pierced with his staff in order to escape from the pursuing heathen. Centuries later, two of these holes were discovered to have healing virtues, and Ford tells us that over these sacred crevasses devout pilgrims stretched their bodies, as earlier in the exercises they had drunk of the stream which runs from under the altar of the church.

Having established Christianity and founded a bishopric in this little town of Iria Flavia, thereby making its sanctuary second in importance, as time went on, only to Compostella, St. James and his company wandered over the peninsula, from city to city and town to town. The cost of such journeys must have been considerable, and we have no intimation as to the sources of supply; but no doubt, whenever necessary, the newly founded Christian societies saw the evangelists on their way, and furnished hospitality or means of livelihood. Such was the case with St. Paul. He probably had means of his own, as we may suppose the sons of Zebedee had, but there were occasions when he worked with his own hands, and other instances when he became dependent on

the beneficence of his converts. By the time, however, that the Church in Spain appreciated St. James's part in the evangelization of the country, the idea of a poor, dependent missionary, once a hard-working fisherman, met with little favour. We can picture him travelling in a style and with an equipment and an assurance more like unto a mediaeval prelate than an itinerant mendicant preacher. The day came when mendicants abounded, and were used as means of grace; but they were not bishops, nor did they attract the servility of the common people or the obsequiousness of governors and judges. St. James may not have appreciated it, yet at times he seems to have travelled with the ease and honour of a prince. It should not, perhaps, be passed by unnoticed that in one age the Church assumed, and made much of the assumption, that Christ was brought up as a carpenter, working at a trade for His daily bread; in another, the Church seems to have been half ashamed that such an assumption had ever been entertained. Then she preferred to think of Him as on a king's throne rather than at a workman's bench. Nor did the people of Spain care to recall St. James as a fisherman, a toiler, a stranger without rank or wealth or influence. To them he was a Galilean knight of noble family.

And so St. James converted multitudes of people, built many churches, and founded bishopric after bishopric. Once in a while one hears of other saints, in later years, doing wonders. Among these none is more famous than St. Martin of Tours, the warrior-saint of France. He is associated at Compostella with St. James the Great, and scattered over the Peninsula are many statues and shrines erected to his memory. The convent dedicated to him at Compostella is one of the largest in the country. He is especially remembered in Spain, and indeed in almost every other Christian land, for his dividing his cope or cape one cold winter's day, in order to cover a half-naked beggar. The part left was long preserved in a small chamber of the cathedral at Tours; and from it, the *capa*, we get the Late Latin *capella*, and thence our modern word 'chapel.' A building called a chapel is a reminder of the valiant St. Martin, and of his act of charity. The Puritan immigrants of North America, afraid of saints and of all things belonging to them, changed the name of that spell of sunny weather recurring in the early days of November from St. Martin's Summer to the 'Indian Summer.' St. Martin still remains

dear to the hearts of the Spanish people. But after all, diligent as he and other missionaries may have been in the conversion of the country, they are but as stars in the radiance of the full moon. St. James outshines the most brilliant of them. He is the Apostle of Spain *par excellence*. Even should the undisturbed and deathlike silence of four or more centuries be found troublesome, no one can deny that to this day the places remain. And the events fit so neatly into them, and the people have accepted the facts alleged so devotedly and practically, that he must be a courageous adventurer who sets aside evidence so conclusive, and leaves unheeded the awful ecclesiastical penalties that await the unbeliever.

But on the other hand, the Golden Legend declares that St. James profited but little in Spain. He converted only nine disciples, of whom he left two there to continue the work, and took the other seven with him and returned to Judea. Be this as it may, having ended his mission in Spain, exultant or disappointed, the Apostle returned to his own country.

A stray legend says that he lived to an extreme old age, more than a hundred years ; but this legend must refer to St. James the Less, who, as we have maintained all along, was not the Apostle to Spain. The one event, since the dispersion of the disciples, of which history has aught to say concerning St. James the Great, the brother of St. John, is that he was put to death by Herod the king, presumably about A.D. 44, and simply to please the Jews.

CHAPTER IX

WHAT ST. JAMES FOUND IN SPAIN

Before we tell the story of the martyrdom, we shall speak further of Spain, and of what St. James, or the men of whom legend makes him the prototype, found there.

Of the political and social state of this new world much has been already suggested. But of even greater importance are the religious conditions; and in this chapter I purpose making some observations concerning religion and Christianity, the highest development and expression of religion, which may apply to the subject generally, as well as particularly to the men and country now under consideration. Nor shall I keep closely to the age of which I am more especially writing, but shall wander into any age in which similar conditions exist. Possibly I shall repeat some things that I have already said; but this may not be found unprofitable, and I trust will not prove irksome.

To say that Spain was religious is to affirm that in this respect Spain did not differ from any other country. The religion may have been crude or highly developed, but every community of men has always had some spirit or form of it. The aboriginal inhabitants of the new world which lay between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, in the aeons of a past which time has removed far out of sight, undoubtedly had their own idea and worship of God; and the several races which invaded their country and appropriated its lands and treasures brought with them the religion peculiar to themselves: each, its own. Naturally so, for religion was an integral part of their very nature. No people could separate itself from its religion, any more than it could strip itself of any characteristic essential to its being. Religion is not an acquired quality. We cannot reason ourselves either into it or out of it. We may develop it, and, as we advance in civilization, make it express itself correspondingly, in form more beautiful, more comprehensive, more benevolent. Born with a tendency, which tendency as speedily as possible—even as other qualities, physical and mental, grow

and develop—advanced into a consciousness of God, man has ever sought to get to that God. That instinct, drift, impulse, is religion, the virtue which would discover and strengthen the relationship which binds man and God together. Thus man seeks to find out God, and endeavours to make a definition of God which may enable him to describe to others and to picture to himself that Being of whose existence and activity he has no more doubt than of his own.

Now man can only think of God by comparisons drawn from himself or from the objects of nature around him. He cannot reason from God downward: it must ever be from the lower upward. It follows, therefore, that from what he is himself he imagines God to be. If he be a man of force and strength, or of justice and steadfastness, or of sympathy and love, or of sternness and revenge, so he will attribute these qualities to God. In the storm and the sea he heard voices of majesty and mystery which he could interpret only as of God. The clouds of morning and of evening had a glory which could only be God's glory, and the rippling radiance of light on lake or river, the aurora that spanned the northern sky or the bow that displayed its exquisite colours against the rain, suggested to him beauty that could not be of earth. And so each of the various races of mankind had its own ideal of God, and that ideal worked out its own individual expression; and while the several ideals, and expressions of ideals, differed one from another, sometimes widely, and some were extremely poor and vague, they all converged to a common centre, the universal consciousness of the existence of Deity. The form religion assumes may be indeed almost endless in variety; but religion itself—that primal consciousness and assurance of God, and of human need of Him and responsibility to Him—remains ever a component and inseparable part of man's nature. It may be obscured, and its strength weakened, but it never dies.

In this sense of the term, races never divide or quarrel on religion itself. They differ only on the definitions, forms, practices which each of them has developed for itself, according to its respective characteristics. These definitions, forms, and practices they come to call 'religion,' perhaps to think of as religion itself; and generally this is what we mean when we speak of religion and the many kinds of religion—not the substance, which can be but one, but the conglomeration of accidents which have grown out of it and cluster about it. According to the tenacity with which these defini-

tions, forms, and practices are held, is the intolerance and hatred frequently manifested towards all ideas or customs that conflict with them. They are forced up from the secondary and accidental into equality with the essential. This intense opposition may lead to conflict. Forces that do not agree may set themselves in battle array. Each side is confident of its own accuracy and satisfied of the error of its opponent. In such cases, particularly in those far-away days of which we are speaking, compromise was out of the question: only surrender or death could settle the matter. As one side knew that it was in the right, it was also sure that God was with it. The other side may have made the same claim to God's favour; but he was a false god, perhaps an evil demon, perhaps merely a fancy. All the more reason, then, that he should be vanquished and his votaries rescued or destroyed. Thus the Hebrews had no pity for the Canaanites.

The races grew into nations, and nations into empires. Civilization developed powers in the individual and in society of which primeval man knew nothing. Poetry and art united with law and commerce, and with wealth and conquest, in shaping and expressing ideas which made the world more than ever worth living in. The Babylonian and the Egyptian builders raised temples marvellous in magnitude and splendour; while poets told stories of the gods, minstrels and choirs sang and danced their praises, and priests burned incense and made incantations in their worship. So with other kingdoms and empires. And each took beyond the seas or the mountains its own religion, as it had developed it and practised it. When their voyagers or emigrants set out for strange lands to found new colonies and to make for themselves new homes, they went with a seriousness of purpose and deportment, a consecration to God, a devotion to the principles they professed, and a desire to do the best thing possible for themselves even should it be at the expense of natives and others already there, equal to the like qualities in the Northmen who invaded Britain or France, or the men and women who sailed in the *Mayflower* for North America. At all events, they and their religion, whatever it was or whatever there was of it, went together. And in each religion, no matter where it was, development went on. No religion is ever still. Every generation of its adherents adds something to it, or takes something from it. The religion of the early Greeks was not quite the same as the religion of the age of Pericles; nor

was that of Joshua one with that of Isaiah. Judas Maccabeus may have spoken of Abraham as his spiritual ancestor, but Abraham would not have known his own offspring. Should a religion become static, it would die.

Nor, in the proper sense of the word, are there any new religions. A new religion, springing up of itself, or originating in forces incongruous with it, is impossible. You may speak of a new man, but man is not new. A religion may grow and develop, but it cannot be a new creation. Christianity, for instance, is not new. It is a normal and natural growth out of earlier conditions. Christ brought life and immortality to light, but He did not create them. He taught men the fatherhood of God, but in this He did no more than Hebrew prophets and psalmists had done. The still more ancient Babylonian seers had insisted upon the same fatherhood, with its tenderness, care, and love. He spoke of sin: but none ever spoke more clearly of such, and of the necessity of atonement, of getting rid of it and into peace with God, than did these same Babylonians. He gave visions of the life beyond death, and told of the way to get there: but the people beside the Nile lived and died in the same hope. Out of material already existing Moses shaped the law and worship of Israel. He developed, but he made nothing new. And we may be sure that even Egypt, old in millenniums as it is, found its religion growing out of still older systems. All down the ages, through the thousands or the hundreds of thousands of years in which man has lived on the earth, religion has been evolving itself, passing from one stage to another, expressing itself in varied forms, but never appearing as a new thing.

And using the secondary and popular sense of the term, though contemporary and contiguous religions may be unfriendly to each other, yet, in spite of resolutions hardening into determinations, unconsciously they borrow one from another. In the one direction, this is even more evident with religions of succeeding generations: a development, for instance, following an earlier development. The newcomer is apt to appropriate to itself anything from the old and long-established system that suits its purpose. Thus all religions become to an appreciable extent eclectic. None are really pure and original, any more than a given race is pure and original. The Jew was scarcely less so than any other people, either physically or religiously. In spite of his efforts to the contrary, intermarriages were not uncommon; and none can

doubt that Persian thought influenced Jewish theology, as later Greek philosophy affected Christianity.

There are some things that all religions have in common, and usually these things will suit one religion as well as another. For instance, all religions are given to symbolism. The Hebrew, indeed, condemned the making of images of the Deity, perhaps from a conviction that no symbol could be worthy of Him or adequate to the purpose, and perhaps from a fear that the image might in time be taken as the reality itself. Thus the worship of the idol endangered the worship of God. The symbol might be substituted for the Deity symbolized. But it is doubtful if this prohibition may be referred back to the time of Moses: for there were teraphim in David's house, and the worship of the brazen serpent continued in Jerusalem down to Hezekiah's time. Nor, had the Israelites heard the command said to have been given amid the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai, would they have been likely to have made a golden calf as a symbol of Jehovah. On the other hand, the devout pagan may have felt himself in peril of forgetting and losing the conception or revelation of God which he had gained. Just as the poet would preserve his dream of compassion or loveliness in language, and the artist in lines and colours his vision of beauty, so would he formulate in figure or image the God of whom he had won but a glimpse. For such formulations the Jew, the Christian, and the Mohammedan had no use.

But all religions needed buildings or enclosures: temples, sanctuaries, shrines, altars. Worship was common to all, and, sooner or later, even to the present day, in every form of religion, worship becomes ornate and dramatic. Nor can music or sculpture or decoration or distinctive dress be kept out. Bells are almost necessary adjuncts of worship. The attempt to abolish form or ceremony leads only to other form and other ceremony. The Puritan, who manages to find a place in all religions under heaven, in due time develops either into the tyrant or into the ritualist, who also holds his own in all religions, whether fetish, or pagan, or Jewish, or Christian. So with memorials and relics. The parish that preserves the chair, or the book, or the chalice, or the robe of a beloved and fondly-remembered pastor is not only carrying out a natural instinct, but is also doing no more than the Carthaginian who built a pillar, or the mediaevalist who made a shrine and placed therein some article associated with an

honoured leader as dear to them as that pastor. No one objects to the preservation in ornament of hair once belonging to a friend; but few realize that this is doing what the ancients did with other parts of the body of their lamented dead. Religion and human nature may change in expression, but in spirit they remain much the same.

With the exception, then, of making images of God, all religions indulged in these practices. They symbolized or personified virtues, qualities, or principles. The outcome was of diverse degrees of excellence or appropriateness. Some figures seem to have been designed to attract and please, others to repel. The Greek Aphrodite and the Ephesian Artemis appealed to minds widely differing from each other; and they who find charm in the placid, smiling countenance of Buddha would discover no winsomeness in the hideous diablerie depicted by Sudanese negroes. Some worshippers fear God and some love Him; and they picture Him accordingly. So, too, though the image is itself a creation, yet it reacts on its creator, and perpetuates the thing it signifies in those who behold it. The fairy story as told by those who love grace and beauty has an opposite effect on the mind of a child to the ghost story, morbid and dismal, and apt to terrify, distress, and bewilder. Greek naturalism or Persian theology produces character of nearly opposite quality. Even the term 'cemetery' suggests a conception of death not the same as that indicated by 'God's acre' or 'churchyard'; and a cross over a grave tells of a hope that is beyond the power of a broken column.

Now races, or parts of races, pass from one land to another or die out, but, sometimes quite definitely and abundantly, they leave behind them visible and tangible evidences of their religion: more particularly their buildings, sculptures, altars, and images. The people which follows any one of them possibly knows little of its history or its customs. It has its own phase of religion, and would despise and repudiate a former and foreign cult should it chance to discover it. But without loss of self-respect and without imperilling the rights and claims of Deity, it can appropriate temples, altars, images, and the like. It matters nothing what the thing adopted was originally intended to express, so long as it fits the purpose of its appropriators. The symbol can be made to stand for a principle or an idea far away from that thought of by its devisers, but just as good and true. It is not to be supposed that should the most extreme Protestant sect

obtain the power, it would destroy St. Peter's Basilica, or that, should Rome get England within its grasp, it would pull down St. Paul's Cathedral. A cross from a Roman altar would serve quite as well for an Anglican or a Lutheran altar. When, then, a Greek colony in Spain overran a Phoenician colony, there might indeed be some iconoclasm, but there would be much more adaptation. So with the Latin invader: or the Christian, or the Visigoth, or the Mohammedan. None of them would demolish a house or an ornament, a garden or a statue, simply because they had belonged to some one else. And most likely, if no use for such was on hand, a use would soon be found, even if it had to be invented. The heathen in the North may never have heard of Apollo, but the image of Apollo would serve well as an image of Baldur; and in turn either could be made to depict the youth, vitality, grace, and kindness of the Good Shepherd.

By the time that St. James went to Spain, that country was fairly bestrewn with the remains, the debris, let us say, of former religions: that of the primitive races, now driven into remote recesses in the mountains or by the sea; that of the Phoenician and the Carthaginian, the Greek and the Roman, and even that of Jewish colonists and traders. And as it rarely happens that a conquered race is entirely deported or driven out, in other words, shaved from off the face of the earth, the remnants left, though reduced to slavery, and made to bow themselves to the ground in belittling and degrading toil, yet in time affect the ideas and habits of their masters. Slowly and unconsciously their own ideas and habits permeate, like some subtile aroma or gas, here, there, and everywhere. And this drifting influence tends to modify ideas and habits once dominant. So that the Phoenician and Carthaginian in Spain becomes more complex and less pure, more indefinite and less positive. Elements have crept into his religion which have made it somewhat different from that of his fathers. The Jew in Toledo was not the same as the Jew in Jerusalem, and differed still more from the Jew in Babylon. All of which goes to illustrate the fact that every form or phase of religion is more or less eclectic. A truth will absorb a like truth, and a soul seeking to express itself will lay hold on any colour, line, word, suggestion, no matter what its origin, that will further its determination.

St. James did not find Spain an irreligious country. On

the contrary, it had its lords and its gods many. Probably, as in similar new worlds, among their votaries there existed an easy, good-natured toleration one of another. Some people, indeed, retain an unflinching zeal and unchanging bigotry, but in a mixed community the trader and the immigrant are apt to regard all religions as pretty much alike. Of course a man likes his own best, but he has little to say against the other. It turns on what the individual prefers. I am afraid that this spirit of toleration and generosity is more an evidence of death than of life. I doubt if any religion which is alive is ever tolerant or generous. Rome at this time was fairly both. Any people or race within the empire, would it give homage to the emperor as the supreme authority in the State, could practise any religion it chose. But then the Roman idea or conception of religion was now practically dead. Its temples and oracles were indeed still popular, and its ritual as gorgeous as ever ; but for all that, the hand of death had closed upon it. Christianity came, young, fresh, vigorous, its heart throbbing and beating with energy, its mind teeming with mighty ideas of freedom from sin, of peace, of development, of life after death, and its purpose, awful in its very intensity, to win the world for Christ ; and except in theory, Christianity knew nothing of toleration or generosity. It could not be lukewarm towards principles and practices that contradicted its own, or indifferent to men who set themselves against its purpose. And Christianity came into Spain aggressively bent and disturbingly determined.

In this Christianity is not unique. It followed the law of all new expressions of religion. Earlier, Hebraism had the same spirit ; later, Mohammedanism. Neither shrank from the use of the sword. Early Christianity had no sword ; but, human nature being too strong for any altruism not immediately to its advantage, when the day of the sword came, Christianity used it. I imagine that Crusader and Saracen differed not in singleness of purpose, zeal, and intolerance.

There were two ways by which Christianity could hasten and secure its progress. One, by direct conquest, the other, by absorption and assimilation. By the former, especially in the early ages, the means used were persuasion, argument, example, and the like ; and by the latter, the taking into itself and making part of itself whatever beauty, truth, or strength it found in the system it would displace.

Christianity may not have had any doctrine or fact to present that in some form or other had not already been known to man. Rather it brought out into deeper relief the ancient and persistent truths, which had become distorted, misinterpreted, perhaps lost sight of. And this it did by making known to the world a Personality, and causing the world to see in and through that Personality a light that should help man better to understand himself, and to penetrate the mysteries which through the ages had baffled him. This Personality was the Light of the world: the Sun that should make clear the truths hidden in darkness. Himself a man, He knew and understood man; also God, He could lift up man into that sphere or condition for which man had long been yearning and striving. Man was not merely the image of God, the shadow and outline of Deity, but man could be absorbed into God. The Incarnation set forth the true relationship of God and man. In far-away days, man had prayed to the Deity to take him by the hand, as in the Egyptian penitential psalms. Now God had so taken him, and through Christ Jesus, the Mediator between God and man, the Door through which man might enter the knowledge and happiness for which he craved, the Hand that held man in mighty, loving, and unfailing grasp—through Him, I say, God translated the human into the divine, and, without destroying his personality, made the child one with the Father. This meant a new man in Christ Jesus, master of himself, pure, a king among the things of earth, trampling under foot the evils and sorrows that capture and sting and kill, and immortal, even as is Christ. An ideal! But none the less true because an ideal.

It was this all-powerful and resplendent Personality, never less a man or more a God than on the Cross, that Christianity proclaimed to the world—prefigured and foreshadowed, it may have been, in such as Osiris or Gautama, but, unlike them, the consummation in Himself of life and love and eternity. The ancients had seen and rejoiced in the flash and glow of coming dawn, the red and gold rays that shot up into the night sky and gave earth an entrancing beauty and a cheering hope; but now the Sun Himself had risen. In His glory all other glories faded away. Man, who had always striven to be more than he found himself to be, now saw Man in the fullness of His splendour, the most splendid Being ever created. He now also saw in this Anointed One that man after all was really made in the image of the

Creator: of the very nature of God—more wonderful than poet could imagine or imagination conceive.

In this Personality, this Son of Mary and Son of God, the early Christians saw no incongruities or difficulties such as beset man when he began to define and describe not after the spirit of the poet, but of the philosopher. The world was familiar with the ideas of Virgin Birth and of Resurrection. People divided on their possibility—there have always been some who could not accept the exceptional or supernatural; but when they who were capable of seeing saw the Christ so transcendently beautiful and completely satisfying, these ideas became facts as a matter of course. The ideas ran against human conceptions of nature; but here was the veritable Lord and Maker of nature. To Him nothing was impossible. As to testimony concerning the facts alleged, had they not Him Himself? The early Church never thought of a dead or of a merely historical Christ: a Christ to be certified to by books or manuscripts; but always of a living, active, ever-present Christ. He was with them, and the outcome of His work was there at hand.

So St. James and his fellows came to Spain, not to talk of a Teacher who had given the world some most helpful doctrines, and was now dead and gone, but to herald and reveal a Christ present in the very country in which the people lived, and able to lift them up and make them children of God. In this Christ they gave a higher ideal of immortality. It is said that the desire to enjoy life and, if possible, to prolong the enjoyment of it indefinitely, is the origin of the conception of immortality. The missionaries of the Gospel did not teach anything of the sort. Nor did they countenance for a moment the supposition once prevalent that elements such as gold, pearls, precious stones, and certain shells conferred immortality. Probably they had never heard of the Isles of the Blessed, where gold and precious stones abounded, and in which men would search for treasure not so much for the sake of wealth, as to obtain immortality. Rather than this, the Apostle sought to point the people to that God who only hath immortality, inherent, and to that Christ whom to know is life eternal, and who alone can impart the power of an endless life. This was, perhaps, the greatest of the great truths that man desired to ascertain. Whether immortality was his by impartation or by nature, he longed to live, to know that his dead ones were still alive, and to realize that life was worth having, not for

its opportunity of enjoyment, but for its own sake. This Christ came to give life, and to give it more abundantly. In this way, by their faithful preaching of Christ and of the hope of glory, the disciples set out to win the world. Thus the Cross was lifted up on the hills of Spain!

No religion, however, can establish itself or make progress without organization. Like the religion itself, this organization will depend upon the mental and spiritual condition of its adherents. In barbarous ages, after the fashion of civil institutions, it will be vague, crude, imperfect, extravagant, distorted; but as civilization advances it will become correspondingly firm, definite, elaborate, conservative, solidified, powerful. In this respect Christianity could not be unlike other forms of religion. Almost of a necessity, a King implied a Kingdom. And that Kingdom would shape itself largely according to the conditions of the age in which it is developed. He who seeks for anything approaching a republican form of Church government in times when the civil government is imperialistic will be disappointed. The society which grew around Christ, or around the teachings of Christ, was bound to shape itself according to the ideals of its age. Christ Himself is the King. His power and authority are conceived to be absolute. He has His officers to carry out His will. Bishops become His proconsuls. Provinces change into dioceses, and secular dioceses into spiritual sees. The clergy are leaders in His army, and the multitudes adhering to Him receive from Him citizenship, and the rights and privileges which belong to such. All power comes from Him: none from the people. He gives to whom He will the keys of the Kingdom, and the jurisdiction they exercise conforms to the nature of their office. Thus Christianity is set before the world in visible form. The Church stands out as its embodiment. No priesthood, either in Israel or in Egypt, Assyria or Greece, was ever more compact, more insistent on unity, more determined in purpose, or more efficient in extension. It claimed for itself divine origin. It was of God and ordained by God. It advanced to the first place, and soon seized the supreme place among the organizations of men. The glory of Caesar dimmed before the glory of Christ. Above the precepts of ordinary law stood conscience, and conscience soon came to mean conformity to the will of the Church. I do not say that in any one age this theory reached its realization, or that it was intended by Providence to serve for all time. I only

hold that in the ages in which Spain was being Christianized the theory prevailed more or less, and that it was efficient for its purpose.

And the Church, like the phase of religion which it cherished and maintained, was eclectic to the utmost of its power. Its gates were ever open, not only to the convert, but also to the ideas, opinions, and practices the convert brought with him. No conversion could entirely strip him of the effects of his former life. St. Paul himself brought his Hebrewism into Christianity. Under his teaching Christianity appropriated to itself all that was worth saving out of the old system. Jewish heroes were regarded as antetypes of Christ: the Psalms, the Prophets, even the Song of Songs, were interpreted as speaking of Him. Christianity came to look upon itself as truly Israel; the Israel that remained outside the Church, having been false to the ancient ideals, had forfeited its right to be considered as continuing the old. The persecution of the Jews which broke out almost as soon as the Church had power was justified by the assumption that the Jews, in rejecting Christ, had made themselves aliens and traitors, worse than pagans, because they had thrown aside the Truth which the pagan never knew. Thus St. Paul led the way to an absorption which enabled the convert to Christianity to think of himself as spiritually, and therefore really, a son of faithful Abraham. The most casual reader of the Gospels and of the Pauline Epistles can scarcely help discerning a difference in the religion presented in the former and that presented in the latter. All for the bettering and enrichment of Christianity, no doubt: for had there been no development or adaptation, Christianity would have died as soon as born.

So with other converts. They brought their belongings with them. If the 'belongings' could be assimilated, Christianity had no more difficulty with them than the Church had with the men and women themselves. It is true that converts to new creeds are the more fervent oftentimes because they fear their old faiths; but to an extent we may not fully appreciate the convert finds that he does not have to relinquish so much as he has to substitute. Once he burnt incense and sang and danced before the image of Dionysus: he still burns incense and sings and dances before the altar of Christ. He has changed Dionysus into Christ: a Lord, to be sure, more beautiful, more helpful, more worthy of love and adoration than Dionysus could

possibly be. Thus, through the Church's ever open doors, came in pagan customs, practices, and ideals, partly because the incoming multitudes could not wholly sever themselves from them, and partly because the Church discovered that some of them, at any rate, could be adapted to the new life and absorbed into the new religion. More than this, symbolically if not literally, many of these qualities thus brought in were in themselves true and beautiful, and all things true and beautiful were loved by God and sought for by Christ.

Some people have deplored this so-called paganizing of Christianity, just as others have endeavoured to disparage the contributions of Mithraism to Christianity. They have argued that accretions and absorptions such as these destroy Christianity ; as if things distasteful brought out into the sunshine could affect the sun ! But if Christianity is the home of truth, all truth must be welcomed into Christianity ; and God, who has never left Himself without witness in any age or country, is as truly the God of the heathen as of the Jew or Christian. To me the very eclecticism of the Church is one of its chief glories ; and a religious system that does not despise the cherished practices and ideas of other religious systems, but seeks to take them in and give them better meanings, and applies them to nobler purposes, seems to me near to what I conceive God would have it be, and indeed displays what He Himself has done and is all the time doing.

At all events, the early propagators of the Faith in Spain found there an abundance of material, and as time went on they appropriated, now perhaps ignorantly, and now perhaps knowingly, whatever they felt was attractive or would be useful. Certainly they did not try to break the people entirely from their past. We have already spoken of images and columns. Such were scattered freely in countries where Orientalism prevailed, and were carried by Phoenician and Carthaginian into Spain. In time their original significance was forgotten, but they remained ; and new meanings were made for them. As none knew whence they came or what they were for, it was easy to suppose they were supernatural, if not divine. Images no longer represented pagan goddesses now practically forgotten, but stood, sometimes for Christian saints, but more frequently for the Blessed Virgin, who before many generations passed by unconsciously and unnoticed took their place, and became the personification of womanhood, of the purest ideals of virginity and mother-

hood, and thus through the after ages exalted and sanctified the family relationship. Indeed, from the beginning that relationship enabled man the better to appreciate his connection with the divine. Thus the Blessed Virgin became, at least figuratively, the intervening element, the Mediatrix, between God and man. What wonder, then, that representations of Artemis, or even of Venus Verticordia, or any of the numerous goddesses held in honour in the heathen world, should come to be taken as figures of the Virgin, blessed above all other women, in being made the Mother of God and the means of the Incarnation.

But while development and eclecticism were necessary qualities of Christianity, it must be remembered that both qualities are possible of evil. They may go to excesses that are not merely dangerous, but deadly. The additions may be so many, and some of them so foreign and alien, as to imperil and even corrupt the life and purposes of Christianity. All human institutions, religious or otherwise, are subject to this possibility. Clipping and pruning then become necessary. The tree must be trimmed of branches that hinder its growth. No society, be it never so pure in its origin or noble in its purpose, but by the very generosity of its growth can avoid the need and recurrence of reformation. Even the Church, at least in its human elements, comes under the same law. Corruptions are bound to get in, and, no matter what the pain or cost, corruptions must be cut out. Moreover, things at one time good in themselves wear out, and no longer serve any salutary purpose. After all, reformation is a sign of life. Purification is the response to a demand which unless responded to involves death. History has shown this again and again. The great religions all passed through the operation: Paganism in Egypt, Babylonia, India, China, Greece, and Rome, no less than Judaism and Christianity. There must needs be a going back to first principles: excision as well as development, rejection as well as absorption.

How far Spain appropriated the material left so abundantly by earlier religions without imperilling the original deposit of Christianity is not for us to say. This, however, is fairly certain, that no matter how unrestrained her adaptations may have been, she never lost sight of the supremacy of the Personality of Christ. He remained King even amidst the stupendous changes which took place in the evolution of ages. The exaltation of the saint meant a still more glorious exaltation of the Lord of the saints. His grace was under-

stood to run through and vivify and open out the lives that Spain considered holy. Their virtues depended on Him. They shone as stars in the firmament, but He made the firmament, and the stars also ; and the magnificence radiated from Him.

Thus the grace and splendour of the most wonderful of cathedrals, the inspiration, vision, and skill of the men that built them, came out of the belief that on high altar was enthroned in mystery and sacrament the King Himself. All the glory was for His glory.

CHAPTER X

THE MARTYRDOM AND THE VOYAGE

Of the martyrdom of St. James the Great, the canonical Scriptures record only this : ' Herod the king stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the Church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also.' The narrative implies execution by decapitation rather than by assassination, evidently done in public, to the satisfaction of the Jews. It further suggests the prominence of St. James, but no intimation is given of the Apostle's mission to Spain, which might have caused that prominence. In fact, all that we can gather from the Book of the Acts of the Apostles is that James was regarded by the king, who sought only to please the people, as worthy of death.

He was the first of the Apostles thus to die.

That nothing was made of this fact may be due to the feeling that martyrdom was no extraordinary thing, but, on the contrary, was to be expected and welcomed by those who would walk in the footsteps of Christ. Neither St. Luke, who is supposed to have written the record, nor St. Paul, who in his epistles mentioned other events which happened to the Church about the time of his conversion, makes the slightest allusion to anything peculiar in the death of St. James. He was killed with the sword. That is all.

But in the fourth book of the *Apostolic History of Abdias*, written some centuries later, we find further interesting information. Abdias is said to have been a disciple of St. Simon and St. Jude, and by them he was made bishop of Babylon in Persia. According to the story, Abdias wrote his *History* in Hebrew ; one of his followers, Eutropius, translated it into Greek ; and in the third century, before these versions perished, Sextus Julius Africanus, a Christian traveller and historian, put it into Latin. ' Some have greatness thrust upon them.' There is little doubt that the Latin version of the *Apostolic History*, affirmed to have been made by Julius Africanus, was compiled, perhaps in France,

in the sixth or seventh century. Abdias is held by competent scholars to have no right to figure as its original authority at all; but, though found only in this comparatively late treatise, there is a chance that the traditions attributed to Abdias may have existed in his time. All, however, that is perfectly clear is the attempt to make St. Simon and St. Jude the chief and ultimate source of the information declared to have been preserved by Abdias.

According to this *History*, which some scholars hold to be little better than romance, St. James was a popular preacher in Jerusalem. In his teaching he was opposed by two magicians, Hermogenes and Philetus. It is not necessary to suppose that St. Paul in his first epistle to Timothy, when censuring Hermogenes for having deserted him and Philetus for entertaining wrong ideas concerning the Resurrection, referred to the magicians and converts of this legend. Philetus was won over to the Church by St. James, and immediately Hermogenes in anger bound him by magical incantations, and exclaimed: 'We will see if James can free you!' The victim of this atrocious spite managed to make known his evil condition to St. James, and St. James sent back his kerchief, and by it Philetus was freed and came to him.

Hermogenes, however, was not to be outdone in this wise. He despatched several demons, probably carefully selected for their courage and skill, and bade them fetch both James and Philetus to him. The demons went their way, but as soon as they got into the presence of the Apostle they began to howl in the air and complain that an angel had bound them with fiery chains. St. James eased them of their pain, and in turn sent them to bring Hermogenes bound to him. They did so. The demons tied his arms with ropes, and mocked him. They clamoured for leave to avenge themselves on him, but James restrained them. 'You are a foolish man,' said the Apostle, 'but they shall not hurt you.' Then, addressing the demons, St. James said: 'Why do you not seize Philetus?' They replied: 'We dare not touch so much as an ant in your chamber.' The Apostle had pity on the wretched Hermogenes. He directed Philetus to release him. Hermogenes stood confounded. 'Go free,' said the Apostle; 'we do not render evil for evil.' 'I dare not,' he answered; 'I fear the demons.' St. James gave him his staff to protect him.

Armed with this, so runs the story, he went home and filled

baskets with magical books, and began to burn them. 'Not so,' said James, 'lest the smoke vex the unwary; but cast them into the sea.' He did so, and returned and begged for pardon. Of course he followed the example of his former associate. St. James sent him to undo his former work on those he had deceived, and spend in charity what he had gained by his art. He obeyed, and we are told that 'he so grew in faith that he even performed miracles.'

It is not to be supposed that the Apostle's arch-enemies, the Jews, could allow an enterprise such as this to go on. They bribed two centurions, Lysias and Theocritus, to arrest him. The officers, whose names seem decidedly non-Roman, led away the disturber of the peace. As they went, a dispute broke out between him and the Pharisees, in which St. James showed his knowledge of the Scriptures and proved his eloquence. In response to his appeal, which seems to have ended with the significant words, 'the earth opened and swallowed up Dathan,' the people in their anguish of repentance cried out, 'We have sinned! We have sinned!'

We can imagine the difficulty of the centurions. The multitude took up the cause of the prisoner. Rescue seemed within possibility. Why drag a man to trial who had done nothing wrong, and had won the favour of the people? The officers faltered. But the Jews were equal to the occasion. Abiathar, the high priest, came into the field. He stirred up a tumult. The people swayed back again. A scribe cast a rope about James's neck and pulled him along to Herod's judgment-seat. Possibly there was some semblance of a trial. Or the king may have feared the people. Pilate had not been able to stand against the fury of a Jerusalem mob. So he sentenced him to be beheaded.

On the way to the place of execution, St. James healed a paralytic. The miracle, though it failed to procure the release of the condemned man, or seriously to affect the crowd, had at least one effect. The scribe, by name Josias, who had thrown the rope round the Apostle's neck, was convinced of the error of his ways and of the truth of Christianity. He fell on his knees at the prisoner's feet and prayed for pardon. The scene became dramatic. Abiathar, the high priest, who evidently was not entirely without tender mercies, delayed the procession and allowed water to be brought. The people stood back, and in awe and silence beheld the solemn ceremony. The Apostle thereupon baptized the converted scribe. Abiathar was even more considerate. He so

wrought with the higher powers that he succeeded in getting permission that the scribe should be beheaded with James. Accordingly, at the last, the two victims exchanged the kiss of peace, and were put to death.

St. Clement of Alexandria, writing in the second or third century, speaks of St. James as thus forgiving his accuser, which seems to indicate that the scribe had been loud among those who led the way to the death of St. James ; and which also shows that the legend ascribed to Abdias has some antiquity, and may have some foundation in fact.

We may reasonably suppose that the friends of St. James were allowed to take away his body and give it suitable burial. We are not told the place. Nor yet what became of his head. It is said, and I think that St. Francis de Xavier held to the legend, that at the moment of his execution the Apostle caught his head in his hand as it fell. I do not fancy that the head was exposed publicly as heads were at Temple Bar. Possibly the Apostle gave it himself to some disciple standing by. What became of it is unknown ; but when it was next heard of, after a fashion indulged in rather freely by John the Baptist, it had duplicated itself. One of the heads was found, with the rest of the body, at Compostella, and the other at Braga, the third largest city in Portugal. How they got to their respective destinations has never been discovered. At both places the custodians claimed to have the original head, and as the claims seem never to have been adjusted, the element of uncertainty still exists. The same legend tells us that the Jews were astonished at the Apostle's dexterity in catching his head, but when they touched the body they found it so cold that their hands and arms were paralysed. Should the head not have been restored to the body it would not have been exceptional. The body of St. Andrew, for instance, brought over from Patras in Greece, is at Amalfi in Italy, and his head is in St. Peter's at Rome. But wherever the grave of St. James may have been, nothing was heard of it for a matter of seven or eight hundred years.

Then came to light legend upon legend, growing ever in wonderful revelations, of what had happened to the body of St. James before those distant centuries began. None of these legends had been heard of till this late date, but they described events as though they were contemporary with the events. Of course the stories may have been continued from generation to generation by word of mouth, and Spaniards

came to believe that such had been the case. Possibly; only, the hypothesis robs the eighth-century hagiologists of the credit of ingenuity and imagination, and suggests injustice to their many other gifts. The critic will have to judge for himself. He may reach the conclusion that some foundation may exist on which the astonishing and greatly admired superstructure rests: in which conclusion he manifests his charity or his fancy, but which I am not able to say.

At all events, taking the legends at their assumed value, and going back to the times they claim to describe, after the martyrdom of an Apostle who had done so much for Spain, we find either that the people of that country longed to have his body as an everlasting memorial of him, or that some of his disciples, converts from Spain brought by him to Jerusalem, judged that the most suitable resting-place for the Apostle of Spain was Spain itself.

The former conjecture appears to be far-fetched, for there is no indication in any legend that his body was welcomed by any church or company of Christian people. Perhaps it was supposed by those who brought the body that its mere presence there, or the miracles which would be performed at the tomb, would hasten the complete conversion of the country. If so, no use whatever seems to have been made of the opportunity.

If not as early as this, yet within a few centuries, the translation of the bodies of saints from one country to another became far from uncommon. Ford reminds us, with unbecoming merriment, that similar transportations occurred in classical times, and he quotes Lucian, who tells us that the head of Osiris was carried to Byblus by water, and Herodotus, who records that the remains of Corobius were transported by sea to Spain. Pausanias says that an image, declared to be one of Hercules, was carried by a ship, conscious of its sacred cargo, from Tyre to Priene, and there became an object of pilgrimage. So, according to the Greeks, Cecrops sailed from Egypt in a boat of papyrus. 'But,' adds Ford, rather spitefully and yet convincingly, 'it would be mere pedantry to multiply instances from pagan mythology, and for every one a parallel might be found in papal practice in Spain.' I have no doubt: but on the other hand we ourselves observe many customs and hold not a few beliefs which have their parallel in what some are pleased to call ancient absurdities. That Charles the First was beheaded in England and Louis the Sixteenth guillotined

in France is not disproved by the discovery that Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans was slain in conspiracy, or that Eglon king of Moab was stabbed to death by Ehud the son of Gera. Coincidences do happen, as everybody knows. Moses was laid in a basket of bulrushes and set among the flags beside the Nile, in time to be rescued by a princess and brought up in all the learning of the Egyptians. So, in like manner, Sargon the Accad, when a babe, was entrusted in a basket to the waters of the Euphrates. The little ark was caught by a snag at the foot of a garden. The gardener saved the babe, and the babe grew up to be the Napoleon of his age. The s me thing can occur again and again, and I do not agree with Ford that a Christian miracle may be ruled out simply because it resembles an older pagan wonder.

Besides all this, there is the undoubted translation of the famous saint and martyr, Vincent of Tarragona, of whom I have already spoken. His tomb is in one of the side-chapels of the cathedral at Lisbon. There he was taken from Valencia, the city where first he was buried. We are told on good authority that 'a pair of ravens kept within the cathedral precincts are popularly believed to be the same birds, which, according to the legend, miraculously guided the saint's vessel to the city.' St. Vincent is the patron saint of Lisbon, and 'the armorial bearings of the city, representing a ship and two ravens, commemorate the legend.'

In the history of these removals of saints, Dr. G. G. Coulton, in his *From St. Francis to Dante*, reminds us that St. Mary Magdalene is one of the most ubiquitous and elusive in the whole calendar. I cannot turn aside from her adventures. Coulton gives a pretty story told by Salimbene, the famous Franciscan historian, of the finding of a body of the Magdalene, 'whole save for one leg,' near Aix in Provence. We know nothing of the way she got there. 'When this body was found, her epitaph could scarce be read with a crystal glass, for the antiquity of the writing.'

Salimbene was living in the neighbourhood when this body was discovered, and he records a miracle which he feels confirms the story. A contention arose between a young butcher and an acquaintance concerning its truth. The dispute grew into a fight. The undevout man who believed not belaboured the devout man and dealt him many blows of his sword. 'Yet he with the Magdalene's help took no hurt. Then he who was devoted to the Magdalene smote the undevout man but once, and there needed no more; for

he straightway lost his life and found his death.' The champion of the Magdalene, fearful of the consequences, fled, but was caught and condemned to be hanged. In the night before his execution, as he lay awake in his cell, the Magdalene appeared to him, and said: 'Fear not, my servant, defender and champion of mine honour, for thou shalt not die'; and she made him a suitable admonition, which comforted him not a little, as well it might. 'Next day, when he was hanged on the gallows, yet his body felt neither harm nor pain; and suddenly, in the sight of all who had come to see, there flew swiftly down from heaven a dove, dazzling white as snow, and alighted on the gallows, and loosed the knot round the neck of the hanged man, its own devotee, and laid him on the ground wholly unhurt.' Yet in spite of this stupendous miracle, the officials would have hanged him again, but the band of butchers present in large numbers with swords and staves rescued their fellow-guildsman. Then he told his story. The multitude was satisfied, and praised God and the blessed Magdalene who had freed him.

This body was found in the year 1283, twelve centuries and a half after her death. The fate of the young butcher's antagonist shows that even in those ages of faith some there were who did not believe all they heard. In this instance happily so, for had not this sceptic been killed, this miracle had not been performed. But this was not the only time or place the Magdalene's body was discovered.

Vincent de Beauvais describes her translation from Aix to Vézelay in A.D. 746; though at that early date some men claimed that she was at Ephesus. In 898 her body was reported to be at Constantinople: in 1146 it was beyond doubt at Vézelay, and had been there for the previous four hundred years. In 1254 St. Louis went and worshipped it at Ste.-Baume, and again in 1267 the same king 'showed his impartiality by assisting in state at the solemn translation of the rival corpse of Vézelay.' There is some confusion in these statements which I cannot hope to straighten out. Sinigalia also claimed to have the body. But, as Salimbene declared, 'it is manifest that the body of the same woman cannot be in three places.' However, in 1281, Pope Martin IV. gave to the cathedral of Sens a rib from the Vézelay corpse, and declared in his accompanying Bull that this was the genuine body. This did not settle the controversy. Two years later, as attested by the miracles wrought on behalf of the believing

butcher, the body was found in the city of St. Maximin. Pope Innocent III., who was apt to treat all relics seriously, decided in such matters of doubt that 'it is better to commit all to God than to define rashly either way.' Where the body of the wandering Magdalene is now, no one can with safety even conjecture; but Professor Kent says that in Castile a shooting star is recognized as a departed soul, bound on its long journey, and lest it go astray the poor wandering soul is sped with a prayer, 'Dios te guia y la Magdalena.'

That the body of St. James should be taken from Jerusalem to Spain need therefore occasion no surprise. Fortunately the legends describe how it was done. As Mrs. Gallichan reminds us, difficult facts can be explained away by legends: 'and that is one reason why they hold so much more romance than history.' And romance would indeed be dead if it did not grow. Thus, to quote the simplest record, as given by the author just named: 'We learn that the disciples of the Apostle, accompanied by an angel of God, took charge of the holy body, which they bore by night to Joppa, where they found ready prepared for them a miraculous ship, in which they set sail, with favourable breezes and a calm sea, till, on the seventh day, they came to the harbour of the river at Iria, on the Galician coast.'

Some say that two of his Spanish converts thus conveyed his body to Joppa and thence to Spain. Others declare that the Apostle embarked himself in a boat which by the favour of God appeared to him at Joppa, and sailed alone for the West. He reached Barcelona, and then passed along the coast of Spain, through the straits into the Atlantic, and northward till he landed at Iria. The voyage occupied seven days—a short time, all things considered.

Another story has it, that the remains of James the Great are in the ancient church of St. Sernin or Saturnin in Toulouse; and the *Catholic Encyclopaedia*, in a praiseworthy and determined effort to be just to all the legends, says: 'It is not improbable that such sacred relics should have been divided between two churches.' This does not help matters much. If the remains were so divided, we still have no means of knowing whether St. James left part of himself on the coast of France, or whether part of him was sent to Toulouse by the disciples who conveyed the rest of him to Spain. It is of no consequence, for in later years the claims of Toulouse were quieted for ever. Even the *Catholic*

Encyclopaedia, notwithstanding its charity, goes against Toulouse. It declares that 'a strong argument in favour of the authenticity of the sacred relics of Compostella is the Bull of Leo XIII., "Omnipotens Deus," of November 1, 1884.' We agree with the *Encyclopaedia*: the Bull is a 'strong argument,' for without doubt his Holiness had probabilities, if not facts, on which to establish his opinion. Moreover, the Congregation of Rites recommended and agreed to the decision. And we are the more disposed to accept the decree of Leo XIII. because, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, in some unaccountable way, owing to the destruction of the Spanish Armada by the English in 1588, the body of the saint was entirely lost. Possibly St. James felt discouraged at the valour of an apostate nation or at the failure of his own people, and therefore mysteriously withdrew himself from sight. Nor was the body rediscovered for some years, and then only by miracle. The evidence for this is given in the Letters Apostolic just referred to. There is no further reason to doubt, and we may take up the story of the voyage and the landing and disposition of the body.

According to some accounts, the disciples took away from Jerusalem the body of St. James by night for fear of the Jews, 'and brought it into a ship, and committed unto the will of our Lord the sepulture of it, and went withal into the ship without sail or rudder. And by the conduct of the angel of our Lord they arrived in Galicia.' So, whether naturally or supernaturally, by angels or disciples or himself, the body reached Iria Flavia, or, as the place afterwards came to be called, El Padrón.

On approaching their destination, the voyagers beheld a wonder of which after generations made use. 'They beheld a man riding on the seashore, whose horse being restive, plunged into the sea, and then walked on the crests of the waves towards them. Suddenly, as they watched, both horse and rider sank beneath the water; but, after a brief space, they again appeared, covered over with shells. The shells were the convex bivalve, white inside. And the holy scallop-shell thus became the emblem of St. James, being formed by skilful craftsmen as talismans, which should guard from all harm those who sought the Apostle's shrine.' We shall hear more about these shells later on.

On getting to land, the body was taken out of the ship, and rested near the waterside on a stone, which hollowed itself out for the purpose, 'as it had been soft wax,' thus

becoming a tomb or coffin. Soon afterwards, either of its own volition and effort, or by the faithful disciples who some say had brought it thither, or by a tide higher than usual, or by devout though pagan fishermen who would show respect to the unknown dead, especially when washed up by the sea, the body was removed higher up on shore.

There is some diversity of story as to what was done with the body after this. One legend has it that the disciples went to the queen of that country, Lupa by name, who had turned a deaf ear to the Apostle when, during his mission in Spain, he had sought to convert her. They thus addressed her : ' Our Lord Jesu Christ hath sent to thee the body of His disciple, so that him that thou wouldest not receive alive thou shalt receive dead ' ; and then they recited to her the miracle by order, how they were come without any governaile of the ship, and required of her place convenable for his holy sepulture. Queen Lupa, who is not mentioned elsewhere in history, was by no means an amiable creature. Her name, we are told, was deserving of her life : ' which is as much to say in English as, a she-wolf.' She had no more love for the missionary from Palestine than Jezebel had for Elijah or Herodias for John the Baptist. So, making a pretence of goodwill, she sent the two disciples to a right cruel man, some say to the King of Spain, and he put them in prison : no doubt intending to get them out of the way.

From prison, while their custodian was at dinner, the angel of the Lord let them escape away all free. When the right cruel man discovered this, he was filled with wrath and sent knights after them. The knights essayed to cross a bridge, but the bridge brake, and they fell in the water and were drowned. The right cruel man had more grace than Queen Lupa. He repented, and sending more soldiers after the fugitives begged them to return. They did so, and under the favour of the right cruel man, converted the people of that city to the faith of God.

Then they betook themselves back to the queen, and told her what had happened. The story made no impression. The queen was by no means without further resources. She bade the disciples go to the mountains and get some oxen belonging to her, and draw up the body of their master. The oxen were wild bulls, which she knew would never allow themselves to be harnessed. In the fray she hoped the body would be overthrown and the men killed. Guileless and trustful, the disciples went to the mountain to get the so-

called oxen. On the way a dragon met them, spitting fire at them; but they made the sign of the cross, and the dragon broke into two pieces. Then they made the sign of the cross over the ferocious bulls, and anon they were as meek as lambs, and were readily yoked to the waggon; and forthwith, being neither governed nor driven, they drew the stone in which lay the body of St. James into the middle of the queen's palace. No further effort was needed to overcome the queen's obduracy. After seeing this wonder she was converted, baptized, and delivered unto the disciples all that they demanded, dedicated her palace into a church, and in due time ended her life in good works.

The ending of this romance is most pleasing, though the episode itself seems to have had no widespread effect on the conversion of Spain. One particularly likes the story of the dragon and the wild oxen. Neither Guy of Warwick nor George of Cappadocia got rid of their reptilian adversaries so easily; nor would one have supposed that the domestication of savage animals had been done no less expeditiously. These illustrations we owe to St. James. Had not his disciples taken his body to Spain, they had not encountered Queen Lupa. More than that, in the writer of this tale, which we may well believe was founded on facts accepted by him, we have a precursor of the modern historical novelist. A long way indeed from Sir Walter Scott, or Alexandre Dumas, or even G. P. R. James, but doing the same kind of work, and helping people to imagine the scenes and adventures of old time. Men have been known to get all the history they desire out of *Henry the Fifth* and *Quentin Durward* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, and never ask a question as to the exact veracity of any one of them. It was enough that the books were written, and it is enough that we have the story of the wicked but repentant Queen Lupa.

Leaving their royal convert, doubtless protected by her and perhaps following her counsel, the disciples continued their journey inland, and at last buried St. James in a fair marble sepulchre, which they may have found disused, or which a convert and his family might offer, as once Nicodemus did—so says the legend, the writer not being as familiar with the Gospel narratives as he should have been.

Then the Visigoths and the Moors came; the country passed through upheavals, and all memory of the tomb was lost.

Another tradition states that the disciples drew up the

body from the shore, and deposited it in a cave or grotto dedicated to Bacchus. A pagan deity thus became host to a Christian apostle. This may be an exaggeration, for it is hard to believe that the votaries of that jovial and scandal-making god would set him down in a damp, dark cavern; or, on the other hand, that the men who loved St. James and had served him so well would consider such a place as suitable for so sacred a purpose. But the tradition became popular, and both the grotto and the shells referred to above were associated lastingly with St. James. In that dismal depository, so men believed, the body of St. James remained, hidden and forgotten, for nearly eight hundred years. No one remembered how he was taken there. No one seems to have thought of him at all. Perhaps the world at large never surmised but that his body was still at Jerusalem, lost among the dust and debris of the ages. Spain alone had the treasure, of which she dreamed not, and the glory of which was destined to make her famous among the nations.

We do not wonder that, after the body was recovered those hundreds of years later, a notion prevailed that St. James had been lonely in his grave, which had been made in the wilds far out of the way. We can scarcely imagine anything more lonesome, isolated, uncanny, dreary. It is said that, when they died, the two disciples, who had remained with him to the very last, were buried one on either side of him, and, according to some stories, they were so found. If the ideas of those times are trustworthy, this may have been some comfort to him; but better than such companionship was an assurance given by God Himself: 'Don't mind: for all men born have to come and visit you, and those who do not come while they are alive will come after death.' The procession did not begin for a long time, but it still goes on. In the star dust of the Milky Way may be seen the innumerable souls that are making the journey to Santiago. The loneliness of St. James has gone by for ever!

It is possible that some readers will take these legends as romance, if not as clear invention; as we said just now, a sort of novel-writing, like some much earlier Egyptian tales. But the reader must not be carried away by opinions generated in a sceptical and irreligious age. Suppose the legends do seem far-fetched and fictitious, things are not always what they seem; and when these stories came to light, they were accepted by plenty of believers. Even prelates and scholars saw nothing in them incredible. More wonderful marvels

than these had happened. And what mattered a silence of eight hundred years? Did not such a silence enhance the genius of those who could bridge it, and speak of the events which lay beyond it as though they were of yesterday?

And it should be remembered that in times gone by these legends were not questioned or contradicted because they were adjudged lacking in verity, or even in verisimilitude, but because the claims built on them interfered with some policy or theory. Thus Pope Gregory VII., in his attempt to establish the suzerainty of the see of St. Peter over all Christendom, began his reign in 1073 by affronting Castilian prejudice with the statement that the kingdom of Spain, though long occupied by the pagans, belonged to St. Peter alone. He forgot St. James altogether, but St. James did not forget the affront. Even as late as 1603, Pope Clement VIII., jealous of the pretensions of the Spaniards as regards the Apostle, made some alterations in the words of the Breviary, casting doubts on the entire story of St. James's coming to Spain. But history informs us the vigorous remonstrances of Philip III. induced the Pope to modify his criticisms, and twenty years later the saint was restored by Urban VIII. to his full ecclesiastical honours. Later popes, as we have seen, testified, one even vigorously, to the truth of the legends, though some had disliked their application.

Thus we leave St. James sleeping his long sleep in a place forgotten by everybody, and unknown to all the world, and destined for centuries to be utterly unheard of, not a word of the legends written till his body was discovered.

And the body was discovered just when it was needed.

CHAPTER XI

THE EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS IN SPAIN

BEFORE we take up the story of the discovery and translation of the body of St. James, we shall endeavour to emphasize the significance and to give a brief and pertinent sketch, or rather suggestion, of the ages of silence.

'Eight hundred years' describes a long time, and in that time many changes, some tremendous, if not fundamental, are sure to happen. Perhaps we may easier realize this fact if we consider it from our present point of view.

Looking back, then, from the twentieth century over 'the eternal landscape of the past' to the twelfth century, we behold, as we should expect, a world living, intense, active, and real. In essentials it is not so different from the world we know as to hinder us from recognizing it, but in endless incidents, innumerable particulars, and many general features it is so strange and unfamiliar that we think and speak of it as having a development and being enshrouded in a mystery to us foreign, beyond understanding and for us practically impossible. The physical phenomena of the country remain much the same: the mountains, rivers, plains, and cities. The men and women differ not from us in nature, either in spiritual or moral qualities or in mental capacity. They do good things and bad things even as we. At times they shock and perplex us, but not more so than we should shock and perplex them could they but see us. Their virtues are sometimes splendid and their crimes not infrequently enormous, as ours would seem to them. They knew much that we do not know, and we know much that they knew not. Passion and ambition were the same in them as they are in us. They were as human as we are human, notwithstanding the variations in costume, habit, pursuit, speech, and outlook.

And yet it is indeed another world—not really more romantic and picturesque than our own, or less visionary or grotesque, as we sometimes picture it; but different! We have our wonderful men, demi-gods if you will: so had they. And yet different! Then was the age of crusades

and knights and tournaments, of glistening armour and feathered arrows, of trouvères and jongleurs and minnesingers, and of architects such as they who built Durham, Lincoln, Canterbury, Seville, Pisa, and Venice; and kings after the fashion of Frederick Barbarossa, Henry Plantagenet, and Louis the Seventh; and popes of the kind of Hildebrand and Innocent III.; and scholars such as Abélard, Maimonides, and St. Bernard—a world mighty in vision and achievement, with leaders in themselves still more mighty. Then in the fullness of its power, with all its tyranny, gorgeousness, and selfishness on the one hand, and helpfulness on the other, feudalism flourished, or rather, perhaps, what is indefinitely styled as such. Every man was some one else's man, till the long series of obligations reached either the emperor or the supreme pontiff, and which of them was God's man remained for ever past finding out. Thomas of Canterbury died rather than put his hands between the king's hands. St. Anselm suffered banishment by refusing investiture from the Red King. The political and social rights of the people, as distinguished from those of princes, barons, prelates, and other dignitaries of State or Church, had scarcely been thought of, much less formulated; neither had Magna Charta been enacted, nor had the Forest Cantons so much as dreamed of their famous League.

Eight hundred years since, notwithstanding the daring of Mediterranean and Western voyager, the farther shores of the Atlantic were unknown. America still awaited discovery. No ship had rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Men continued to think the world was flat, and the sun journeyed under and over it. Puck might indeed put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes; but there were neither railways nor steamboats nor printing presses; and electrical inventions which have brought the ends of the world together were still deep down in the depths of thousands and tens of thousands of nights. Sanitation had no place even in kings' palaces. Indeed, much as the Mohammedan indulged in baths and inculcated cleanliness, most Christian folk loved dirt, and left their bodies unwashed and their pools of filth undrained. The more begrimed and pediculous the saint, the more saint was he. Pestilence stalked through town and village, destroying and killing without let or hindrance, and the people burned herbs in their houses and submitted themselves to Providence. They thought much of the Cross and nothing of the shovel. Still

more did they attribute their misfortunes to God than suspect their own shortcomings. In those days surgery and medicine had scarcely begun to emerge from their primitive rudeness, haphazard adventure, or mysterious magic.

But the arts were waking up from their long slumber, and in the early, cheery dawn architecture caught the vision that her greatest glory lay in forest arches and massive trees. A century yet remained before poetry would display herself, as she has only thrice displayed herself in the history of the world, and Dante once and for all would lift the veil of the Unseen, but literature had felt the early pulsations of her revival: lyrics and ballads were heard in the land, and the *Nibelungenlied* and the Arthurian legends were told in castle hall and abbey garth by travelling minstrels. Morning was coming indeed, but the day that should break would show a world which the child of the twentieth century can scarcely understand or appreciate.

The changes that happened in Spain in the eight hundred years between the burial of St. James at Iria Flavia and the discovery of his body in the beginning of the ninth century were in many respects as numerous, significant, and far-reaching as those which I have suggested as occurring in the last eight hundred years. In the three or four centuries between these two periods St. James attained to the splendour and influence which made so great a contrast between the fisherman of Galilee and the patron saint of Spain—an ascension out of twilight into meridian glory.

At the time when St. James was laid in the darkness of the grotto at Iria, Spain was still part of the empire, and remained such till in the fourth century the Visigoth came. Theodosius, the last emperor of the world, and himself a Spaniard, made brave efforts to keep back the invader. He is described, on the favourable side of his character, as devout and noble-minded, a firm believer in the Christian religion, an able general, and a determined statesman; but, on the other hand, he was cruel, remorseless, superstitious, passionate, bigoted, self-willed. He has been called the first Christian Inquisitor. After his death, in 395, came the century of depression and misery, the struggles with Alaric and Attila, and the disruption of the Western Empire, in which Spain, with its boundless cornfields and its inexhaustible mines, in many particulars the richest and most important of all the provinces, fell into the hands of the barbarians—the Visigoths holding in check the Vandals, Suebi and Alans.

In the reign of Leovigild, who died in 586, the greatest of the Visigothic kings of Spain, the country once more attained a prosperity and tranquillity such as prevailed in the best days of its past, the Arian heresy was abandoned by the court, and Roman, Visigoth, and Spaniard, indeed all the races of the Peninsula, lost much of their antagonism and their antipathy to intermarriage.

Nineteen kings of Gothic race reigned in Spain after the death of Leovigild till, in the early part of the eighth century, the Moor came, and step by step brought the country within the dominion of the Crescent. Innumerable and extravagant legends have grown up around the name of Roderick, 'the last of the Goths': enchanted towers, lovely and distressful damsels, avenging sires, milk-white steeds, flights and pursuits—all the incidents of romance, 'investing,' says Burke, 'with a halo of chivalry and sentiment the uncertain tale of the decay and destruction of the Visigothic Empire in Spain, and of the triumph of the Moslem in Europe.' By the year 714, Roderick had fallen in battle, and all Spain south of the Pyrenees had passed into the hands of the Mohammedan.

Decay had been long going on, or the kingdom had not so easily fallen. During the reign of the later Gothic kings, so weak and insignificant were they, the real rulers of the country were the bishops and clergy. It is true that Christ declared that His kingdom was not of this world, yet again and again the Church has produced prelates who have displayed extraordinary ability in managing secular affairs. Of these, perhaps, history tells of few greater than Isidore of Seville. Born of a noble and wealthy family, about the year 560, and educated in a monastery, on the death of his brother Leander in 599 he became archbishop of Seville, and held that see till 636. His scholarship and reading were extensive. 'Profoundly versed in the Latin as well as in the Christian literature,' says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 'his indefatigable intellectual curiosity led him to condense and reproduce in encyclopaedic form the fruit of his wide reading. His works, which include all topics—science, canon law, history, and theology—are unsystematic and largely uncritical, merely reproducing at second hand the substance of such sources as were available.' He was a great authority in the Middle Ages. But, in his management of his office and in the part he played in the provincial and national councils, he had a far more profound influence in

the organization and life of the Church in Spain. Burke gives him high praise. 'Isidore is undoubtedly the greatest writer as well as the greatest churchman of Visigothic Spain, and one of the worthiest saints in her calendar.' Perhaps he is chiefly remembered for his Mozarabic Liturgy and his *History of the Goths*. The eighth council of Toledo declared him to be the 'Egregious Doctor of Spain.'

The most distinguished of the pupils of St. Isidore was St. Ildefonso, made metropolitan of Toledo in 658, and for ten years the ruler of Spain. He enjoyed the extraordinary favour of a personal visit from the Blessed Virgin; and lest the sceptically inclined reader should dismiss this statement as an idle tale, we are told on the best authority that the legend is received with the fullest assurance of faith by some of the most learned and critical of Spanish scholars. One morning, we are told, the Virgin came down from heaven, and attended matins in the cathedral at Toledo, sitting in the archbishop's seat. No one has sat there since. It was attempted, but angels instantly expelled the intruder. The service ended, St. Mary placed on Ildefonso's shoulders a cassock which she assured him came from the treasures of her Son. This cassock, known as La Casulla, has never been worn by any other man. When Ildefonso's successor put it on it nearly strangled him. At the Moorish invasion it was taken to Oviedo, and is said to be still there in the ancient chest at the cathedral. A shrine has been erected over the exact spot in the church at Toledo where the Virgin appeared, and Ford tells us that encased in red marble is the slab on which the Virgin really alighted, with the inscription, 'Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.' Ildefonso becomingly expressed his gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for her consideration of him by writing a treatise, *De Virginitate S. Mariae*—a document still extant, but inappropriate for translation. By his devotion San Ildefonso reached a high place in Spanish esteem—indeed, second in honour only to St. James of Compostella.

After the conquest, the Moors, especially kindly disposed towards the Jews, were not severe on the Christians. They were rather disagreeable than harsh. They demanded heavy taxes and liberal gratuities of their Christian subjects, and they would have been exultant at their conversion to the Prophet, but so long as the revenues came in regularly and freely, and there was no open rebellion, they were not exacting in the matter of religion. Indeed, Abd-ar-Rahman,

appointed by the Caliph in 721 to be Amir or governor of Spain, a man of strict justice, honest, vigorous, and enlightened, was scrupulously anxious to reconcile the people to his rule. He confirmed them in the peaceful possession of their churches and of their lands and property of every description. And though there were no less than twenty Amirs bearing authority within the first forty years of the Moorish occupation of Spain, so long as the inhabitants refrained from opposing the government their rights were jealously guarded and no attempt was made to draw them from Christianity. It is true that the victory won by Charles Martel over Abd-ar-Rahman in October 732, just one hundred years after the death of Mohammed, checked for ever the progress of Islamism beyond the Pyrenees, yet little bitterness seems to have been felt towards the conquered people of the Peninsula.

We do not purpose, nor have we the time, even to sketch the events which marked the ascendancy and the decline of Mohammedan power in Spain. We can only refer to some incidents which may serve to illustrate the activities and changes taking place during St. James's long sleep in the grotto at Iria. It is an exciting and epoch-making period—a story of attempts made ever and anon to break the strength of the Moors ; of repressions, sometimes decisive, sometimes conditional, and at other times unsuccessful, till at last the tables turned and the invader was driven out ; and of heroes and exploits on both sides which won fame in history and exaggeration in romance. On the whole, the Saracen, in bravery, nobility of character, generosity, and broad-mindedness, compares favourably with the Christian. In art and learning he even excelled, while his fanaticism, cruelty, and zeal were not infrequently tempered by a sense of justice and pity almost unknown to his opponents. Possibly the impartial historian would decline balancing the virtues or vices of either side. On the battlefield there is opportunity for the outburst of rage and passion, of wrath unbridled and of thirst for blood insatiable, and also for the exercise of courage, mercy, and forbearance. But when one side is struggling for independence and freedom, and the other is bent on holding what it has won or acquired, the fierceness of war shows itself in unalleviated fury and unmitigated force. The fight is to the death. There were few left wounded on those battlefields of Spain. Both sides killed and slaughtered without remorse. They even believed they

were giving glory to God; and that God was brightening their eyes, hardening their bodies, and pointing their spears. War was unfortunate, but it was not wrong.

Of this prolonged struggle, lasting in some part or other of Spain for seven hundred years, we shall say but little. While St. James slept, men died, women and children suffered, the country was devastated, and angels' robes were wet with tears. By and by we shall see that he came back to consciousness, and gave of his strength to save the land which he had once converted.

But let us turn to happier scenes: to Cordoba, 'the bride of Andalusia,' set up in the spring of 756 as the capital of the Amirs and Caliphs of Spain. An Arab writer declares: 'Cordoba was to Andalusia what the head is to the body, or what the breast is to the lion.' Here for thirty-two years reigned the first Abd-ar-Rahman, and when he died, in 788, the kingdom of Cordoba had become, says Burke, one of the most powerful, and certainly by far the most enlightened, of the commonwealths of Europe. And here glory remained for four hundred years—'the most beautiful, the most magnificent, the most luxurious, the most civilized city of mediaeval Europe in the tenth century.'

From the early days of Mussulman rule in Spain, Cordoba set itself up as a rival to Mecca. It would be the sacred city of the western Mohammedan world. Here on the site of a Visigothic church, which had itself been built on the ruins of a Roman temple, dedicated to Janus, Abd-ar-Rahman I. founded a mosque, to which he gave the name of Zeca or House of Purification, and which was destined in the course of two centuries and a half to become, after the Kaaba at Mecca, the largest and most beautiful Islam building in the world, and but a little less in size than St. Peter's at Rome. In the days of its greatest splendour it had nineteen gateways of bronze, and four thousand seven hundred lamps, fed with perfumed oil. Its gorgeous roof was supported by twelve hundred columns of porphyry, jasper, and many-coloured marbles, dividing into nineteen aisles longitudinally and twenty-nine transversely. Its sanctuary was paved with silver and inlaid with rich mosaics. Most wonderful, perhaps, was the pulpit of ivory and choice woods in thirty-six thousand separate panels, many encrusted with precious stones and fastened with gold nails. But the most valued treasure of the Zeca had been secured in the eighth century: some of the bones of Mohammed himself. These relics

became the wonder and envy of all Spain, of Christian no less than of Mohammedan.

Besides the great mosque were many smaller ones, and a number of palaces. The beauty of these palaces may be judged from an Arab description of the one called 'Damascus.' The writer was carried away by his enthusiasm. 'All palaces in the world are nothing when compared to Damascus, for not only has it gardens with the most delicious fruits and sweet-smelling flowers, beautiful prospects and limpid running waters, clouds pregnant with aromatic dew, and lofty buildings, but its night is always perfumed, for morning pours on it her grey amber, and night her black musk.'

Even the principal roads approaching Cordoba had their inns or rest-houses, exquisitely built and furnished at the expense of the State, where free of charge the traveller could repose and obtain an idea of the glories awaiting him. In the city itself, he beheld with ever-increasing astonishment building after building, gardens, fountains, squares and streets, dreams of loveliness, the Palace of Flowers, the Palace of Contentment, and the Palace of Lovers, structures second only to the splendour of the great mosque or Mezquita, or the Damascus itself; while in one of the suburbs, under the shadow of the mountain, once covered with oaks and beeches, and now with fig-trees, almonds, and pomegranates, stood Az Zahra, the most wonderful of all palaces, a fairy edifice of which we are told no words could paint the magnificence. This was the most perfect and elaborate building of the age, set in grounds extending some four thousand feet from east to west and two thousand two hundred feet from north to south. Day by day, for forty years, ten thousand workmen are said to have been employed, and the wealth and resources of the Caliph were freely lavished on its construction. 'Travellers from distant lands,' Mr. Burke says, 'men of all ranks and professions, princes, ambassadors, merchants, pilgrims, theologians and poets, all agreed that they had never seen in the course of their travels anything that could be compared with Az Zahra, and that no imagination, however fertile, could have formed an idea of its beauties.' Not a vestige of this marvellous creation of art and fancy, of resplendent extravagance, remains even to mark the spot on which it stood; else, so competent authorities declare, we could afford to despise the Alhambra and all the other works of the declining ages of Moorish art.

This then was the Mohammedan metropolis of the West.

No wonder that its ruler proclaimed himself Caliph. The city beside the noble Guadalquivir became both the pride and the envy of all Spain. Here culture and education had a development scarcely equalled since classical times. The wisdom and skill of its physicians increased the lustre of its fame. As a religious centre, with its theological schools and mighty masters of Mohammedan learning, it attracted large numbers of students and professors. Maulvis and fakirs, the scribes and pharisees and mendicants of Islam, abounded there. Fanaticism and splendour went hand in hand to extend the pretensions of the Prophet ; and in the city which Rome and Constantinople might envy, but neither Athens nor Jerusalem could reproduce, many Christian renegades found themselves happy under the considerate rule of the Caliphs and prosperous from the privileges allowed them.

And yet it is probable that both Mohammedans and Christians attributed much of the superiority of Cordoba, not to the taste, ambition, or wealth of the Caliphs, but rather to the possession of some of the bones of the Prophet. These sacred relics not only attracted pilgrims, but also inspired builders and artists. They assured peace and plenty to all who revered them. They conveyed blessing to the faithful, and created jealousy in the unbeliever. And jealousy begot emulation, and emulation opened the Christian treasure-house. Therein were soon discovered fragments and articles associated with saints and angels which in mystery and efficacy outstripped the fondest inventions of either pagan or Moslem. The left heel of Mohammed, if such were the Zeca's object of adoration, would lose its virtue when the cave at Iria revealed the body of an Apostle of that Lord compared with whom Mohammed was thin and weak as dust.

It is not, however, to be implied that the peaceful and prosperous possession of Cordoba meant that all Spain had passed under the sway of the invader. The struggle between Moor and Spaniard went on with varying vigour and success in many parts of the country. In some regions the Spaniard held his own, and native princes still assumed title and dignity, and endeavoured to administer law. Not infrequently they entered into alliances with the more powerful Mohammedan ; and ever and anon rebellion broke out in districts more decisively subject to foreign rule, and the repression thereof generally tended to the strengthening of the Moorish conqueror. Then the tide turned, and little by

little, after lengthened and stupendous effort, the Spaniard regained his own, and the alien was driven out or subjugated.

Thus in North-western Spain, the hiding-place of Gothic, Roman, and Iberian refugees, under the leadership of Pelayo, who was described by his enemies as a 'despicable barbarian,' and by his friends as the 'saga-celebrated saviour of Christianity in the Peninsula,' and from whom the sovereigns of Spain derive their ancestry, the kingdom of Asturias, which included Galicia and Leon, maintained its own. No more romantic story has been written than that of the defence made by Pelayo and his little band in the cave of Covadonga. 'The rebels,' says an Arabian annalist, 'had no other food for support than the honey which they gathered in the crevices of the rock which they themselves inhabited like so many bees.' So insignificant did the bellicose natives appear, that the Moslems despised them: 'What are thirty barbarians perched upon a rock?' A fatal mistake! 'Would to God,' says another Arabian writer, 'that the Moslems had then extinguished at once the sparks of a fire which was destined to consume the whole dominions of Islam in these parts!'

When the decisive battle was fought in the narrow defiles of Covadonga, the Marathon of Spain, in the year 718, under the leadership of Pelayo, 'the contemptible Goth,' the Moors were driven back with terrible slaughter. A hundred and fifty years later, a Christian bishop gravely asserted that a hundred and twenty-four thousand of the invaders were killed, and another sixty-three thousand were drowned in the river. Paulus Diaconus, who should have known the facts, if anybody did, tells us that 'the rest they ran away' into France, where three hundred and seventy-five thousand of them were slain. These numbers are the more astonishing, and the story of Pelayo is the more bewildering, when we learn that this part of the country, including much of Galicia and Cantabria, was never for any length of time occupied by the Moors, and the hill country was never penetrated by them. Nor could an army of over four hundred and fifty thousand men have been moved through those deep glens: or even fed. However, it was a famous victory, and did much to discourage the invaders from venturing into the mountain fastnesses. Pelayo was elected king by his grateful countrymen, and in his realm, if such it can be called, were laid the foundations of the future kingdom of Spain; and though later the country passed under

Moslem suzerainty, yet it still retained an appreciable independence and even strengthened its characteristics. Pelayo began a line of kings which lasted for three hundred years, and then continued itself in the Castilian dynasty. Of these kings, Alfonso II., the reputed grandson of Pelayo, and surnamed 'the Chaste,' reigned from 791 to 842. He is shrouded in legend, but the little that we know of him suggests a wise, pious, and able ruler. He seems to have held his own against the Moors, perhaps rather by judiciously arranged tribute than by force of arms. Neither Moslem nor Christian was strong enough either on the one side to invade or on the other side to repel: therefore both entered into compromises, one of which allowed mixed marriages. Such a concession was distasteful enough to Christian people, but had it not been accepted, still more hateful would have been the annual tribute, to be paid in kind, of one hundred Christian maidens demanded by the Arabs of Cordoba. Burke states that some authors treat this latter condition as sober history, and it may be founded on some incident now forgotten. But as it stands, in spite of its fame and plausibility, it is undoubtedly simple fiction.

It was in the reign of Alfonso II. that the body of St. James the Great was discovered, and the eight hundred years came to an end.

CHAPTER XII

CHARLEMAGNE AND RONCESVALLES

THOSE, too, were the days of Charlemagne, who from his grandfather Charles Martel and his father Pippin the Short inherited the ambition not only of becoming master of a united empire, but also of driving the Moslem out of Europe. Great in history, he is still greater in romance. Ursa Major, once associated with Odin, becomes 'Karlswagen' in German and 'Charles's Wain' in English—though some folklorists say that the latter is a corruption of 'Churl's Wain' or peasant's cart: a disagreeable conjecture. He became king of the Franks in 768, being then about twenty-six years old, and he was crowned emperor in Rome by Leo III., on Christmas Day in 800. Few men have played a more important part in the world's life than he. There was scarcely any part of Europe where his power did not make itself felt. He is described as a big, robust man, 'about seven of his own feet' in height, with rather primitive ideas of sexual morality, able to read but not to write, devoted to scholarship and to ecclesiastical as well as to imperial affairs, mighty in organization though not in war, a voluminous law-maker, a magnificent builder, and a firm and faithful friend. He rarely missed sight of anything, great or small, which served his ambition and strengthened his purpose. His devotion to the Church was whole-hearted and absolute. His theology was as virulent as his superstition. To enhance his reputation, legend spoke of him as a martyr suffering for the Faith. He loved saints and worshipped relics, though he warned the people against having too many of either. On him rests the responsibility of the *filioque* in the Nicene Creed. In 1165 he was canonized, and such kings as Louis XI. united in strict orders that the feast of the saint should be observed.

Many celebrated and learned men adorned his court and secured his confidence: among them Alcuin, the English scholar; Paulus Diaconus, the author of the *History of the Goths* already alluded to in these pages; and Eginhard, who wrote *De Vita Caroli Magni*, which has been justly styled

'one of the most precious literary bequests of the early Middle Ages,' all the more trustworthy since the great emperor's secretary and confidant knew his master intimately, admired him unselfishly, and judged him fairly.

More famous than these, at least in legend if not in history, was Turpin, archbishop of Rheims. He is probably to be identified with Tilpin, who held that see the third before the celebrated Hincmar; but through all the centuries and in all the *chansons de geste* he is known as Turpin. The old ballads are loud in his praises: 'By such a priest as he has mass never been chanted.' He was a courageous man, as well on a battlefield as in a council chamber; though his war-spirit and love of adventure make the modern reader think rather of the highwayman than of an archbishop. Possibly legend has attributed to him more deeds of valour than he actually accomplished. His immediate predecessor was one Milo, afterwards bishop of Trier, who was created archbishop by Charles Martel in place of a deposed prelate named Rigobert. This Milo undoubtedly had military propensities, and he was once sent by the king on a mission to the very people, the Vascones or Basques, who caused the disaster at Roncesvalles. Be this as it may, Turpin got the credit of exploits which made him more famous as a warrior than as a priest. If he did not literally live, he should have done so, for the world is all the better for heroes such as he. So said the *Chanson de Roland*: 'Would to God indeed that many more were like him!' As a creation he reflects credit on his inventor.

On the other hand, if he may be identified with Tilpin, it is fairly certain that he became archbishop of Rheims about the year 753, and died in 794, or, according to some authorities, on September 2, 800. He was one of twelve bishops of France who attended a council held at Rome under Pope Stephen III. in 769.

This is all that history says of him. But Archbishop Turpin in legend is a much more interesting character. The first to mention him is Raoul de Torlaine, a monk of Fleury, writing from 1096 to 1145. He is said to have written a book entitled *Historia Karoli Magni et Rotholandi*; and in the year 1122 Pope Calixtus II. declared the book to be authentic. With such an imprimatur, the book had a wide diffusion, and it revived the fervour of the pilgrimages to St. James of Compostella. In it is related an apparition of St. James to Charlemagne. The saint orders the emperor

to come into Spain and to follow with his army the direction of the Milky Way, which thenceforth was called the 'Path of St. James.' We shall have more to say of this legend later on.

But modern scholarship holds that the first five chapters of this chronicle attributed to Archbishop Turpin were written about the middle of the eleventh century by a monk of Compostella, and the remainder between 1109 and 1119 by a monk of St. André de Vienne. The latter author, thinking it would add dignity and authority to the work, boldly ascribed it to the archbishop. The second part, being inspired by the *chansons de geste* and the traditions, thus preserving an ancient form of the legends, is of real literary importance. The whole book was translated into French as early as 1206, and before the end of the century four more versions were made. I need scarcely add that the Chronicle of Turpin was quoted frequently by Ariosto in his *Orlando Furioso*.

So clearly and distinctly does Archbishop Turpin stand out in legend, not only as having part in the glorification of the Apostle of Compostella, but also as having a spirit like unto that valiant son of thunder, that we regard him as one of the important productions of his age. He had both the ear and the heart of the great emperor. He was not only his confessor and perhaps the most trusted of his counsellors, but he was also one of his twelve paladins. We picture him, therefore, both as bishop and knight, a hero of cross and sword, in church singing *Te Deum* lustily and with good courage, and on the battlefield no less vigorously shouting war-cries and hurling to perdition souls which under other circumstances he would have given his life to save.

But of all the events that happened in Charlemagne's reign, more important than his tremendous influence on the relations of Church and State, or his incorporation of Teutonic lands in the Holy Roman Empire, so far as legend is concerned, none is more popular or more fascinating than the adventures of Roland in the wild gorge of Roncesvalles. The date of the immortal episode is said to have been August 18, 778, and the conditions known to history may be simply and briefly told in a few sentences.

Soon after the Easter of that year, Charlemagne crossed the Pyrenees with an army, moved not so much, as one would naturally suppose, 'by pity for the groans of the Spanish Christians under Saracen oppression,' as by an

invitation to take sides in a dispute which had divided the Moorish conquerors. His army gathered at Caesar-Augusta, now Saragossa, and made an expedition against Pamplona, which place he took and razed to the ground. He met with little other success, and after a few months of useless effort he began his retreat. The main army had gone through the valley, when an ambush of mountaineers attacked the baggage-train and rearguard. The struggle was soon over. The whole of the rearguard was cut to pieces, and among the nobles who fell were Eggihard the seneschal, Anselm the count of the palace, and Hruodland the prefect or guardian of the Breton march or frontier. No one has told the story more impartially or attractively than Dr. Thomas Hodgkin in his *Life of Charles the Great*.

Legend, however, as every schoolboy knows, dealt freely and excitingly with the episode. Roland became the most conspicuous and the best beloved hero of the Middle Ages. Not even Leonidas at Thermopylae has a more glorious immortality than he. The minstrels 'said a thousand beautiful things concerning his life and his heroic death'; and long after the disaster of Roncesvalles, his was a name to conjure with, as was done when 'Norman Taillefer sang as he spurred his horse and tossed his sword aloft before the battle of Hastings.' He was the ideal of a warrior which nations other than his own entertained. So Shakespeare in the First Part of *Henry the Sixth* makes Reignier, duke of Anjou, say :—

> 'Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
> England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
> During the time Edward the Third did reign.'

But as Roland had nothing to do with St. James of Compostella, we are not so much concerned with him—not even with his valiant deeds in the field, his breaking of his spear, or the deadly blows he dealt with his good sword Durenda; or his grief over the death of Oliver, whom he loved so well; or his own brave end, when he bade his attendants lay him with his face towards Spain, so that Charlemagne should not think he turned his back to his foes, and the archangel Gabriel took his right-hand glove which he proffered to God, and he folded his hands, and God sent His angels to carry his soul to Paradise. It was a lost battle, but no true soul was lost.

We need not tell the story of that sad day. A place where

melancholy reigned. A dismal gorge. 'High are the hills,' says the old chanson, 'and the valleys dark; the rocks are bleak, and the country strange and fearful.' And an awful gloom prevailed not only in the pass itself, but, while the battle raged, far away, 'very great darkness over all the land'—'the darkness was very thick, and neither sun nor moon could give their accustomed light.' And no such dire slaughter, not in the memory of mortal man—

> 'When Roland brave and Oliver,
> And every paladin and peer,
> On Roncesvalles died.'

And still may travellers as they pass through the valley in the drear, shadowy eventide hear the battle-cry 'Montjoie,' and the winding of Roland's horn Olifaunt. The souls of that bitter defeat, says one wanderer, are there yet.

More to us, as concerning St. James, is Archbishop Turpin, and among the heroes of Roncesvalles none displayed more daring than he: lion-hearted, ever hopeful, ceaseless in energy. He is one of the mighty spirits, peer of Roland and Oliver, passing hither and thither through the host, cheering, fighting, blessing, killing, settling disputes, ready for aught that comes to hand. Here he celebrates mass and consecrates knights and soldiers. Yonder he pledges heaven itself as a return for every life. 'Vassals of God,' he cries, 'ye shall inherit crowns of glory and God will reward you with His blessed paradise! Ye shall have your seats among the saints! Ye shall rest among the blessed angels in the land where no coward shall ever come!' He turns aside to kill a sorcerer whom Jupiter had once by devilish arts led to hell. 'Such blows rejoice me greatly,' said Roland when he heard of it. He met a Saracen felon, with countenance blacker than molten pitch, and fearful in the pride of his anger. Said the archbishop softly to himself, 'Methinks this vile heathen hath but a short time to live.' And so it was. He fell lifeless upon a spot where yet no corpse lay. The Franks who beheld the combat shouted for joy. 'Full well,' said they, 'does the archbishop know how to defend the Cross!' And again Roland sang his praises. 'A noble knight is Turpin, and on all the earth we shall never find his equal!'

Indeed, than the archbishop none knew better how to handle lance and blade. Nor could none hate more vigorously and at the same time more righteously than he. Before

he received the wound which in the end proved fatal, he laid five of the foe in the dust. But he was sore driven, and through his body passed four of the enemies' lances. Even then he wielded his burnished sword Almice, and laid about him. St. Michael himself fought no less furiously against the fallen angels. 'Soon,' so runs the chanson, 'are four hundred pagans lying stretched around him; some of them are gashed with wounds, some pierced athwart the body, and some there are whose heads are severed from their bodies.' It was a tremendous exploit, even for an archbishop. Some may question its verity. The chronicler suspected that possibility, for he adds: 'So runs the ancient annal, and so Saint Giles relates who saw the battle, and recorded all the deeds thereof in the monastery of Laom'; and he adds, there being nothing else to say: 'He who contradicts knows nothing of the matter.'

But the archbishop was not dead yet. He lived to see the turn of the tide. Notwithstanding the four spear-thrusts through him, and blood dripping from every wound, he stood with Roland and helped to drive back the Saracens. They fled, even as the host of Sisera fled before Barak. 'There was not a man left.' And the slaughter over, Roland went to the archbishop. 'And quickly he unlaced his helmet, and drew aside his comely hauberk, and the coat below his armour he wholly rent in pieces, for a part of it would he take to staunch his gaping wounds. And right tenderly did he press him to his breast, and gently he laid him down upon the green sward, if perchance the cool air might bring him some refreshment.' Then Roland went over the field and searched the valleys and the mountains for the bodies of his friends who had died. One by one he carried the bodies, and placed them all in order before the archbishop's knees. Then the archbishop absolved and blessed them, and commended them to the God of glory. Roland was overcome with emotion, and fainted. The archbishop, indefatigable as ever, tried to fetch water from a brook near at hand. He was too weak for the effort and dropped by the way. Roland recovered in time to see the archbishop look up to heaven, clasp his hands together, and die.

Roland had still strength and mind enough left to lament his dead friend: 'Fair lord and knight of noble lineage,' said he, not forgetting that the archbishop was of no common stock, 'now do I commend thee to the God of heaven! Never was a man on earth who served Him more willingly,

and since the time of the Apostles never was such a prophet, either to keep his word or to draw the souls of men. And now mayest thou feel no more the pangs of grief and suffering, and mayest thou find the gates of paradise open to receive thee!'

No such eulogy was uttered over the martyred body of St. James the Great, so far as we know, but Turpin deserved it. 'All his life,' says the poet, 'had he been a valiant champion against the heathen both in word and deed; and now may God grant him His holy benediction!'

In due time Charlemagne recovered the bodies of Roland and Oliver his noble comrade and the wise and valiant Turpin. They were placed in white coffins, and were taken to Blaye, on the other side of the Gironde, and there in the church of St. Romain, according to the chanson, 'are they lying even now.'

It was a glorious ending to a useful and tempestuous life. Few archbishops have an ending nearly so glorious, and few archbishops live in song and legend so happily. But, alas! neither song nor legend contains a shadow of truth. If Turpin lived at all, he did not die at Roncesvalles. He should have done so, for in reading the *Chanson de Roland* one becomes warmly attached to the brave old prelate and gets to wish him well, and above all a splendid finish to life. Only, other stories, of no less authority, speak of him as living for some years after the fight in the mountains, and as having further part in the career of Charlemagne. I admit that I may have become somewhat confused about dates and legends. I am conscious that I am wandering over a quagmire rather than journeying over firm ground. But I am doing the best I can, and if in this intricate study I chance hereabouts to mislead, I shall be more sorry than I can imagine the reader to be.

And yet, lacking in veracity as the legend seems to be, it has not lived in vain. The story of Roncesvalles has gladdened the heart of many a youth and inspired many a man with courage, perseverance, and faith. Perhaps they whom it has helped most have thought little of the reality of the heroes or the events. The tradition appealed to their consciousness of the rightness of things. Roland was what a knight should be, and Turpin set an example that all archbishops might well follow. They were ideals. To them the Cross meant sacrifice. Life was all sacrifice. And even though the critics say that the story is nothing but tradition

and myth, yet as Mr. Chesterton truly observes, 'it needs a truth to make a tradition,' and 'he who has no sympathy with myths has no sympathy with men.' Nor can I think that I am without excuse, when speaking of the Eight Hundred Years of Silence, in presenting this legend. No one could come so near to Roncesvalles without saying at least as much as I have said. Moreover, it was such a man as Roland or Turpin that the Spanish people imagined St. James to have been; and as we shall see, the Apostle played the part well.

We turn from Roncesvalles. Another legend, written in the twelfth century, says that when Charlemagne was old and weary, he saw in the heavens more clearly than he had been wont to see a starry road which crossed France and Spain to the world's end beyond the sea. He saw it again and again, but understood it not. Perhaps Archbishop Turpin may have helped him to a solution of the problem, but I am not sure. At last, however, one night a fair and comely lord appeared to the emperor, and when the emperor asked his name and his mission, the stranger replied:—

'I am James the Apostle, Christ's servant, Zebedee's son, John Evangelist's brother, elect by God's grace to preach His law, whom Herod slew: look you, my body is in Galicia but no man knoweth where, and the Saracens oppress the land. Therefore God sends you to retake the road that leads to my tomb and the land wherein I rest. The starry way that you saw in the sky signifies that you shall go into Galicia at the head of a great host, and after you all peoples shall come in pilgrimage, even till the end of time. Go, then; I will be your helper: and as guerdon of your travails I will get you from God a crown in heaven, and your name shall abide in the memory of man until the Day of Judgment.'

Few things could better illustrate the changes that inevitably come about in the course of eight hundred years than this revelation of St. James to Charlemagne. It is by all odds the longest speech recorded of the Apostle: indeed, almost the only one down to this time. His ability to speak the French of that day would be thought remarkable in any one else. The assurance of reward is also noteworthy, and indicates his influence with the Almighty: 'I will get you from God!'

The message further makes evident that the time had come for the body of St. James to be discovered. Spain had had many saints already, but none of them, nor all of them

together, had been able to save her from defeat and distress. Nor had the country any relic to equal that of Mohammed at Cordoba. The city of the caliphs shone with dazzling splendour. Not only did prosperity and peace abide there undisturbed, but there Islam appeared in a development not second to that at Bagdad or Mecca. It was high time that the Apostle to Spain, the companion of the mighty Peter and the universally beloved John, should do something to save the country he had wrought so mightily to convert. And Archbishop Turpin, who, for aught I know, may have taught St. James the words that Charlemagne heard, or perhaps had been the medium by whom they were shaped and spoken, impressed the vision on his imperial lord. Charlemagne obeyed the call. He hastened to Spain; and much to his joy, when he met his friend and ally, Alfonso II., king of the Asturias, he found that the body of St. James had been brought to light, and that Spain had now a patron saint. More than all else, the son of Zebedee who had returned to his own was no mere fisherman of Galilee, plain, uncultured, and poorly bred, but a prince and a knight—a prince nobler than Turpin and a knight more dauntless and valiant than Roland.

How this had happened, and happened so opportunely, shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DISCOVERY AND THE TRANSLATION

According to some authorities the body of St. James was discovered in the year 808, and according to other equally trustworthy authorities in the year 835. The exact date is of little consequence, and I shall not venture to assume which year has the honour. If Charlemagne was concerned in the matter, the former must be nearer the year, for he died in 814. The archbishop of Santiago in 1898 decided in favour of the year 813. At that time Leo III. held the Supreme Pontificate, and as we have just seen, Alfonso II. reigned as king of the Asturias : the one practically a dependant and the other a firm ally of the emperor. The bishop of Iria Flavia then was one Theodomirus, of whom nothing is known except the part which he took in the discovery of the sacred body ; but he seems to have been a practical and earnest man, simple-minded and full of faith. He was exactly qualified for the occasion.

The neighbourhood of Iria had been for some centuries, and was still, frequented by hermits, and it has been conjectured that in times of persecution they had heaped earth and stones and planted bushes over the cavern in which, as in a chapel, lay the remains of the Apostle. They obliterated all traces of approach to the venerated spot. It had thus been lost sight of and forgotten. For the time being all recollection of the Apostle had passed away. It so happened that about the time we have now reached, the early years of the ninth century, there abode in these secluded wilds a respected and pious anchorite named Palagio. Of the same bent of mind, tired of a world so evil and restless that they could be of no further use to it, wearied perhaps of home and family ties and of the ordinary ways of making a livelihood, and anxious to win for themselves the better country, other men had their retreats in the same unfrequented regions. Ragged, long-bearded, slovenly, unkempt individuals, they subsisted, as hermits generally did, on honey and herbs which they gathered from the rocks, and on such

morsels as a devout peasantry might leave at certain places for them. An indolent, uneventful, and useless life, had they not spent such time as they could spare from sleep and rest in prayer and meditation. Here and there one might be found who exercised his body, and at the same time tormented his flesh, by tilling a bit of ground near his hut or cave. None of them bathed or warded off either biting or stinging insects. Nor did they disturb their thoughts by reading or conversation. They rejoiced in the blisters made on neck or arms by the sun. A hard, inflamed, and suppurating excrescence they regarded as a godsend. They gloried in their ignorance, and thanked the Almighty for their credulity and superstition. He was the greatest man among them who could accept the greatest absurdity or perform the severest immolation. Thus they lived, and none of them, it would seem, more devotedly than the venerable Palagio ; and though they knew nothing of St. James, most likely indeed never thought of him, they had their reward, Palagio first and most bountifully of them all.

For Heaven was pleased to use him in working its will concerning St. James. Henceforth he should be ever associated with the great Apostle. One night, much to his astonishment, he saw an exceedingly bright star lighting up the darkened sky and lingering in its significant splendour over a hill covered with thick bushes. He spoke of this strange appearance, not only to his hermit-brethren, but also to some shepherds, godly friends, alike interested in curious and possibly holy things. They talked the matter over, night after night, and the shepherds too saw the great star, and many little stars that seemed to run and flicker among the trees and thickets, as though they would have the watchers follow them into the darkness. The more frequently they beheld the brilliant light almost over their heads, and the lantern-like meteors passing hither and thither around them, the more certain grew the conviction that they had to do with something supernatural and miraculous. More than this : as they watched, bewildered and awe-stricken, they heard voices softly singing in the dark woods, marvellous antiphons and anthems, such as choirs chant in adoration before the altar. Then the stars faded away, and silence once more prevailed. What did these things mean ?

Neither the anchorites nor the shepherds could imagine an answer to the question. The more they pondered over the vision, the more stupendous it became. So they went into

the town and told their story to Theodomirus the bishop. He at once discerned the hand of God. These humble-hearted men were being used for the unfolding of divine purposes. He ordered three days of prayer and fasting. Then he saw a way into the mystery.

It chanced to be July 25, a Sunday and the Feast of St. James the Apostle and Martyr: a remarkable and happy coincidence, though the bishop had no thought of it. Theodomirus, properly invested for whatever might turn up, assembled the canons of his cathedral and a retinue of respectable citizens of Iria Flavia, and under the guidance of Palagio and some of the shepherds set out to find the spot indicated by the star. Workmen furnished with axes, picks, and shovels went with them, but we are not told how it came to be suspected that such implements would be needed. Nor does the legend state that the star, at this time of day brighter than the meridian sun, appeared and hovered over the desired place; but we can well imagine that the bishop and his attendants were some way or other assured and encouraged in their search. At last the very spot was ascertained beyond all doubt. It was overspread with dense undergrowth and thickets, and only by strenuous labour could this mass of brushwood and trees be cleared away. Then came the digging through the roots and soil which had accumulated all these centuries, requiring faith no less painful than effort. But before the summer sun had reached the western clouds, both faith and effort were rewarded.

It was a stupendous moment in the life of Spain when the spade first struck the rock at the entrance of the cave! Or was there a cave? And if so, what was in it that had disturbed that star so mightily? No one knew. The good bishop, the holy hermit, the canons, the citizens, and the shepherds, to say nothing of the labourers who had made the way, were filled with excitement. But in a few minutes the excitement increased into profound and silent wonder, as inside the cave, under a small altar, beneath an arch supported by pillars, appeared a sarcophagus covered with a stone slab. No one remembered who was buried there, or in the two stone coffins close by. Then they lifted the slab.

There was no evil smell. Nor was there at Zamora when the grave of St. Ildefonso was opened. He had been dead over six hundred years, and from his body exuded a sweet and fragrant odour. And again, at Salamanca, at the uncovering of the tomb of Bishop Geronimo, the Cid's own

bishop, though seven hundred years had gone by, a delicious smell issued forth. This is more significant than possibly the reader supposes. Nothing unpleasant ever comes out of the tomb of a saint. Nor, as a rule, from the body of a saint. The knights who found Sir Launcelot dead perceived the sweetest savour about him that ever they smelled—the real odour of sanctity. On the other hand, the dead body of the unbaptized emits so offensive a stench that no Christian can endure it. And the same rule obtained in the burning of martyrs and heretics. One could always tell if justice had been done: more certainly, perhaps, in the case of heretics—with whom, later on, Spain had no little experience. Blessed James of the Mark, a brilliant and famous Franciscan preacher in the early part of the fifteenth century, tells us that the flesh of people put in fire for unsoundness in the Faith produces most obnoxious fumes. 'Ye have an example at Fabriano,' says he, 'when Pope Nicholas v. was there: certain of the heretics were burned, and for three days the whole city stank therewith, as I know myself, for I smelt the stench those three days even unto the monastery wherein I lodged.' On the other hand, we read again and again that from the bodies or the graves, and quite as much from the burning flesh of martyrs, arise the most odoriferous delights, such perfumes as are carried by a warm south wind breathing over a bed of violets, aromas more heavenly than those which roses or lilies can produce. So in this instance. Not even the grotto, though closely shut up so many hundreds of years, had the faintest disagreeable smell. The moment the pick pierced the wall, there poured out the rich odours. It was evident at once that some holy man or woman slept there. The shepherds and the anchorites must have been ready to shout and dance for joy at the outcome of their vision. And when the slab was removed—be silent, O ye heavens!—conjecture came to an end.

There lay the body and the severed head of St. James the Apostle!

The spectators may not have recognized him at first. To begin with, they were not thinking of him or looking for him. So far as we know, none of them had ever heard of his body having been transported there; and most likely by this time all memory of his having preached the Gospel in Spain had passed out of men's minds. Possibly hermits such as Palagio and bishops such as Theodomirus, and most Christian folk who had at heart the redemption of Spain

from the Moslem and the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, may have hoped that Heaven would at that time send something to outrival the Relic of Cordoba. But the most sanguine among them could scarcely have expected God to raise up for them an Apostle : much less one of the Three whom Jesus had exalted among the Twelve. No one in the cave that eventide dreamed of the wonder about to be revealed. The attendants held the torches closer to the sarcophagus. Every eye was fastened thereon. The bishop eagerly looked over the body, little by little—the brown, shrivelled shape, the mouldering cere-cloth wound round head and limb, the dust that had gathered here and there, and the bone that had protruded through the skin into exposure. But search as he would, he saw only the form and outline of a being that once had lived. Perhaps a Pharaoh, though he had slept in darkness, silent and alone, millenniums rather than centuries, had been more distinct. Not even baptism could ward off all changes, though, to be sure, it could produce the fragrance which would prove the saintship. And these men stood there beside the opened sepulchre, wondering and questioning, finding no answer and not knowing what to think.

Then, happily and providentially, some one spied a letter lying near the body. It may have been on vellum or papyrus, we are not told ; but it was written, possibly in Latin, but some say in Spanish, good Spanish, such at all events as the bishop could understand, even though the date of the letter ran back to a time before the Spanish language, or at least the language known as such, came into being. But the letter solved the problem. According to Mrs. Gallichan, who also gives the Spanish original, in English it reads thus :—

'Here lies Santiago, son of Zebedee and Salome, brother of St. John, whom Herod beheaded in Jerusalem : he came by sea borne by his disciples to Iria Flavia of Galicia, and from thence on a car drawn by the oxen of the Lady Lupa, owner of these states, whose oxen would not pass on any further.'

The letter has probably perished; at least, none of the authorities afford a hint of where the original may be found. It is not at Compostella nor at Oviedo, and they who know more about such things than I do declare that any further search would be fruitless. Such a loss is unfortunate, for in this sceptical age the letter would have set at rest several doubts concerning St. James. I cannot help thinking that

its discovery, if we may dare suppose it is still in existence, would be greeted by scholars with almost as much pleasure as the finding of a papyrus of the first century recording the correspondence of Christ and Abgarus. But they who saw the document in the cave at Iria were satisfied with it. For them no further doubt was possible. After a seclusion of nearly eight hundred years, though generation after generation of Christian believers had forgotten him, and no one had him in mind at the opening of the grotto, they knew that the body of St. James the Great, in spite of aught that the Moslem could say to the contrary, had come to light. If some captious critic should point out that nothing whatever was said about this letter till nearly three hundred years had elapsed after the revelation of the body, I can only suggest the hypercriticism of such statements and the risk of not taking anything for granted. Should this canon of criticism be allowed, we should be left floundering in bogs and marshes of doubt. Till the letter was on the verge of being lost, there was no necessity of making copies of it ; or till men were beginning to forget all about the discovery, was there need of spreading abroad the story. The chronicler of the twelfth century, being an honest man, as we have no reason to think to the contrary, simply perpetuated particulars which were near passing away.

The certification read by Bishop Theodomirus, possibly the only person present who could read, was taken, then, at the time as sufficient evidence that the body discovered was that of the Apostle. It refutes once and for all the hypothesis that the tomb opened was that of some Roman family and the remains found those of some Roman patrician. The fragrance which issued from the sepulchre would naturally dispose of any such conjecture. And the lights and voices which led the hermits and the shepherds hitherward would never have thrown their mystery away on an evil-smelling pagan, no matter what his rank or fortune. Possibly the reader may have suspected some analogy between the search for the body of St. James, and the search by the Shepherds and Wise Men for the Infant Christ. Analogy there may be, but not necessarily imitation. It was not at all uncommon in the Middle Ages to see heavenly radiances playing by night over sites on which some great and beneficent abbey should be built, and to hear angelic voices in sweet melody. Devout pilgrims were sometimes helped on their way through dark and dismal wilds by such celestial phenomena. And not

only did the songs of angels and the guiding of stars come into both stories. Both St. James and Jesus Christ were found in a grave or grotto, if we may accept traditions which affirm that the stable at Bethlehem was either in the side of the hill or under ground. But these coincidences mean no more than that Abraham buried Sarah in the cave at Macpelah and Joseph of Arimathea buried the Man of Galilee in the cave in his garden. All suggestions of fraud fade away in the light of Palagio's simplicity and Theodomirus's piety.

Doubtless tidings of the discovery were sent at the earliest possible moment to the king. Both anchorite and prelate must have known that nothing could more delight Alfonso's heart than the finding of relics so transcendently precious. Or the emperor's either. Charlemagne did indeed warn his people against rash and unnecessary discovery of such things, but this advice rather enhanced his pleasure when something really worth the time and expense was brought out. As soon as King Alfonso received the news, he gathered together the nobles of his court and set out from Asturias.

I am not able to define clearly the exact place of the cave at Iria. It may have been in the hill called Libredon, on which was a garden containing a small temple dedicated, some say to Janus, and others to Bacchus. Here the oxen stopped of their own accord. The temple may have been in a cave, for the men who discovered the sacred body saw in the cave they entered arches and pillars. The bishop and his companions did not know of the pagan god. As soon as the Apostle's body was brought within the door, the image fell broken to the ground, even as Dagon's figure before the Ark of Israel. The disciples made of the dust a strong cement which they used in the fastening of the sepulchre. Not so long time after they themselves died in peace and happiness, and the legend says they entered heaven, 'their bodies being buried on either side of the Apostle.' But how they were buried or by whom, or how many of them there really were, I have not been careful to inquire. Most likely only two: by name Athanasius and Theodosius. And I am not sure that this hill of Libredon was the actual place, or that the story can be depended upon.

But the cave could scarcely have been in the village itself, though near by, perhaps on the way towards Compostella. Wherever it was, in the exuberance of his faith, and doubtless with full realization of the importance to Spain and to himself of the discovery, Alfonso prostrated himself

before the hallowed remains, and forthwith proceeded to build a church over the spot where the tomb had been found. It is said to have been a very small and a very modest edifice, made of stones and mud. Before the body was moved therefrom, no uncertainty survived concerning its verity. Almost at once miracles began. 'These,' we are told by people who know what they are talking about, 'put an end to any doubts that might have arisen in the unbelieving hearts of men.' Among these wonders, we read of the rescue of a Spanish knight from the Saracens. He had been taken prisoner into Saragossa and lodged in the dungeon of a thick-walled castle. Almost at the point of despair, he called upon St. James. The Apostle appeared and comforted him, and then took him out to the city gates, which opened at the sign of the Cross, and carried him safely to a Christian castle. This does not prove much as to the identity of the body at Iria, but it shows that the Apostle was now about and doing good in the land. Another wonder, perhaps more to the point, as we are informed by the *Acta Sanctorum*, quoting the *Book of St. James*, happened in the days of Bishop Theodomirus. A certain Italian had sinned so greatly that he hardly dared confess and his priest dared not absolve. By the direction of his confessor, he wrote out his crime, and going to the shrine of St. James he laid the parchment on the altar. The next day, being again, purely coincidentally, the feast of St. James the Apostle, when the bishop went to sing mass, the scroll was blank! The sins were clean obliterated! This is not an uncommon miracle; and some have thought it likely that the penitent was none other than Charlemagne himself—the anonymous Italian, says Professor King, being wisely substituted. The miracle gave encouragement to other profound and notorious sinners. If performed for one, it could be done for others.

A tremendous impression was created, not only in Spain, but throughout western Christendom, by this discovery. It astounded both friend and foe. Cordoba had received a set-back. Islam might well wonder what would come of it. On the other hand, it brought consolation and daring to Spain, and gave Europe hope that the progress of Mohammedanism would speedily come to an end. In these late days we put our trust very nearly altogether in material improvements in the art of warfare. We think of advances such as that from slings and bows and arrows to cannons and muskets, perhaps to aeroplanes and poison gases. We

do pray and make vows, and the more intense our devotion and the more absolute our dependence on God, the mightier our courage and the more steadfast our heart. Nor need we suppose that our forefathers were more earnest in their prayers and vows than we. Had William of Normandy known of gunpowder he would have used it at Senlac, and Charlemagne would have been glad to have battalions of modern infantry in place of his companies of archers. They were no braver soldiers who fought at Marathon or Chalons or Tours than they who fought at Blenheim, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Balaclava, or in the recent Great War. But we are apt to underestimate the power of emotional or spiritual influences. It is difficult for us to understand the effect on the people, say, of the ninth century of the finding of a relic in the verity and efficacy of which they firmly believed. It gave them heart. Hope sprang up with warmth and radiance as of a newly risen sun. Their physical nature responded to the emotion which now possessed their very soul. Depression passed away. They moved with exhilaration, freedom, strength. They feared nothing—neither defeat nor death. You can hardly appreciate so great a change wrought by means which you regard as insignificant. A poor thing, say you, to put one's trust in. But it is not the thing. It is the faith in the thing that makes all the difference. They believed; and you do not. To them nothing could more surely display the providence of God, and His care for the people who looked to Him for help, than the revelation of the body of an Apostle in the very country where once he had laboured and which was now so grievously oppressed by the enemies of the Faith.

Perhaps it was a feeling that so valiant and saintly a man as Charlemagne, who had wrought so mightily for the triumph of the Cross and hated so vigorously all kinds of paynims, should have had a part in so marvellous and beneficent an invention as this at Iria Flavia, that induced some chroniclers to antedate the event. On the whole, I think the year 830 or thereabouts best fits the legends, if one may dare assume anything in such a labyrinth of dates and conjectures. But Archbishop Turpin's *History of Charlemagne*, which may be found in the *Codex of Calixtus II.*, otherwise known as the *Book of St. James*, is at least interesting, even though it carries the date back beyond 814, the year in which Charlemagne died, and Cervantes satirically calls him 'the faithful historiographer Turpin,' seeing that Turpin never wrote a

word of the so-called history. Let us for the nonce overlook the date. In this chronicle we read that, perhaps in obedience to the vision which revealed to him the purpose of the Milky Way, Charlemagne and many of his peers set out for the pilgrimage to Iria Flavia, thus becoming the first knights of St. James. There the great emperor and his lords knelt at the tomb of the Apostle. Such a recognition of the authenticity of the relics could not be gainsaid. It put on them, and on the legends concerning them, the stamp of the Empire.

After these suitable and significant acts of devotion, the emperor seems to have sought to reach the very end of the Milky Way. The path still led on, and like a child wishing to find the gold lying where the arch of the rainbow begins, he would touch the spot on which earth and galaxy meet. He met with disappointment. He went to the edge of the Atlantic, possibly to the very point of Cape Finisterre, and saw the great waves cleave and tear themselves despairingly on the immovable, gaunt rocks. The march of the mighty was stayed. 'And he flung his lance into the sea, and said that thence man could not further go!' If some critic declares that this episode occurred at some other time, I shall not dispute his statement. The date does not matter. I love to see the king, so godlike in his splendid figure, stalwart, dauntless, heroic, hurling his spear against the black-storm sea; even as I recall Canute commanding the rising tide of the Thames at Westminster to go back. Masters of men; but only children of God! And not afraid!

But we are told in this same chronicle that the coming of the emperor and his lords into this part of Spain had a most salutary effect on all recalcitrant Galicians. Some of them evidently had forsaken the faith of their fathers. The changes had been too violent for them. Either Moorish attractions fascinated or Moorish successes intimidated. The Eight Hundred Years had lasted a little too long: another indication, by the way, that the body of St. James was discovered in the nick of time. So the *History* tells us: 'And the Gallegans, that were all turned to belief in God by the preaching of St. James and his two disciples, and that had turned afterwards to the sect of the Moors, were baptized by the hands of Archbishop Turpin; and those who would not be baptized he put to the sword, or into the power of the christened.' In religious matters the emperor was nothing if not thorough. One can imagine that death by the sword would be preferable to living in the tender mercies of the

orthodox. Still it may not be as bad as it looks. Don Quixote was ready to allow that there were Twelve Peers of France, ' but,' says he, ' I can never believe they did all those things ascribed to them by Archbishop Turpin.'

One cannot indeed be sure when or how many times Charles the Great came into Spain ; but even if the legend missed the mark, it is pleasant to picture him, and Archbishop Turpin too, if he were yet alive, kneeling at the shrine of St. James. It is said that the emperor induced Pope Leo III. to acknowledge the discovery of the sepulchre of St. James ; but this seems improbable. Leo III. died in 816, two years after the emperor ; and not till the tenth century is any papal recognition of the discovery heard of. Then comes to light, written in Visigothic, a redaction of a letter purporting to have been written by Leo. It, however, refers not to the discovery of the relics at Iria, but to the translation by the two disciples of the body from Jerusalem to Spain. Nor is this the only difficulty. The Leo who writes the letter is described therein as a contemporary of the Apostle, and as there was no pope of that name before the fifth century some doubt attaches itself to the letter. There are three copies of the letter extant. In the earliest of these redactions, the letter speaks of St. James as having been brought to Spain by seven Spanish bishops, but a revision some years later left the bishops out and put the two disciples in.

But it did not need a letter from the Pope to convince Bishop Theodomirus and his companions of the translation of St. James from Palestine to Spain. There was his body ! And in the cave at Iria ! King Alfonso had seen it, and the Emperor Charlemagne had acknowledged it ! The evidence was sufficient and should have silenced for all time all carpings and questionings concerning the early removal. The body could not have been at Iria unless it had been taken there ! And who more likely to take it there than the two disciples whose remains lay beside the tomb of the Apostle ?

It so happened, in the year 813, some fifteen years before the discovery of the body, King Alfonso had founded a Benedictine monastery on the side of a hill, about four leagues inland from Iria Flavia. Around this monastery, afterwards known as San Pedro de Antealtares, grew up a little town, beautifully situated and overlooking a country no less beautiful. The first abbot was one named Ildefrede : a man of worth, character, and reputation. To him and his twelve

monks, about the year 831, soon after the discovery, Alfonso entrusted the care of the body of St. James. The translation, no matter what its exact date, was effected, partly for greater security—the little town near the sea being subject to marauders and pirates; indeed, not many years later than this, one of its bishops was killed under the walls by Norman invaders—and partly because of the superior physical advantages of the monastery and town on the hill. No more superb situation could have been found. The town soon received its name. First called 'Ad S. Jacobum Apostolum' or 'Giacomo Postola,' according to some authorities, and according to others 'Campus Stellae,' the plain or field of the star, it finally became simply 'Compostella.' Here with ceremonies which have not been described, but which can be easily imagined, solemn, affecting, appropriate, the body was taken, carried by men's hands or drawn by oxen, as some say, it matters neither way; and here was the permanent sanctuary and the centre of the cult of Santiago. The place grew. Churches, schools, hospitals, and palaces, some of magnificent proportions and some of great architectural beauty, adorned its sloping streets, and gardens and orchards spread hither and thither in profuse glory, which, but for the prevalence of rain and wind, would have vied with even those of Cordoba. And here, not long after the year 844, an Arab poet and diplomat, Al-Ghazal, visited the shrine of St. James, staying in the town two months, and saw for himself the beginnings of the rivalry between Compostella and Cordoba.

But King Alfonso, before his death in 842, did more than translate the body of St. James to the monastery at Compostella, and much more followed that translation. For the maintenance of the monks and the cult of the Blessed James, he gave the land for three miles from the shrine in every direction. Some twenty years later his successor next but one, Ordoño I., a man as successful in piety and in building castles and towns as in military achievements, doubled the radius. Later a tax for the support of the church of Compostella was levied throughout Spain: every acre of ploughed land and of vine land should pay each year so much corn or wine. This tax was not abolished till 1835, and it was then estimated to produce £200,000 a year. Like the Donation of Constantine, these gifts were not known generally for some centuries later—not till they were in full operation and their origin needed to be accounted for; indeed, also like the

Donation, the details may have come to light to confirm and explain their own existence. Be this as it may, the church which contained the relics of the patron saint of Spain became one of the most richly endowed establishments in Europe—a magnificent centre of a magnificent ideal.

It was, however, in the days of Alfonso III., surnamed the Great, who reigned from the year 866 to the year 910, and is celebrated as one of the wisest, most vigorous, and most successful of Spanish chieftains, that the remains of St. James were translated from the monastery church to a church specially built to receive them. The dates as usual are confusing, but it would seem that the new church was begun in 862, while Alfonso's father, Ordoño I., was still on the throne. Mrs. Gallichan says it took thirty-five years in building and was consecrated in 893 ; Ford declares the date to have been May 17, 899 ; and Professor King states that it was dedicated in 869, in the days when Sisnandus was bishop of Iria, and in the presence of seventeen prelates. The exact year is of little consequence. Bishop Sisnandus was a man of eloquence and devotion ; a warm supporter of Ordoño, and an unwavering believer in St. James ; and Alfonso, who was born and brought up in Compostella, is said to have loved him as a father. All the art and wealth that Alfonso could command were put into the new building ; and the relics of the Apostle, and other relics besides, were enclosed in caskets of imperishable wood, probably cypress, and deposited under their appropriate altars. The altar above St. James's body was transferred into the new shrine just as it was. ' As their fathers had made it, so they left it : " nor none of us would be so hardy as to lift the stone." '

The time would come when the seat of the bishop would be removed from Iria Flavia to Compostella ; but that time was not yet. In the meanwhile, Iria lost its old name in that of El Padrón ; and it is still known as Padrón. But, so far, Compostella needed no bishop to heighten its fame. The body of an Apostle was worth more than any living dignitary. Even the place itself began to be called Santiago, as to this day Santiago de Compostella. The church is spoken of as extremely beautiful, which is most likely an exaggeration, but it did contain statues of St. Jago, and possibly of other saints, and among them an enormous figure of the Apostle seated on horseback—the armed knight of Spain. And now, even in the closing years of the ninth century, the little city shone out on the hills of Galicia, and the light thereof spread

to distant parts of the earth. Not only Christians resorted thither, but Moslems also came and took away extraordinary reports of its glory. Mrs. Gallichan quotes one of these contemporary Mohammedan writers—and by the way, Professor King, who thinks she has herself seen the quotation somewhere and not quite believed it, complains that Mrs. Gallichan gives neither source nor authority; but Richard Ford does, and also gives it as a curious 'proof of the early and widespread effect and influence of the antagonistic tutelar and tomb on the Moors.' Thus the passage reads :—

'St. Yakob (St. James) is the capital of Jalikijah (Galicia), and is the greatest and most holy sanctuary which the Christians have. It is to them the same that our shrine is to us. Their Kabáh is a colossal idol, which they have in the centre of the largest church. They swear by it, and repair to it in pilgrimages from the most distant parts, from Rome, and from lands that are yet further; pretending that the tomb which is to be seen within the church is that of Yakob (James), one of the twelve Apostles, and the most beloved of Isa (Jesus): may the blessing of God and salutation be on him and on our prophet.'

Visitors such as he who wrote the narrative from which this extract was taken, though without faith in the Apostle of Compostella, were honest enough to admire the buildings of the new city. They described them as being 'glorious edifices, constructed with grand art and solidity.' They also suspected that Compostella was a menace to Mohammedan influence in Spain. The fame of the place spread throughout the country. Its growth in size and influence, the glorification of its patron saint, and the pretensions of his followers excited the envy and alarm of Cordoba. In that north-western land the people's hearts were freshened by hope and strengthened by courage. Before the century which followed the translation of St. James to Compostella had approached its end, the Moor had lost much of his hold. The pressure upon him had been ceaseless; slow perhaps, but certain. Other enemies had been defeated. In the Lent of 968, an overwhelming host of Normans invaded the country and captured Compostella. For two years they held the town and the surrounding neighbourhood. Then, under the protection of St. James, the people succeeded in driving them out; and also in suppressing some troublesome dissensions among themselves. Though weakened by these efforts, yet encouraged by their outcome, the victors attempted

greater things. They even dreamed of freeing the country from the Moor. In due time ensued the inevitable Alghad or Holy War. Once more Islam drew the sword; the tide turned, and once more the Crescent rose triumphantly above the Cross.

Now came on the stage one of the most remarkable men in Spanish history. There is, indeed, none greater among the Arab heroes, or mightier among the soldiers of the Prophet. Born in 939, of respectable but lowly parentage, a poor student of the University of Cordoba, Ibn-Abu-Amir began his career in court life about the year 967. His progress was rapid; his promotion significant. The charm of his manner and his dignity of bearing won the admiration of the Sultana, a woman as strong in mind and determined in will as she was beautiful in body, and in whose hands the gentle and scholarly caliph, Hakam II., largely left the affairs of state. Nor did her favour take from him the respect of the caliph. Rising to power and distinction, from the offices he held and his unquestioned abilities, he made himself indispensable and popular both in the country and in the harem. He came to handle difficult situations with discretion and skill, and invariably with success. When in 976 Hakam II. died, Ibn-Abu-Amir tactfully and vigorously suppressed a court intrigue against his successor, the youthful Hisham. He set the boy-prince on a throne he could himself have more fittingly occupied, and inspired him with confidence in his justice and devotion. Says Burke:—

'The Caliph was but twelve years of age, and his powerful guardian, supported by the harem, beloved by the people, and feared by the vanquished conspirators, took upon himself the entire administration of the kingdom, repealed some obnoxious taxes, reformed the organization of the army, and sought to confirm and establish his power by a war against his neighbours in the north.'

It has been said that Ibn-Abu-Amir was not himself a great general; but he had a still more important gift. As a leader of men he had no superior, and, says the author just quoted, 'he owned from the first that higher skill of knowing whom to trust with command.' He rarely made a mistake in his appointments in either the state or the army; his administration was just and enlightened; he was a diplomatist of undisputed ability; he loved his country and his religion more than himself; and in his power of persuasion

he had no rival. Not only did he see to it that literature, science, and art were munificently patronized at court, and the university of Cordoba strengthened by endowments and the increase of scholarly men, but such was his regard for learning, he also took with him in all his campaigns a library of books. He enlarged the Great Mezquita at Cordoba. Undoubtedly his purposes were sometimes attained by intrigue, treachery, and even murder; but such was the course by which others in his day and generation carried out their plans, and it is doubtful if much, or any, moral stigma attached itself to them. None condemned, for if need arose none would have avoided the same means. Ambition had no scruples. But when victorious, Ibn-Abu-Amir was ever generous. He forgave freely. His weaknesses were not altogether negligible, but his virtues deserved all the praise his countrymen heaped upon them. No vizier or regent in Spain approached him. His noble nature and kindly bearing of successful ambition would have made any country proud of him; and yet it is doubtful if in any country or among any people other than his own he would have found the way to his fame and position, so much farther advanced in civilization were the Moors beyond the races they subdued or laid under tribute. Burke sums up his characteristics: 'His rise is a romance; his power a marvel; his justice a proverb. He was a brilliant financier; a successful favourite; a liberal patron; a stern disciplinarian; a heaven-born courtier; an accomplished general; and no one of the great commanders of Spain, not Gonsalvo de Aguilar himself, was more uniformly successful in the field than this lawyer's clerk of Cordoba.'

Power and success did not spoil Ibn-Abu-Amir. He took to himself the name by which he is now generally known, Al-Manzor al Allah—'The Victor of God': or 'Victorious by the grace of God.' The name itself suggests his religious habit and fervour. Every year he proclaimed a holy war against the enemies of Islam. He spread terror among the Christians. They feared him as they feared no other foe. They magnified to a wellnigh unbelievable extent the rumour of his bloodthirstiness. With him, said they, went ever destruction and death. Resistance on their part increased his zeal. Some centuries later an abbot, John de Montenajor, writing of those days of distress, sketched a picture of Moorish ravages. The sketch is strictly fabulous and not from anything the abbot saw, though Professor King thinks

the stamp of truth is there. 'Where Almanzor passed, you saw and heard such things'—even as I fancy you would have found the like in the wake of a Christian warrior, Charlemagne, for instance. 'They passed along the road destroying every village and town, and there was none to resist. And thence on you would see Christians wandering through the hills and the rocks, by fifties and hundreds, lost like the creatures and hapless among these mountains, men as well as women, and the women with their children, crying and making sounds like sheep when you take their lambs away.'

On the other hand, Almanzor rarely ignored the cry for mercy. As Burke says, he had the 'true military virtue of constant clemency to the vanquished.' Nor, in forming an estimate of his character and work, should the sources of information concerning him be overlooked. His enemies naturally execrated him. They hesitated not at exaggeration or invention. They interpreted unfavourably every word he spoke or action he performed. No less lavish and vigorous were the eulogies of his friends and co-religionists. No language could sufficiently describe his virtues; no honour in earth's gift could be an adequate reward for his accomplishments. When he died his countrymen lamented him with exceeding grief and extraordinary ceremonies; gave thanks for memories of grandeur and faithfulness which could never pass away; and imagined him as entering Paradise greeted by the plaudits of saints and angels, and welcomed by Allah Himself. As a contrast, a Christian annalist makes the simple record: 'In 1002 died Almanzor, and was buried in hell.' Some versions run, 'and was burned in hell.'

To recount the expeditions and victories of Almanzor would take much time and space. It is sufficient for our purpose to touch only upon such as concern Compostella. In 982 Bermudo II. ascended the throne of Leon. Within two years Almanzor had reduced him to a tributary. Two years later Bermudo rebelled, and in 988 Almanzor marched into the north-west, overran Leon, destroyed the capital city, ransacked the monasteries and castles that lay in his way, and compelled the king to take refuge in the mountains of the Asturias. The conqueror made his hand felt at Compostella, but at this time seems to have done little damage. He returned to Cordoba, master of all, kindly enough disposed to the caliph, though he kept him practically

a prisoner in his palace, assumed the entire administration of the kingdom, and in 996 took to himself the title of king. He proved himself as skilful in the council chamber as in the field. 'The iron hand was ever clad in a silken glove.' He suppressed conspiracies against himself with unerring judgment, and generous, almost contemptuous, indifference. And yet, ever and anon, trouble broke out in Galicia, and Compostella became a thorn in his side.

At last Almanzor determined on thorough subjugation, and undertook the most memorable of all his expeditions. At the head of an army thoroughly equipped and well trained he left Cordoba, July 3, 997, and set out for Galicia. Like a consuming fire, he and his followers made their way across country, laying waste towns and villages, palaces and monasteries, slaying the inhabitants without thought of mercy, driving such as kept alive as sheep are driven to slaughter. He reached Iria. A Moorish writer, Ibn-Edhari by name, writing about this time, tells us that Iria 'is one of the sanctuaries of the same Santiago whose is the sepulchre. That sanctuary is second in importance only, the Christians feel, to the said sepulchre, and to it come the devout from the remotest lands; from the land of the Copts, from Nubia, and others.' Professor King quotes this same Ibn-Edhari as saying of St. James: 'Yakoub in their tongue is Jahcob, who was Bishop in Jerusalem and began to run over all lands preaching to the dwellers therein, and with that intent came to Spain where he attained the bound. Afterwards he went back to the land of Syria, and died there, when he had reached the age of one hundred and twenty solar years. His disciples fetched his body and gave it sepulture in this church, the furthest of those which received his influence.'

Ibn-Edhari had the legend slightly twisted; but his version is interesting. What Almanzor and his myrmidons did in Iria Flavia may be imagined, and yet they could not destroy all the sites. The pious ingenuity which discovered them in the first instance lived on, and in times favourable and appropriate it was found to have lost none of its power.

Almanzor's courage and strength were irresistible. In his whole military career he never met with a defeat. His influence over his followers was unbounded. Mrs. Gallichan tells a story illustrating this. 'Once, as he sat in his camp, he saw his soldiers running back in panic, with the Christians following hard upon their heels. Whereupon he threw himself from his seat, flung his helmet away, and sat down in the

dust. His soldiers understanding the despairing gesture of their general, then turned, and falling upon the Christians pursued them, till they went down before them like chaff before the wind. Of such temper was the man who was to bring desolation to the unconquered city of Compostella.'

On Wednesday, August 10, 997, the Moorish army marched on Compostella. To subdue and destroy the city above all other cities that threatened to outrival Cordoba was Almanzor's chief purpose in invading Galicia. Much to his astonishment, he found the place deserted. The walls and towers were unguarded. Not a man stood in the way of his advance. The Gallegans, intimidated by his renown, had left the city to its fate. Almanzor did not hesitate. He forthwith razed the town to the ground. Nothing was left standing: neither barn nor basilica. The Christian annalists, in all the bitterness of their souls, record his outbursts of fury against the church in which were deposited the remains of the Apostle. He rode defiantly into the building, and essayed to feed his horse out of the font. The horse burst asunder and died. The font is still in existence, so there can be little doubt of the fact. This, however, did not daunt the Moorish chieftain. He utterly demolished the sacred structure: 'effacing every trace of it so effectually,' says an Arab writer, 'that on the morrow no one would have supposed that it ever existed.' Thus the glorious work of Alfonso was brought to naught. One hundred years had passed since the translation thereto of the blessed Apostle; and now broken walls and overturned altars, nothing but a heap of ruins.

There is some disagreement among the historians as to Almanzor's treatment of the relics. Some say that he could not find the body of the saint: and from Richard Ford and Mrs. Gallichan we learn that certain local divines give as a reason that St. James, when in danger, had the faculty of surrounding himself with an obfuscation of his own making, like to the cuttle-fish. Others, however, affirm that when Almanzor stood before the tomb, 'the Moor was dazzled by a divine splendour,' and 'he trembled.' Pope Leo XIII., in his Apostolic Letter of November 1884, already alluded to, is so impressed with this story, that he suggests that Almanzor's death was the vengeance of Heaven, on account of his pillage of Compostella. And long before this, the learned and imaginative Mariana declared, without a shadow of legend to support him, and contrary to fairly well-ascer-

tained facts, that Almanzor and his sacrilegious robbers met their punishment forthwith. 'His soldiers were visited by a sickness inflicted upon them by *la divina venganza*, which carried off the entire army, not a man of the impious band returning to Cordoba alive.'

Notwithstanding the certainty assumed in these stories, Almanzor and his troops went back to Cordoba triumphant and laden with spoil. Four thousand Christian captives carried the booty. They took the doors of the church, and the smaller of the bells. The doors were added to the glories of the Great Mezquita, and the bells were inverted and used as lamps therein. Nor did Almanzor die till 1002; and then not as some chroniclers declare, at the battle of Calatañoza, near Soria—'when he was carried on to the field in a litter, being too much broken by illness to be able to mount a horse'—for no such battle seems ever to have been fought; but, as Burke assures us, 'bowed down by mortal disease, unhurt by the arm of the enemy.'

One would have supposed that the most effective way of destroying the influence of Compostella and breaking up the cult of St. James would have been for Almanzor either to take the remains of the Apostle to Cordoba, or to scatter them as dust to the winds. He did neither. The Moorish annalists, with a delicacy unknown to Christian historians, and with an appreciation of the praiseworthy and devout character of Almanzor for which we may well be thankful, have made immortal a most charming story of the preservation of the shrine. Not even St. James could have done a more excellent thing.

Of the inhabitants of Compostella, the Moslems found only an aged monk—a brother of San Pedro de Antealtares. He was kneeling before the tomb of the Apostle, apparently absorbed in his devotions and heedless of the clamour and confusion of the intruders.

'Who art thou and what doest thou here?' demanded Almanzor.

'I am a familiar of Sanct Yakob, and I am saying my prayers,' replied the old man.

'Pray on,' said the Moorish chieftain; 'pray as much as you wish. No man shall molest you.'

And he forthwith set a guard around the tomb to protect it and the monk from the violence of his soldiers.

After all, as Almanzor undoubtedly perceived, the monk had done a braver and holier thing than had they, abbot,

clergy, and people, who had run away ; and St. James took care of him.

Thus the relics of St. James were saved—miraculously, some may say ; and others, by the gracious and timely whim of a Moor. But by whom, or how, or where they were kept and guarded in the years which immediately followed the devastation of Compostella and its neighbourhood, no man records and no man knows. Of the decrepit brother of San Pedro we hear nothing outside of the Moorish story, but he would hardly have been left in sole possession of Compostella's choicest treasure. And yet the soldiers who guarded him and it, moved by some reason or other, did not take it away with them, for when it was next heard of it was still in Compostella—hidden away and lost sight of, but only waiting, as such things have the habit of doing, for the moment when its reappearance would be opportune and startling.

For the time being, these were the darkest and most hopeless days of Compostella. The cult of St. James had sunk to its lowest depths. Notwithstanding the wonderful things he had done for Spain—and our next chapter will tell of some of these—he seemed to have lost his vigour, if not his interest.

The critical and sceptical scholar will be apt to declare that the story of St. James down to this date is entirely without foundation. He will affirm that every legend we have so far touched upon came into being long after the days of which it speaks ; that the traditions were invented, or at all events shaped and coloured, to suit a purpose which had come into men's minds ; and that both legends and traditions were antedated, indeed made to fit into conditions which never existed, so as to give similitude to fiction and verification to a dream. These conclusions are akin to the hypothesis that the early chapters of Genesis were simply efforts to account for the existence of life, death, and sin : not historical, but poetical, after the fashion of *Paradise Lost* or *Prometheus Unbound*. If such be the case, many difficulties disappear, but with them also much beauty, suggestiveness, and satisfaction, and the very spirit of ingenuity withers away. I have said this already, but it is worth keeping in mind. I do not know that Cinderella actually put her foot into the glass slipper, only I do feel that she was a goodly damsel and deserved her good luck.

Gloom and despair, then, had settled down on Compostella, and St. James was as though he were not, and the causes

thereof may have been as legend affirms. I am not sure; nor do I care to be sure. The picture is evident enough. For the nonce Galicia felt that it was lost. And though personally I know nothing, yet I had rather enter into that darkness and pass to its farthest bounds with a brave poet who can dream dreams and give life to the invisible, than journey with a timid, trembling critic who is afraid of his own soul, and perhaps doubts if he has one.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GLORIFICATION

MONTAIGNE declares that miracles are according to the ignorance wherein we are by nature, and not according to nature's essence; and by that he implies that familiarity is likely to destroy the perceptibility of miracles. In other words, a miracle depends on the individual who perceives it rather than on itself or its own act. Any phenomenon unknown to us, suddenly and unexpectedly presented to us for the first time, we consider a wonder. Were we used to such phenomena, it would lose its miraculous nature. It is probable that had we conversance and intimacy with St. James such as the Spanish people enjoyed in the tenth and eleventh centuries, we should not be astonished at the prodigies he wrought. They would not indeed be prodigies. We should think no more of them than we do of fish swimming up stream or of the bursting out in the spring of buds in bushes or songs in birds. I confess that when I read the 'miracles' recorded of St. James in the *Acta Sanctorum* or in the *Golden Legend*, so industriously catalogued by Professor King, I lose all sense of their nature, and think of them as ordinary, commonplace, prosaic incidents. The Apostle did such things as a matter of course. I do not wonder at him; nor do I wonder at them. Such was his business: the purpose for which he was in the world. Were I told that Dr. Johnson had done the like, I should doubt it; and were it said that Herbert Spencer had performed the same feats, I should deny it. I cannot associate these modern scholars with such exploits; but I have no such difficulty over St. James the Great of Compostella.

To say the least, this frame of mind is fortunate. It at once puts me into sympathy with the people of those distant times. Nature herself is of no consequence. Properly speaking, she has nothing to do with a miracle. Indeed, she may never have done one in the untold ages since she began to work, unless she brought herself into being, and were that so I should be too astonished to believe it. I

should at once assure myself that she started out with a lie; and that is not possible. I cannot imagine a thing which does not exist, and therefore is not even a thing, causing itself to come into being, or bringing anything else into being. When modern philosophers tell me it is possible that creation was its own creator, I wonder if the mediaeval discoverers of legends strayed any farther from the truth, or if they were more credulous.

But the inability of nature does not imply the inability of man. He may see that which nature has no eyes for. In days gone by he saw these wonders; and they ceased to be wonders because he saw them again and again. And the most miraculous thing of all, more remarkable than the acts themselves, he believed in them, and so believed in them that he became unconscious of the exercise of faith. He reflected no more on the difficulty or magnitude of the event than you do over the odds and ends of news you read in your morning journal. It was no surprise to the people of 1104 that a pilgrim who fell overboard on his way from Jerusalem was enabled by St. James to swim three days and nights after his ship till he was heard and taken on board. Nor were they astonished that, in response to appeals made to him, the Apostle not infrequently made soldiers, who had been condemned to be beheaded for his sake, impenetrable, neck and belly. Such interpositions of saintly succour were not so rare as to occasion more than gratitude. No one wondered at them enough to doubt them.

Here, again, we have a miracle told which reminds us of the story of the Three Hebrew Children in Nebuchadnezzar's Burning Fiery Furnace. If the one be true, physically and not merely allegorically, there is no reason why the other should not be in the same sense true. Only, there is a suspicion that the young man in the Jacobean miracle was not as free from blame as the Jewish heroes immortalized by Daniel. He suffered, or rather escaped suffering, in the year 1238, at a castle named Prato, between Florence and Pistoja, in Italy. The village is still on the map. There were relics of St. James in the latter place, and the city had close relations with Compostella. The young man had set fire to a field of corn, and was sentenced to be drawn and burnt. He confessed his crime, and avowed himself a disciple of St. James; and St. James stood by him. Thus the old chronicle runs:—

'And when he had been long drawn in his shirt upon a

stony way, he was neither hurt in his body nor in his shirt. Then he was bound to a stake, and faggots and bushes were set about him, and fire put thereto, which fire burnt at his bonds, and he always called on St. James, and there was no hurt of burning found in his shirt nor in his body, and when they would have cast him again into the fire, he was taken away from them by St. James, the apostle of God, to whom be given laud and praising.'

Do not marvel at such recitals. They are remarkable, but not extraordinary. Thus these hundreds of years since, when Louis the Sixth was king of France, devout and honest folk heard that Count William of Poitiers, while on a pilgrimage to Compostella with his wife and two little children, fell into sore distress. At Pamplona the countess died, and the host at the inn robbed the count even of the horse that carried the children. It looked as though the journey were at an end. But a special providence watched over the little company. They met a good old man with an excellent donkey, and thus they reached the haven where they would be. When they got back to Pamplona they found—probably much to your astonishment, but no one wondered at it then—that the innkeeper had been hanged, as he deserved to be, and that the old man they had met by the way was St. James, and the ass was an angel.

Undoubtedly these achievements supported the claims of St. James. They testified alike to his integrity and his power. They helped to prove the truth of his discovery and to extol the wisdom of his Translation. They gave certainty where argument would have engendered doubt. Nor, with such a saint as patron and protector of Galicia, was it possible for the devastation caused by Almanzor and his Moors to remain either unavenged or unrestored. The re-building came on apace. Never again did the misbeliever overrun the country. The Apostle came into his own once more. The glory of the former city and sanctuary increased manifold. We shall see more of this as we go on with our story.

Only, somewhere in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Robert Burton quotes a Latin author as saying, 'I will act *bona fide*: know that none of the things which I am going to write are true. I am going to speak of what never took place, nor ever will take place, just out of ingenuity, to keep my hand in.' If an application of such an utterance should be made here, there is enough to give one pause; and, indeed, to steep one in doubt, for close by another Latin scholar,

venturing to describe his visit to the moon, says: 'I shall explain this night's transactions in the kingdom of the moon, a place where no one has yet arrived, save in his dreams.' We must not look for such equivocations in the theologasters who dealt with the life and works of Santiago: or we shall make no headway. Let us move on in the best of faith.

The crowning manifestation of the strength and character of the Apostle of Compostella, in worth and renown far exceeding all other wonders recorded of him, and which once and for all made him patron of Spain and exalted him among the military saints of heaven, a soldier verily after Archbishop Turpin's own heart, happened at the battle of Clavijo, in the Rioja near Najera, about the year 845, not so many years after the finding of his body at Iria Flavia. Thus early did St. James show himself after his long sleep; and to this event is largely due the devotion given him by the princes and people of Galicia, and the envy and hatred entertained towards him by the Moors.

At this time the country was in as perplexing discomfort as ever. The noble Alfonso died in 842, and his successor, Ramiro I., as we have already stated, had not only to suppress an insurrection brought about by rivals to the throne, and to repel an attack by Norman pirates, but also to contend with the impatient and aggressive Moslems. His reign of seven or eight years, however, seems to have been rather insignificant and to have called for little consideration by his contemporaries: that is to say, regarded from a historical point of view. But in the thirteenth century Archbishop Roderigo Ximénez of Toledo, in his *History of the Barbarians*, told, apparently for the first time, of the operations of Ramiro I. against the Moors, and of the marvellous battle of Clavijo. The archbishop's story, palpitating with piety and patriotism, and abounding in details of valour and victory, was freely expanded by Juan de Mariana, a learned Jesuit, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Mariana's *Historiae de rebus Hispaniae*, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says, 'though in many parts uncritical, is justly esteemed for its research, accuracy, sagacity, and style.' We have therefore decided advantages in considering a campaign of which no contemporary account exists.

According to the story thus handed down to us, notwithstanding the apparent peace, the kingdom of the Asturias had been reduced by the Moslems to a desperate condition. The Spaniards had resisted strenuously, but the chances

were against them. At last they confronted a vast army of Moors gathered near the city of Najera, in the district known as the Rioja, not far from the western bank of the Ebro. In the very agony and anticipation of defeat, King Ramiro fell into a deep sleep, and in a vision St. James appeared to him and assured him of victory. Refreshed and cheered, the king made known to his followers this celestial revelation. They united in prayer, and then rushed upon the foe with spear and sword, shouting the war-cry, 'Santiago! y cierra, España!'—'Saint James! and close up, Spain!' This was but the beginning of the triumph over the doomed infidels. In the heavens, at the head of the Christian legions, leading them on, appeared the Apostle in resplendent armour, mounted on a white horse, and bearing in one hand a snow-white banner, on which was displayed a blood-red cross, and in the other a flashing sword. Then followed a mighty slaughter. Single-handed St. James himself killed sixty thousand Arabs, some say seventy thousand. Possibly the sanguinary and saintly knight was not entirely single-handed. Others may have helped, but when the struggle came to an end, the battle of Clavijo had redeemed the fortunes of Spain.

Never did earth see a more noble or astounding victory. The gratitude of Ramiro and his warriors to St. James for his having directed the fight and increased the butchery was practically unbounded. Mariana says: 'This battle was fought in the year 846, being the second of King Ramiro. The victorious army, in gratitude to God for the divine aid, vowed to Santiago, under whose leadership the victory had been obtained, that all Spain should henceforth be tributary to the church of Compostella; and that every acre of ploughed and vine land should pay each year a bushel of corn or wine to that church.' More than this. The king ordained that 'when any booty was divided St. James was to have his share as a horseman.'

It is said that no sooner does a lamb fall in the wilderness, than a vulture comes to devour it. That is what the critics have done with this story. Nothing could have better displayed the courage and chivalry of the Apostle. His glory as he rides majestically to the battle, and the triumph which awaited him there, thrill one's very soul. One feels that St. James had not lived in vain, nor slept in vain. Then the iconoclast draws near. Winter comes at once. The streams of imagination are frozen. Beauty drops like dead bark from

the trees. We are told that there never was a battle or a victory of Clavijo. The historians solemnly assure us that the legend was a pure invention, perhaps either to account for the origin and obligation of the tribute paid to the church at Compostella, or to supply an argument for the foundation of the Order of St. James of the Sword. When the tribute began no man remembers; but the Order was not established till towards the end of the twelfth century, and till then no one had heard of the victory of Ramiro at Clavijo.

So the dream vanishes away. And the historians do not trouble themselves to explain the scallop shells which were picked up in abundance on the field of battle. It matters but little. For at the battle of Simancas, July 19, 939, the Apostle again appeared, this time with mitre and crosier, and accompanied by St. Millán: co-patriots of Spain and Knights of God, the two together—as Professor King translates Gonzalo de Berceo :—

> 'White horsemen who ride on white horses, O fair to see,
> They ride where the rivers of Paradise flash and flow.'

And the Moors were slaughtered with a great slaughter. Even were this apparition disputed, there are in all thirty-eight apparitions to be accounted for. Nor has he appeared only in Spain. At subsequent times he has been seen fighting in Flanders, in Italy, in India, and even in America. A veritable child of the thunderstorm, the Apostle had no equal on the battlefields of his country. Like St. Martin of Tours and St. George of England and other saintly military commanders, he generally appeared on horseback: fierce as the west wind, swift as the lightning's flash, terrible as St. Michael in his conflict with Satan.

Nor were appearances of heavenly beings, either in the sky or elsewhere, regarded as extraordinary: rare, perhaps, but not unheard of. The angel of the Lord went before the camp of Israel at the time of the Exodus; and in the punishment which followed the taking of the census, David saw the angel which smote with death the seventy thousand of his people. In the ages of which we are writing no one doubted such manifestations: not even of Christ Himself. Under the year 1224, Matthew Paris, speaking of the multitudes in England who about that time took the cross and went to the Holy Land, says: 'On Mid-somer night the Lord appeared in the Firmament, in crucified forme and bloudy, to shew how acceptable that devotion was to him.' He tells

this on the lone testimony of a fishmonger who lived near Uxbridge. No one else seems to have seen this vision, but, when you come to think of it, a fishmonger's word is as good as the word of any other man.

The Apostle of Compostella, however, though he ranked as patron and metropolitan of all Spain, was not the only heavenly knight who appeared in behalf of the Spanish people. At the great fight on the plain of Alcoraz in 1096, where Peter of Aragon was pitted against the Moors of Saragossa, St. George appeared in the vanguard of the Christian chivalry, and secured the defeat of the foe. Thus St. George became patron saint of Aragon, and in the arms of that kingdom, to this day, appears his cross. Some authorities hold that he suffered martyrdom in Aragon; but we cannot here tell his story, or trace his connection with England. Much less should we care to account for his relics. One of his heads was found at Rome in 751, and in 1600 was given to the church at Ferrara. Another head is said to be in Picardy. One of his arms fell from heaven on an altar in Cologne; another, in the ninth century, reached the church at Cambrai; and three pieces of his third arm were deposited, one each, in as many different places. Neither England nor Aragon, nor even Portugal, of which three countries he held tutelage, succeeded in obtaining a bit of him. Nor yet Genoa or Venice, which were also under his protection. But no one seems to have doubted that he fought in the skies for any and all of his favourite lands that needed him.

And, again, as everybody knows, St. George made good his interest in the well-being of his adherents in modern times, say, in the late days of August 1914, in the neighbourhood of Mons. The French were protected by St. Joan of Arc and St. Michael the Archangel, who appeared to them again and again, and both encouraged them and led them on to victory; and St. George, with other heavenly warriors, looked after his poor English. As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so did the celestial princes withstand the enemies of their people. The Germans had no such visions, which of itself showed that they were Heaven-forsaken.

One night, when the fortunes of the allies were at a low ebb, there rose over the adversary a thin yellow mist, and out of the mist came a tall knight with yellow hair and golden armour and long loose-hanging garment of a brilliant tint. The English soldiers knew it was St. George because they

had seen his figure on the gold coin of the realm. He was seated on a white horse, waving his sword as if in command, and appeared to be calling with all his might to the British forces, 'Come on! Come on!' On either side of him rode other figures; and beneath them shone a bright star, which afterwards, when the apparitions had disappeared, was recognized as the Morning Star. For three-quarters of an hour men beheld this vision. One spectator timed it exactly as lasting thirty-five minutes. Some witnesses, who testified to the reality of the phenomenon, said the men stood quiet and still. They did not know what to make of it. At last one called out, 'God is with us!' Then, when they were falling in for the march, the captain of one company repeated what other officers were saying on every side: 'Well, men, we can cheer up now: we 've got Some One with us!' That night over thirty miles were done. An officer, who is described as 'a distinguished lieutenant-colonel,' tells of other supernatural occurrences which he witnessed during the retreat in the night of August 27, as he was riding along with two other officers:—

'As we rode along I became conscious of the fact that, in the fields on both sides of the road along which we were marching, I could see a very large body of horsemen. These horsemen had the appearance of squadrons of cavalry, and they seemed to be riding across the fields and going in the same direction as we were going, and keeping level with us. The night was not very dark, and I fancied that I could see squadron upon squadron of these cavalrymen quite distinctly. I did not say a word about it at first, but I watched them for about twenty minutes. The other two officers had stopped talking. At last one of them asked me if I saw anything in the fields. I then told him what I had seen. The third officer then confessed that he too had been watching these horsemen for the past twenty minutes. So convinced were we that they were really cavalry that, at the next halt, one of the officers took a party of men out to reconnoitre, and found no one there. The night then grew darker, and we saw no more.

'The same phenomenon was seen by many men in our column. Of course, we were all dog-tired and overtaxed, but it is an extraordinary thing that the same phenomenon should be witnessed by so many different people. I myself am absolutely convinced that I saw these horsemen; and I feel sure that they did not exist only in my imagination. I

do not attempt to explain the mystery — I only state facts.'

The testimony as to these appearances was abundant enough, though, to be sure, one would like to have had the name of that lieutenant-colonel, and some independent attestations of his fellow-officers and men. On the other hand, an imaginative newspaper-man claimed that before the experiences happened, he had written a story in which he had sketched appearances of bowmen on the battlefield, unearthly and weird, and that his story had been the foundation of the reports of the angels of Mons. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* dismisses the story of the appearances as fiction taken as fact. But it is not likely that many men in the army, either French or English, ever read or heard of the fiction. Indeed, it is doubtful if the fiction was in print till after some of these appearances had been made known. Nor, if the appearances are to be ascribed to natural causes, is it necessary to suppose that the men who said they saw the apparitions owed their experience to anything outside of themselves. Their own mental and physical condition, weary, depressed, discouraged, fearing defeat, disposed them sufficiently to hallucinations, if as such the appearances have to be taken. But whether such or not, the appearances were none the less real and objective to those who saw them. They were in no frame of mind to consider whether the vision they beheld was of their own creation, or came into being independently of them altogether. Such subtleties were beyond them.

Only, of this we may be fairly sure: that whichever explanation may be taken, the same phenomenon occurred at Mons which occurred so many centuries since on the fields of Spain. The English at Mons beheld St. George as the Spanish at Alcoraz saw him, and at Simancas saw both St. James and St. Millán. The men of the twentieth century and the men of the twelfth century had the like gift of seeing supernatural phenomena: or they assumed they had, which is not far from being the same thing. And in all the instances alleged the same result followed: the depressed were uplifted, the discouraged were given hope, the weak were made strong. As in the earlier centuries, so in the later, whatever may have been the true nature of the cause, the effect differed not. The armies went on from vision to victory.

There were, of course, unbelievers in those far-off days. Scepticism is no new quality. If a man did not like St.

James, he would be inclined to repudiate both the appearances and the miracles of St. James. Sometimes such objectors held to their opinions, even in spite of the efforts of their friends and well-wishers to convince them either by persuasion or force, and not a few died rather than change their mind; but it is pleasing to know that others were graciously and miraculously brought to repent themselves of conclusions so far from the truth. A delightful instance of this is given in the *Chronicle of the Cid*, which ought to be sufficient to affect the most obdurate, and which probably dates from the twelfth century. As one reads it, one scarcely knows which to admire most: the consideration of the Apostle or the open-heartedness of the bishop. After its careful perusal, doubt seems almost out of reach.

Coimbra had long been a stronghold of the Moors, and about 1063 the Christian inhabitants thereof sent an urgent appeal to Ferdinand I., who then held the united kingdoms of Leon and Castile, to come to their deliverance. The king, backed by the youthful and impetuous Cid, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, determined to listen to the cry and to free the city. The Cid assured him of success, and expressed the hope that in Coimbra he should receive knighthood at his hands. Destined to become the scourge of the enemies of his country, its mightiest and most famous hero, and recognized even by the Moors themselves as 'one of the marvels of the Lord,' Rodrigo had already aroused the envy and opposition of his fellow-chieftains. This of itself indicated the strength of his influence. But failure never came to the side he espoused. Ferdinand followed his counsel. And in compliance with that counsel, to prepare himself for the enterprise and to induce God to fulfil his desire, the king made a pilgrimage to Compostella, and remained there three days and nights in prayer, offering great gifts, and taking upon himself great devotion.

With the help of St. James he gathered together a great host, and in January 1064 he marched over the mountains and laid siege to Coimbra. For five months he fought and planned in vain. Then his supplies began to fail him, and he decided to return to Leon. But before he retreated, St. James came to the rescue. The chronicle says that in the hour when all seemed lost, food was secured; and, fed and refreshed, the besieging force renewed their efforts, brought their engines to bear more vigorously on every part of the wall, and perplexed and daunted the enemy. In a week's

time the Moors offered to surrender the city, asking for nothing but their lives. The king granted their prayer, and on a Sunday at the hour of tierce the gates were open to him. So far so good: only, St. James had a part in the success which must not be forgotten. Thus runs Robert Southey's translation of the legend:—

'Now it came to pass that while the King lay before Coimbra, there came a pilgrim from the land of Greece on pilgrimage to Santiago; his name was Estiano, and he was a Bishop. And as he was praying in the church he heard certain of the townsmen and of the pilgrims saying that Santiago was wont to appear in battle like a knight, in aid of the Christians. And when he heard this it nothing pleased him, and he said unto them, Friends, call him not a knight, but rather a fisherman. Upon this it pleased God that he should fall asleep, and in his sleep Santiago appeared to him with a good and cheerful countenance, holding in his hand a bunch of keys, and said unto him, Thou thinkest it a fable that they should call me a knight, and sayest that I am not so: for this reason am I come unto thee that thou never more mayest doubt concerning my knighthood; for a knight of Jesus Christ I am, and a helper of the Christians against the Moors. While he was thus saying a horse was brought him the which was exceeding white, and the Apostle Santiago mounted upon it, being well clad in bright and fair armour, after the manner of a knight. And he said to Estiano, I go to help King Don Ferrando who has lain these seven months before Coimbra, and to-morrow, with these keys which thou seest, will I open the gates of the city unto him at the hour of tierce, and deliver it into his hand. Having said this he departed. And the Bishop when he awoke in the morning called together the clergy and people of Compostella, and told them what he had seen and heard. And as he said, even so did it come to pass; for tidings came that on that day, and at the hour of tierce, the gates of the city had been opened.'

Not only did the king confer knighthood on Rodrigo of Bivar, and commit Coimbra to the keeping of Don Sisnando, bishop of Iria, but he also went to Compostella to return thanks to Santiago. By the way, just here, the chronicle tells some scandal about Bishop Sisnando, whose name is not unknown to us. Having more hardihood than religion, says the record, he had by reason of his misdeeds gone over to the Moors, and sorely annoyed the Christians in Portugal.

But during the siege he had come to the king's service, and bestirred himself well against the Moors ; and therefore the king took him into his favour, and gave him the city to keep, which he kept, and did much evil to the Moors till the day of his death.

Now, whether the appearances of St. James as the warrior knight of Spain were real or not ; or, to put it another way, whether a critical and sceptical scholar of these modern times would have really seen the Apostle in the heavens, or would have dismissed the supposition as pure fiction : it is certain that as time went on the Spanish people believed heart and soul that St. James had appeared and had fought for them. There is no gainsaying their faith. And there is no gainsaying the effect of that faith on them. Not only was St. James accepted everywhere as the patron saint of Spain, but one of the most celebrated orders of knighthood was founded to commemorate his life and deeds.

The exact date of the institution of the Knights of Santiago de Espada or the Knights of St. James of Compostella is uncertain. Tradition gives the honour to Ramiro II., king of Leon, immediately after the battle of Clavijo ; but Burke, in his *History of Spain*, holds that it came into existence about the year 1161, in the reorganization of a band of outlaws who had infested the territories of Leon. This band, probably under compulsion, offered its services to Ferdinand II., king of Leon, and he recognized its members as faithful subjects, and their company as a loyal and knightly corporation of defenders of the faith and destroyers of the infidel. The new society reflected the spirit of the age, not only ideally, but actually and practically. It afforded an outlet for the turbulence and restlessness which everywhere prevailed. The people had indeed to recover the country of their fathers from a conqueror foreign to them both in race and religion. They were brave and proud. War became their business, amusement, passion. So impatient and impulsive were they, so fierce, determined, and volcanic, that at one time knights, nobles, and kings never slept without having the warhorse ready saddled in the chamber. Soldiers declared that they led a life like demons, like spirits in hell, who rest neither day nor night, and whose chief joy is in separating soul from body. Here, then, sprang into being an Order ready to further to the utmost the dominating excitement. So successful were its members in harrying the unbeliever, that, in 1172, the archbishop of Santiago

proclaimed himself their spiritual chief, and the company was formally incorporated under the Banner, Insignia, and Invocation of St. James.

Its first rule, largely based on the mild precepts of the canons of St. Augustine, seems to have been drawn up by Cardinal Giacinto Bobo, the papal legate, afterwards, at the age of eighty-five, in 1191, made Pope under the name of Celestine III. At his instigation, on July 5, 1175, still in the reign of Ferdinand II., Pope Alexander III. confirmed the establishment of the Order. Its ideal was that of the Knights Templars. Besides the redemption of Spain from the Moors, it undertook to protect pilgrims on their way to and from Compostella. The motto of the Order was 'Rubet ensis sanguine Arabum'—'Red is the sword with the blood of the Moors'; and the badge is a blood-red sword in the form of a cross, charged, as heralds term it, with a white scallop-shell. To a master and a council of thirteen knights was entrusted the government of the Order. No local bishop had any jurisdiction therein. 'The knights were to be of pure Christian blood, untainted by any Jewish or Moorish ancestry; and were to assert their belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.' The right to marry was accorded the knights from the first; and till the end of the Middle Ages it was the only Order having such right. The first grand master, Pedro Fernández de Fuente Encalatro, died in 1184.

The Order attained to great honour, reputation, and wealth. Burke says that 'at the end of the fifteenth century Santiago possessed no less than two hundred commanderies, with as many priories, and an immense number of castles and villages, together with movable and immovable property of every description.' In 1493 the grand mastership fell to Ferdinand the Catholic, and in 1544 Pope Adrian VI. vested that office permanently in the crown of Spain. St. James maintained his popularity through the centuries. As the worthy Don Quixote said, when he beheld the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, trampling on Moors and treading upon heads, sword all bloody: 'Ay, marry, this is a knight indeed, one of Christ's own squadron. He is called Don Saint James the Moor-killer, one of the most valiant saints and knights the world had formerly, or heaven has now.'

Again one ponders over the honours heaped upon St. James. That he was worthy of such glorification, few who

remember the wonders attributed to him will deny. The mother of Zebedee's sons had her prayer granted: in that then world-wide kingdom over which Jesus was exalted King, St. John rested in the far east and St. James in the far west. The story grows in wonder as it grows in interest. Now we see St. James with the net across his shoulders; now with the gold and scarlet robe—a peasant yesterday and a prince to-day! The martyr has become the master of a mighty people, and no meridian sun can dim the brightness of his sword, or cold unbelief chill the warmth of his glory.

And Gibbon, who loved not Christian saints or Christian story, thus tells of the exaltation of the Apostle:—

'A stupendous metamorphosis was performed in the ninth century, when from a peaceful fisherman of the lake of Gennesareth, the Apostle James was transformed into a valorous knight, who charged at the head of Spanish chivalry in battles against the Moors. The gravest historians have celebrated his exploits; the miraculous shrine of Compostella displayed his power; and the sword of a military order, assisted by the terrors of the Inquisition, was sufficient to remove every objection of profane criticism.'

CHAPTER XV

IN THE CLOSE OF THE MILLENNIUM

To one man is due, not so much the foundation as the development of Compostella. Even though others created much of the material, and others helped in the disposition and arrangement of that material, yet his was the master mind that directed the construction and gave form, not only to the city itself, but also to the cult of St. James. He it was who made St. James the purpose and pride of Compostella. He it was who took the legends which spoke of Compostella as the outcome of the discovery of the body of the Apostle, as, indeed, brought into being solely to afford that Apostle shelter and sanctuary, and reversed the process. He saw Compostella first, and St. James afterwards. The comparison lay between Iria Flavia, the old town near the sea, buried as it were out of sight, and the new town high on the hillside, overlooking a valley and landscapes of commanding beauty, and possessing a site on which walls and domes and towers could be seen in all their splendour from afar. Such a town was better fitted for the seat of a bishop, and much more suitable as the centre of an archbishopric, than the ancient, worn-out, and obscure Iria. Instead of wharves and the smell of ships and fish, the new city could have palaces and gardens and parks in which art could combine with nature in happiest guise, and flowers display their loveliness and exhale their exquisite fragrance. Not, to be sure, that Compostella could ever become a second Cordoba, or like unto Toledo or Seville, but it should be a city of which Galicia could be proud, and which would delight the stranger from distant lands.

In the building up of such a city, and in gathering to it an importance and a dignity which would become it, St. James was of untold worth. None could be more serviceable then he, or more responsive to the wishes of those who resorted to him. The place did not exist for him, but he for the place. He made it ; it did not make him.

The man to whom I refer, and to whom Compostella owes

so much, and perhaps St. James even more, was Don Diego Gelmirez.

But before we say aught further of him, or of his remarkable, ambitious, and eventful life, we shall briefly tell the story of the efforts to lift the country out of the desolation brought about by Almanzor and his Moors. We have already spoken of the ruin and sadness. Compostella and the greater part of Galicia had suffered to the uttermost. And soon after doing all the damage that lay in his power, Almanzor went the way of all flesh, and writers who did not love him said that, 'when he died, the Devil was heard bewailing him along the banks of the Guadalquivir.' In Satan's sorrow lay Galicia's salvation. Almanzor was the last Moorish chieftain to put foot in the north-western country. The Gallegans were free to undertake the rebuilding of their towns and the reconsecration of their shrines.

The ravages done by the invaders, even though they may not have been so extensive or thorough as the Moorish chroniclers would have us believe, undoubtedly helped to deepen the impression prevailing generally throughout Christendom, that the end of the world would coincide with the close of the first Christian millennium. Everywhere people felt that in the decrease of love and the growth of iniquity, perilous times were at hand for men's souls. Evils of all sorts became more rampant. A contemporary writer, reviewing conditions, asks: 'What then can we think but that the whole human race, root and branch, is sliding willingly down again into the gulf of primeval chaos?' Not only was Galicia and north-western Spain overswept by the adversary, but, in the decade immediately before the Thousand Years ended, Vesuvius, also called Vulcan's Cauldron, became more restless than usual—hell was being stirred up; Rome and many cities of Gaul were devastated by fire; and famines and plagues of extraordinary virulence afflicted large parts of Europe.

It is possible that the gloom and depression have been exaggerated; and it is also possible that in Galicia, where everything seems to have been brought to a standstill by the raids of Almanzor, the people thought little of the fate of the world at large; but we can imagine that even at Compostella, when the century came nearer its close, and it was felt that the worst that could happen had happened, a reaction set in. Hope sprang again into life and vigour. The days of man's greatest need are the days of his most

determined endeavour. The winter, black and deadly, had gone, and a spring came the like of which for widespread activity and regenerating effort the world had seldom seen. In the heart of a cowed and fearful people encouragement grew by leaps and bounds. The delving and the digging began. The broken walls were cleared away; and in an incredibly short time the charred and unsightly countryside disappeared, and towns and villages, houses and churches, once more told of prosperity and happiness.

Elsewhere in Europe, and it may have been also the case in Galicia, another emotion came into play. Though the thought of the near approach of the end of the first Christian millennium caused much apprehension and dread, it also begot in many minds and hearts a feeling of the necessity for preparation. The Church must make ready for the coming of her Lord. Christian folk everywhere began to trim their lamps. First they determined that all Jews should either be baptized or be driven forth from their lands or cities; and, if they would not receive baptism, they robbed and killed them freely and without compunction. Then they repaired and improved their cathedrals, sanctuaries, monasteries, and other holy places. So thoroughly did they work, that a Cluniac chronicler, Ralph Glauber, says, 'It was as though the very world had shaken herself and cast off her old age, and were clothing herself everywhere in a white garment of churches.'

More than this: in these days of preparation for the thousandth year, and soon afterwards—perhaps as a help against the recklessness of living which set in worse than ever when men realized that the Second Advent had not occurred—we are told that 'the relics of very many saints, which had long lain hid, were revealed by divers proofs and testimonies; for these, as if to decorate this revival, revealed themselves by God's will to the eyes of the faithful, to whose minds also they brought much consolation.' The good Cluniac recorder does not say anything about the discoveries at Iria or Compostella; but he is happy in telling us that at the church of the blessed Stephen, in the city of Sens in Gaul, among other certain marvellous relics of ancient holy things, was found a part of Moses' rod—the rod, it should be observed, which once became a serpent and swallowed the other serpents made out of their rods by Pharaoh's magicians; the same rod which Moses used when the Red Sea overwhelmed the Egyptian hosts. Many pilgrims im-

mediately resorted to Sens; but, while Moses' rod and the other relics made not a few sick folk whole and sound, the effect was not altogether helpful to the inhabitants of Sens. In return for so great benefits, we are informed, they contracted an excessive insolence. The prosperity puffed them up.

It so chanced that in these days, from 986 to 1000, St. Pedro Mozoncio was bishop of Iria, and to him, under the direction of King Bermudo II., fell the difficult labour of beginning the restoration of the shrine and church of St. James at Compostella. Of a wealthy and noble Asturian family, long famed for its interest in the foundation and endowment of churches, and having been abbot of Antealtares before his election to the bishopric, he devoted himself and his influence to his office, apparently without stint or hesitation. His energy and his vision were more than ordinary. With a saintliness of life and thorough business capacity, he combined the gifts of a poet. Perhaps he is best known as the author of *Salve Regina*, which Mrs. Gallichan regards as 'the most beautiful of all Catholic prayers.' He came under the influence of Cluny, which, founded in 910, had in 918 built a church, after the style of which Mozoncio designed the restored church at Compostella. The church at Cluny was not the famous basilica, which, begun in 1089, and consecrated in 1131, was, until the building of the present St. Peter's, the largest church in Christendom. Nor was the church at Compostella restored by Bishop Mozoncio the building in which the relics of St. James were finally deposited. Towers were added by Bishop Cresconio, who held the see from 1048 to 1066, but before the end of the century the church was found to be too small for its purpose, and a much larger and more elaborate structure loomed amid the clouds of the near future.

It is probable that in the years which immediately preceded or followed the end of the first Christian millennium, no part of Spain was more heartily and thoroughly Spanish than this north-western country. Not only was it the sanctuary of Spain's tutelary saint, whose historical fame and supernatural beneficence were now advancing by rapid strides, but it had been peopled by patriots and loyalists, soldiers, churchmen, and nobles, who had drifted here from regions more decisively occupied by the Moors. The tone and temper of the inhabitants may be expressed by the slogan,

the like of which has been used elsewhere to denote exclusiveness, 'Spain for the Spaniards!' Against that spirit, however, arose influences of a contrary nature. For the twelve years preceding 1085, Gregory VII., perhaps better remembered as Hildebrand, had occupied the chair of St. Peter, and mightier man than he never obtained mastery. The magnitude of his claims and the magnificence of his vision, supported by his indomitable will and carried out with uninterrupted success, brought kings and princes to his footstool, and compelled nations to do his bidding. The papacy had now well launched its purpose of temporal aggrandisement. It not only designed supremacy in matters spiritual, but had also determined on sovereignty in matters political, social, and national. The kingdom of God, of which it was on earth the representative and expression, should affect every department of life; and, even as the Pope was the vicegerent of Christ, and held in his hands the keys of heaven, so should the See of St. Peter be the centre of Christendom and the arbiter of the world. The Pope should be in reality the spokesman of God on earth.

They err who suppose that this purpose or policy sprang out of personal ambition or pride. The condition of the times gave it being and made it necessary. The welding of the fragments of the old Roman empire into kingdoms and the amalgamation of races into nations, to say nothing of the overshadowing peril of Mohammedanism, demanded some central and controlling authority. Thus only could unity and peace be reached and maintained. The Pope had no alternative. A force which he had no strength to resist, even had he been so minded, compelled him to advance claims unknown and unneeded in earlier ages. The individual pontiff was inevitably and unavoidably the creation of his times. He had no possible way of escape. It was not Rome, nor the desire of its pontiffs for superiority or distinction, that made the papacy—nor, if I may dare venture so to conjecture, altogether the words of Christ to St. Peter. Out of the depths of the ages of misery, the storms of distress and strife, and the anguish of pain and blood, arose the cry for help. God heard the cry; and men rallied to the hope created for them. Inspired by the Almighty and driven by dire need, Europe made that which the popes could never have made for themselves—a voice for righteousness and justice in a wilderness of wrong, and a supremacy over divided and distracted kings and over nations rent and torn.

And through those centuries of confusion and conflict, the papacy stood firm and unyielding, God's instrumentality for bringing order out of chaos, till the storms weakened and became less frequent, and modern Europe formed its kingdoms, definite, prosperous, and strong. It is not for me to say that that mission of the papacy is no longer necessary. All that I affirm is that nine hundred and more years back in history it was a necessity.

On the other hand, there are ever in the world men, and multitudes of men, who prefer individuality to unity. Indeed, the two elements cannot resist warring with each other. It is the age-long strife between selfishness and sacrifice; and it is the function of reconciliation to show that selfishness is best served by sacrifice, and that sacrifice can be the means of securing the advantages involved in a righteous and divine selfishness. I do not use the word 'selfishness' in its bad sense; but as conveniently standing for that care of self which is laid on us as a duty, and which concerns personality. It is possible that in the ages of which I am speaking reconciliation did its best, kindly as well as earnestly; but, as a matter of fact, perhaps unconsciously following the bent of some other nations, the people of north-western Spain resented interference from outside. They had rather be governed by their own princes than by princes either of foreign origin or under foreign influence. At all events, under native and independent rulers, their troubles and mistakes were their own. They made them themselves —and there is some satisfaction in that. But, again, experience taught the king, even the native king, that if his subjects felt unkindly towards him—as in north-western Spain, as well as elsewhere, they sometimes did—he had an advantage could he obtain the support of the Church, and especially if that support exerted itself through the Pope. In return, the Pope had the allegiance of the king; and the two could stand together against ill-feeling, and even against rebellion. When this happened, they who held that Spain should be for the Spaniard found themselves in sorry state.

I have mentioned Cluny; and no one who knows aught of Cluny, more certainly in the days of its early abbots, can think of that institution without profound reverence and almost unqualified admiration. The part that Cluny played in the life of Europe, in the period of its ascendancy, was of first importance. Not even the rise of the Franciscans and Dominicans may allow us to forget the

work of the Cluniacs. In almost every Christian country the society had its houses; in Spain, not a few; and everywhere its influence went to the uplifting of ideals both of worship and of life. Out of it came the spirit of the Crusades. In Spain it gave its full strength to the cult of St. James. It stood by Compostella in the stress of its necessity and in the peril of its prosperity. It also fostered and furthered in every way possible the claims of the papacy. Free from episcopal jurisdiction, it recognized itself as subject only to the personal and immediate rule of the Pope.

Now, in the year 1070 there was made bishop of Iria a man deserving of high praise, named Diego Peláez. He probably resided in Compostella; and, after the style of his predecessors for the previous two hundred years, had been known also as the bishop thereof. The beginnings of the effort to transfer the see from the one place to the other are obscure, but some truth may lie in the story that somewhere in the ninth century, perhaps within a few years of the removal of the body of the Apostle to the convent of Anteltares, both king and Pope consented to the transfer on condition that the honour of the see should be divided between the two places. Accordingly the bishop was regarded indifferently as of either Iria or Compostella. In like manner the church in Compostella in which rested the sacred body was not infrequently called the cathedral. To this church, rebuilt by the good Pedro Mozoncio, had been added two towers by a Bishop Cresconio. Little more is known of Cresconio. He died, and was followed by Gudesteo, the immediate predecessor of Diego Peláez; and of Gudesteo this is the record. His occupancy of the see was too short and too troublesome to allow him to further Mozoncio's work of restoration. He was related to high Gallegan nobility, and evidently in touch with their aspirations and plans, but he quarrelled and fought with them, and finally was hacked to bits in his own bed. Bishops in those days were not considered exempt from such indignities.

Notwithstanding the darkness of such a tragedy, the new bishop, Diego Peláez, went on with the reconstruction of Compostella; and first of all he entered into plans for the building of an entirely new church. In 1077 he made a compact with Fagildo, the abbot of Antealtares, for the pulling down of parts of the buildings over which the abbey had control. He proposed beginning the new structure at once. But the winter is said to have lasted from Michaelmas

to Quadragesima Sunday, bitterly cold, and as such memorable throughout Spain. Some start may have been made in 1078, but the digging of the fresh foundations does not seem to have been begun till 1082. The bishop had for his architect Master Bernard the Marvellous, whose epithet suggests him to have been an outstanding builder. Probably a Frenchman, he designed on Cluny models. Master Bernard was assisted by about fifty other masters; and Professor King, who gives the best account of the building of the church that I can find, mentions more. 'Wherever men work with level and square, the name of Master Matthew is revered, with those of Robert de Coucy and Pierre de Chelles.'

The details of the construction of this edifice, difficult indeed to trace, are for our purpose neither interesting nor important. There is little doubt that in it may be found bits of the earliest church erected on the site, and of the several additions and restorations. The work begun by Peláez was carried on by his successors, and extensively so by that Diego Gelmirez of whom we shall soon come to speak. Money for the purpose came in freely. In 1124, two canons of Santiago, by name Pedro Ansurez and Pelayo Nuñez, were running all over Italy, says Professor King, collecting subscriptions for the fabric of the church of St. James—thereby again suggesting that there is nothing new under the sun. Little by little the building was brought nearer completion; and little by little it was enriched by decorations, sculptures, doorways, and windows. If man could make it so, it should be a worthy sanctuary for the great Apostle. The original plans were never entirely carried out, but for seven hundred years this noble and magnificent structure has displayed its beauty and told its romance to the multitudes who have resorted thither; and the multitudes have never failed to admire or tired of going the round of its wonders. None can question its right to a place among the worthiest of Christian buildings: the fitting shrine of one who had been favoured by Christ, and a soul-stirring recompense for pilgrimage. Henry Dwight Sedgwick, in his brief *History of Spain*, quotes George Edmund Street as saying: 'I cannot avoid pronouncing this effort of Master Matthew at Santiago to be one of the greatest glories of Christian art'; and he tells us that Professor Arthur Kingsley Porter calls it 'the most overwhelming monument of medieval sculpture.'

To be satisfied of this, one has only to study the portico known as the Gate of Glory, wrought by Maestro Mateo before the end of the twelfth century. Mrs. Gallichan speaks of it as 'the most precious thing in this noble church,' a marvellous representation, as Lopez Ferreiro called it, of 'the House of God and the Door of Heaven'; and she most aptly admonishes us: 'If you would feel all the beauty and the joy which speaks in Mateo's divine portico, you must be in touch with the spirit that lives in it—with gladness, with youth, and passion, and life.' Next in significance to the figure of the Saviour is that of St. James, immediately below—see the frontispiece to her *Story of Santiago*; or one of the illustrations in Aubrey F. G. Bell's *Spanish Galicia*. The Apostle holds in his left hand a staff, and in his right a scroll on which are the words 'Misit me Dominus'—'the Lord hath sent me.'

Some fifty years before this wonderful portico was begun, Aymery Picaud, priest, poet, and pilgrim, from Poitou, visited Compostella, and, though the building planned by Maestro Bernardo, that *senex mirabilis magister*, was still far from completion, he describes, at least from hearsay, the crypt. 'There lies St. James in a marble ark, in a fair vaulted sepulchre, wonderful for size and workmanship. It is lighted heavenly-wise with carbuncles like the gems of the New Jerusalem, and the air is kept sweet with divine odours; waxen tapers with heavenly radiance light it, and angelic service cares for it.'

The building had progressed far enough to be called 'finished' by 1138, two years before Gelmirez, the great archbishop, died; but it was not consecrated till 1211. One hopes that the kindheartedness said to have been shown by St. James towards Charlemagne in the day of his greatest need displayed itself to the builders of the cathedral at Compostella, particularly to Peláez and Gelmirez—if we can suppose they had no better record than the emperor. Without the slightest foundation for the assumption, it was claimed that Charlemagne had dedicated at Compostella a basilica to the memory of the Apostle. He had his reward—one cannot help thinking, to the astonishment of the diligent Thoth who watched the scales before Osiris. 'When his soul appeared before the judgment-seat and Satan had weighed down one balance with his sins, St. James cast the basilica into the other balance, and turned the scales.'

We can imagine the consecration of the cathedral, May 3,

1211, to have been of extraordinary splendour and elaborate ritual. I have no account of the ceremony before me ; but doubtless there were present princes, prelates, and pilgrims in large numbers from all parts of Spain, and some from distant parts of Christendom. The little town was crowded : every available bit of space in palace, hostelry, convent, inn, and cottage packed with strangers, representative of nearly every nation under heaven. In the great church scarcely standing room to be had. There one can picture the knightly guards of honour in glittering armour, the processions of clergy and monks, the robes and costumes of gorgeous fashion, the brilliant twinkling of tapers and the yellow flaming of torches, the draping of banners and tapestries, the clouds of incense, the faint struggling of sunshine through lancet window and thickened air ; and as the eye surveys the weird, magnificent panorama, the ear catches the sounds of multitudes of singing voices and of innumerable trumpets and drums, the rattling of swords out of their scabbards, and the clanging of lances on the stone floor, the pealing of bells, and the muffled murmuring of the crowd—a medley passing strange, and yet somehow or other rhythmical and mellifluous. Probably such an experience would never again come to many of those present—such dignitaries, such august rites, such profound solemnity, or gorgeous pageantry, or fascinating grandeur.

The consecration was performed by Archbishop Pedro Muñzo, who held the see from 1207 to 1211. He is spoken of as a great scholar and a great teacher, a poet and a theologian, and his piety was such that people long after his day pointed with no little pride to a hermitage in the wilderness on the south-west skirts of Compostella where he spent many days in prayer. He was also a necromancer, as so many of the high officials of the Church of this period were declared by their contemporaries to have been.

Indeed, it was then unwise, if not dangerous, for a man to show any decided superiority among his fellows. Nearly always his skill was attributed to the powers of darkness, as though Heaven had exhausted itself in producing ordinary and commonplace folk. Others besides Jews have declared of men out of the ordinary, ' He hath a devil.' Even Pope Gregory VII., as we read in William Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*, published in 1834, was so expert in the arts of magic, that ' he would throw out lightning by shaking his arm, and dart thunder from his sleeve.' Pope Sylvester II.,

before he reached the pontifical throne or the archbishopric of Rheims or Ravenna, which he held successively, is said to have made an exhaustive study of Saracenic sorcery, and to have learned so much, that his enemies declared, after he became Pope, that he was habitually waited on by demons. His familiarity with magic was unmistakably evident in his introduction of the use of clocks, about the year 996. The Moors had made Spain the very home of diabolical ingenuity; and in the reaction from the gloom into which the Church fell as the first Christian millennium drew near its end, morally at all events, it seemed as though Satan had been loosed of his chains. Monsters of vice and masters of wizardry were never so common.

It is no wonder, then, that Don Pedro Muñzo, being an outstanding man, should be found to have a devil—or at least some of the skill of such. A feat is recorded of him which gives him a place among the professors of the Black Art. Pythagoras, at one and the same moment, was present in both Thurii and Metapontum; and Apollonius of Tyana transported himself in an instant of time from Smyrna to Ephesus. So, being in Rome one Christmas night, Archbishop Muñzo came back by wizardry, faster than light, to Compostella, in order to read the last lesson at matins, which had to be done that morning by a dignitary of St. James's Church in Rome. This may not be as reprehensible as it may seem. If the devil or the dead can be made to further good purposes, perhaps one may rightly feel that the end justifies the means. At the same time, the unbeliever may hold that it is easy enough to explain the rumour as an exaggeration of a journey made more rapidly than was common. However, this was he who consecrated the cathedral.

It is likely that the people who had built and dedicated to St. James a church in which wealth and art had done so much, and faith and love had manifested themselves in a form so noble, expected not only the approval of God, but also the increased interest of the Apostle. Dedicated to the glory of God, as had been the life of the saint after whom it was named, the church was also devoted to the honour of that servant who had been favoured by the Almighty. St. James could scarcely help being pleased at the sacrifices made and the beauty set forth in a building designed for his sanctuary. The tribute offered him, he being human, although in Paradise, would have its effect upon his graciousness and willing-

ness to help. Miracles would increase in number and in marvel. One stray instance may be given here. The time came when at the far end of the church, immediately at the back of the Portal of Glory, and facing the High Altar, Maestro Mateo set a figure of himself in the posture of supplication, pleading for forgiveness for the profanity of some of his sculpture, and for pardon for the levities which he or his fellows committed while at work. That he had been acquitted was shown by the special quality which St. James conferred on Mateo's carved figure. Having done the prescribed devotions, thereby putting himself in the condition of mind necessary for the reception of so great a favour, the student who bumps his head against the head of that figure will remember whatever he wishes to bring back to mind. Thus may be secured a successful examination. Nor does the Image dos Cloques seem to have lost any of its efficacy. It is just as helpful now as it ever was. By observing the proper ceremonies, the schoolboy to-day may overcome the tendency to forgetfulness ; though it is possible that modern thought will not have faith enough to overcome its own objection to this assurance.

Some may smile at these old conceits. They would set them aside as idle tales. Magicians, say they, have ceased to exist, and miracles are no more wrought, either by gods or demons. And yet, when one comes to think of it, one is apt to feel that either miracle or magic brought this glorious building of Compostella into being. Man seems scarcely equal to such stupendous effort. One thinks the like in Westminster and in Cologne, in Seville and in Toledo, and elsewhere either in Europe or in India. Even as in master poets or in transcendent art, a power greater than human seems to be present. Centuries had gone by since Queen Lupa's oxen dragged the sarcophagus in which lay the body of the Apostle to its resting-place in the sacred grotto ; and now, on this day of consecration, when all that a devoted nation could do was done to give him honour, it seemed as though Heaven itself had brought graciously of its strength and loveliness. They who believed in St. James ascribed the praise to God. He had wrought the miracle before which men bowed the knee. And they who were without faith, and did not care for the Apostle, attributed the splendour which they could not deny to the work of Satan—which again goes to show that the sun beholds nothing new.

So much for the church ; and now more about the bishop,

Diego Peláez, who began its construction. He seems to have been an adherent of the principle, 'Spain for the Spaniards,' and therefore stood in opposition to the claims of Rome on the one hand, and to the ascendancy of Cluny on the other. It was a losing fight. In his desperation, he turned to the Normans and besought their help. Neither in Sicily, nor in England, nor in their home country in the north of France, had the Normans been distinguished for their support of the papacy. But however willing, they could not avert the inevitable. To appeal to a people that had never missed a chance to despoil and ravage the Galician country, not only proved the weakness, indeed the hopelessness, of the episcopal party, but also seemed rather treasonable than patriotic. In 1087 or 1088, Peláez was deposed and cast into prison; and Dalmatius, a brother of Cluny, and in close sympathy with the opponents of Peláez, was appointed bishop in his stead, and remained such till 1095, when the office again became vacant.

We have gone back to times long before the consecration of the cathedral, when it was yet in the early days of its construction, and now comes into sight the man, who, as I have already intimated, of all its benefactors and patrons, did most to make Compostella like unto that Jerusalem which is the joy of the whole earth, and to that Rome which sits as mistress of the nations. I have called him the 'Great Archbishop,' not only for the work attributed to him, and the exalted position he reached in both Church and State, but also for his moral and spiritual worth, his remarkable foresight, his overflowing love of art and literature, his safe leadership, and his unfailing control of both his ambition and his policy. He was the Maecenas of Galicia.

CHAPTER XVI

DON DIEGO GELMIREZ

The new bishop of Compostella, Dalmatius, undoubtedly had been chosen, and was pledged, to reverse the policy favoured by Peláez. He was upheld by popular and powerful support, both royal and papal. Alfonso VI., now king of Leon and Castile, stood by him. Pope Urban II., elected March 12, 1088, supreme pontiff in succession to Gregory VII., one of the four men declared by Gregory best qualified to carry out his policies and plans, was not only as strong in his character and definite in his purpose as Gregory himself, but also more prudent and conciliatory. He had been sub-prior of Cluny, and had thoroughly assimilated the ideals, and especially the brotherly spirit, of that institution. To Dalmatius he gave friendship devoted and unqualified. Henceforth Compostella was tied inseparably to Rome and to Cluny. It was well for Compostella. Without Rome and Cluny not even St. James could have raised the city to the dignity it attained. Nor did the strengthening of these relations prove burdensome, or other than beneficial. Both Rome and Cluny gave to Compostella more than they received therefrom, and they made the cult of St. James as catholic as was the Saint himself.

It was in the pontificate of Urban II. that the First Crusade was proclaimed, and it was at Clermont, in November 1095, that the Pope preached the sermon which set Europe in fierce array against the Saracens. Every Christian country, except Spain, was urged to send its best fighting men to Palestine. Spanish knights were to devote themselves directly and energetically against the Moors who dwelt among them. To kill a Moor in Spain secured the divine blessing as surely as killing an Arab in the Holy Land. Earlier than this, at Clermont, in the same year of his election to the Papacy, and of Dalmatius's appointment to the bishopric of Iria, Urban held a church council.

At this council, probably as a favour to Dalmatius, the Pope removed a cause of jealousy which had existed for a

century or more, and sanctioned the absolute transfer of the see from Iria to Compostella. As a sop to Iria, and also in recognition of its ecclesiastical antiquity, he ordained that the bishopric of Iria should be held directly and immediately under the Pope himself. The drift in men's minds towards Rome and Cluny went on apace. During his short episcopate, Dalmatius guided safely the currents of thought. He remembered his old home in Burgundy; he dreamed of the city in which his beloved Odo reigned. Rome and Cluny! And the city of St. James swerved never the least from its allegiance to the one or its subservience to the other. And the city passed more and more into the hands of its bishop. He became lord thereof to a degree few prelates attained. The name Compostella gave way for the most part to the name Santiago, appropriately, and as it proved permanently. Professor King says :—

'The Bishop of Santiago was a great temporal lord. A proverb says: "Obispo de Santiago, báculo y ballesta," which means, being interpreted, that the Bishop can wield cross and cross-bow. He was lord of the city: all citizens being subject to him and to his courts, with all lawsuits civil and criminal; and also of a wide district in which he raised troops and led them himself. He had an organized body of knights to receive his orders and come at his summons.'

Then, having done all he could do to destroy the influence of Diego Peláez and to prepare the way for Diego Gelmirez, the man mightier than either, in 1095 Dalmatius journeyed to the council at Clermont, probably heard Pope Urban's famous war-sermon, and, that over, stopped at his ever enchanting Cluny, and died there. The deposed Peláez at once set out for Rome to seek for reinstatement. How he got out of prison, or managed to get to Rome, I can only conjecture; nor can I imagine the reason for his hope that the friend of Dalmatius would hear his plea. Of course he was disappointed. France stood by the party that had opposed him. Cluny had begun to cover Spain with its colonies, and had made Spain a special field for its missions. The great monastery had even adopted St. James as its own; and before long the abbot of Cluny would have the scallop-shell of St. James on his shield. Soon all that was left of Diego Peláez was the part he had played in the rebuilding of the shrine, and the epitaph: 'A man of great spirit, but not lucky.'

With Dalmatius, in 1095, Don Diego Gelmirez went to Clermont. He was already, though a layman and still young in years, administrator of the diocese. Earlier, in 1090, he had been chancellor to Raymund and Urraca, the count and countess of Galicia. On the death of her father, Alfonso VI., in 1109, Urraca became queen of Leon and Castile, and she remained on the throne of the united kingdom till 1126, when her son Alfonso el Emperador succeeded her. She was a powerful friend for Diego Gelmirez to have. To her and to her husband he owed much of his progress and success; and perhaps, in the long run, he proved himself as great in character, and, according to his opportunities, as advanced in accomplishment, as either of them, or indeed as any of his contemporaries.

As an official of the diocese, and having duties and responsibilities which needed close attention, Gelmirez probably resided in Santiago; and early in his career he began to put into evidence his interest in the city. Not only did he urge on as forcefully as he could the buildings designed by Peláez, but he also founded, or at least restored, the hospice near the cathedral. Undoubtedly he had ambitions for himself. The power and wealth which, even in disturbed times, steadily accumulated at Santiago, made the episcopal throne an object of desire. Political leaders became deeply concerned in its occupancy; the most outstanding of the clergy considered it a position worth striving for. Above all else, St. James demanded for his spokesman a leader of impressive abilities, a scholar, warrior, and statesman. His patrimony called for a guardian with real business acumen and financial gifts. As we shall soon see, the mighty man was drawn to the front, whether he willed it or not; and if Don Diego Gelmirez owed much to the Apostle, the Apostle owed even more to him.

And now, after wandering for centuries across fog-covered seas of legend and tradition, we reach land, which historically and every step onward becomes firmer and safer. We move from stories insecure to facts resting on fairly trustworthy foundation. Many of the stories which have interested us, though pertaining to events alleged to have happened long before, may not have come to light till after these days; and many may have been found out, or have been shaped or coloured, to serve some fancied need or purpose: but with such suppositions we are not now concerned. With Gelmirez we leave conjecture and reach comparative cer-

tainty. Under the guidance of the man now coming more clearly into sight, and in the dawn of the new day, Santiago rises out of obscurity into fame, and the village on an outlying hillside of Galicia becomes a city, the beauty and importance of which confer pride on Spain and give joy to Christendom.

In 1100 Diego Gelmirez was ordained subdeacon at Rome, and soon after was elected bishop of Santiago. Pope Urban II. had died in 1099, but his successor, Paschal II., a monk of Cluny and a zealous advocate of the Hildebrandine policy, ruled the Church with a hand no less firm and a will no less determined, for the next eighteen years. Notwithstanding his own strong and obstinate individuality, Gelmirez was undoubtedly dependent on Cluny, and on Raymund of Burgundy, then the husband of Urraca. Professor King says definitely that 'Diego Peláez the Spaniard of Spain was ousted by a creature of Cluny and of Raymund of Burgundy, Diego Gelmirez.' He had also the strong support of Bernard, archbishop of Toledo, a Frenchman and of Cluny, who had done his best to fill the sees of Spain either with his countrymen or with Cluniac adherents. And being inside the Cluniac league, and like Dalmatius held bound to further the purposes of that league to the utmost, and also on the ground that the Pope was the proper and immediate lord, Gelmirez set aside the metropolitan rights of the archbishop of Braga, whose jurisdiction covered Santiago, and would have gone to Rome to receive consecration from the Cluniac pontiff, Paschal II. But the deposed Diego Peláez, and his ally Pedro I. of Aragon, held all the roads leading into France, so that the consecration had to be performed by four local and obscure prelates.

Gelmirez proceeded energetically with the building of the cathedral at Santiago, and the erection of other churches, a palace for the entertainment of visiting bishops, halls for his soldiers, hostelries for pilgrims, a great nunnery, and several schools. In the course of his episcopate he reformed and reorganized his diocese in almost every department. He raised the number of his canons to seventy-two, and compelled them to live more like clerks than soldiers. Instead of coming to chapter-meetings spurred and cloaked and sometimes with three days' beard, they were obliged to present themselves shaven and in surplice and cope. They had to swear to be always and in all things faithful and obedient, to defend his life and person, and to exalt his

dignity. Professor King says: 'They hated him quite wonderfully.'

Professor King, who has summed up the story of his life with untiring industry and unfailing accuracy, and to whom I am indebted for much information elsewhere in these pages, and especially here, speaks of his restoration of the church of Santa Cruz on the hill called Mountjoy near the Lugo road, by which pilgrims came to Compostella. The church was also called *Capilla del Cuerpo Santo*, from one of the miracles of St. James, wrought not so many years before this time. Professor King thinks that the mingling of folklore and actuality in this legend is the 'quaintest, sweetest, ever savoured.' The story appears in the *Golden Legend*, and therefrom I transcribe it, adding in parenthesis two passages from Professor King's version :—

'Thirty men of Lorraine went together on pilgrimage to St. James about the year of our Lord a thousand and sixty-three, and all made faith to other that every man should abide and serve other in all estates that shall happen by the way, except one, that would make no covenant. (When they reached Gascony and the *Portam Clausam*—Port de Cize,) it happed that one of them was sick and his fellows abode and awaited on him fifteen days, and at last they all left him, save he that promised not, which abode by him and kept him at the foot of the Mount St. Michael. And when it drew to night the sick man died, and when it was night, the man that was alive was sore afraid for the place which was solitary, and for the presence of the dead body, and for the cruelty of the strange people, and for the darkness of the night that came on. (The survivor in solitude and night, amid mountains and Basques, called for help on St. James.) But anon St. James appeared to him in likeness of a man on horseback and comforted him and said: Give me that dead body tofore me, and leap thou up behind me on my horse. And so they rode all that night fifteen days' journey that they were on the morn to see the sun rising at Montoia, which is but half a league from St. James. Then St. James left them both, commanding him that was alive, that he should assemble the canons of St. James to bury this pilgrim, and that he should say to his fellows, because they had broken their faith their pilgrimage availed them not. And he did his commandment, and when his fellows came they marvelled how he had so fast gone, and he told to them all that St. James had said and done.'

In the year 1104, doubtless as humble-minded and piously inclined as it was possible for one with his ambition and energy to be, Bishop Gelmirez set out for Rome. On his way he visited the possessions of Compostella scattered here and there in Gascony, and stayed at Cluny. The abbot of Cluny, as Professor Coulton reminds us, about this time enjoyed an influence in Europe second only to the Pope's. St. Hugh was now such, the sixth and perhaps the greatest of the seven mighty and saintly men who, between the years 910 and 1157, brought Cluny to its highest splendour and made it the head of over three hundred houses, and the abbot the immediate superior of more than ten thousand monks. Six years earlier Hugh had had a great struggle with his own diocesan bishop. He received Gelmirez with deference, the community coming out in procession to meet him, thereby indicating the close attachment already formed between Cluny and Compostella; he also gave Gelmirez much salutary advice. He intimated the suspicion and dislike which Rome had of the assumptions of Compostella. Fifty odd years earlier Cresconio had no sooner attained the episcopal throne than he used the title of 'Bishop of the Apostolic See'; and the Council of Rheims promptly excommunicated him. He repented. Other bishops had put out suggestions of claims extraordinary and questionable. They were making too much of the privileges conferred on them by St. James; perhaps Satan was leading them on to the loss of all that had been accorded them. The abbot knew the thoughts in the bishop's heart: the ambition as well as the gifts, the worth as well as the danger. Possibly too he knew that rumours of the extravagant and worldly habits prevalent in Compostella had reached the Pope. Rome had her eye in every place. Even Cluny did not escape that keen watchfulness. Some twenty years after this visit, Pope Honorius excommunicated Pons of Cluny, then the friend and counsellor of Gelmirez, for prodigality, luxury, and ambition.

Gelmirez greatly longed for the pallium, that vestment of honour conferred by the Pope only on such prelates as he desired to distinguish, generally archbishops and metropolitans. It was both an evidence of his personal favour, and also a symbol of jurisdiction directly and personally delegated by him. Don Diego discussed the chances with Abbot Hugh; and the abbot reminded him that not even his predecessor Dalmatius, though habit-brother of Urban II., and supported by many great prelates in his application for

it, succeeded in getting it. He advised him by no means to ask for it himself.

The bishop pursued his journey—the first bishop of Santiago of whom there was a memory to visit Rome. It was an absorbing, all-conquering experience. Even had he wished, he could not avoid being profoundly impressed by all that he saw and heard. Rome was still the world's most wonderful and most important city. Here art and music and scholarship flourished nearest to perfection on earth. Here religion had reached its highest development. Nowhere else could be seen such buildings or heard such services and orations. Soon to him things Roman were superior to all things Spanish; and not unreasonably so, for stupendous was the contrast between the poor little city of St. James in the far-away wilds of Galicia, and the city in which the successors of St. Peter held the heritage of the Caesars and ruled amidst a splendour greater than that of the Empire. Here he beheld the glory of Christendom; the fulfilment of some of the most astonishing visions of the Apocalypse; the pomp and wealth of nations gathered into the city of God; the Prince of Apostles crowned with the diadem of power; the Vicar of Christ resplendent, not so much with the gold and precious stones and embroidered robes of kings, though such were there as nowhere else, but with traditions and assumptions beyond aught that Pharaohs had known: his feet on the necks of princes, and his hands holding the keys of heaven. One can imagine all this, and more than this, though the chronicler tells it not. Enthusiasm entered into the heart of Gelmirez: fascination bound his very soul. He became subservience itself. The hospitality freely given him and the kindness showed him tended to absolute surrender. The farthest away from Rome became Rome's closest adherent.

To Pope Paschal he protested his entire submission, accepting the claims of the papacy without qualification: a somewhat extraordinary act, for two hundred years more had to go by before the Spanish bishops began to call themselves such 'by the grace of God and of the Church of Rome.' But Rome was moving fast to supremacy—not, I repeat, unhealthily so, for Rome was superior in every particular, save, as some may hold, that of independence, which meant nearly always licence rather than liberty, and ignorance rather than knowledge. The whole system of Roman canon law had begun to take the place of the decrees and opinions of local councils and diocesan synods. Justice

and consistency, broadmindedness and experience, won where prejudice, contradiction, and arbitrary and personal fancies failed. On the other hand, attempts to support the papal claims had been made by the forgeries in the Isidorean decretals. Already the ancient Gothic or Mozarabic liturgy, though revised by scholars such as Isidore and solemnly approved by Pope John x. at Rome in 923, had been superseded, mass having been celebrated for the first time in the Peninsula according to the Roman Use, at a Benedictine church in Aragon, March 13, 1071. This was done at the instigation of the monks of Cluny, whose influence in Spain was not only dominant, but also strenuously papal. So that when Gelmirez, probably on bended knee, proffered obedience to the Roman pontiff, he read the signs of the times and pleased both Rome and Cluny where they most desired to be pleased.

Don Diego Gelmirez probably said nothing about the pallium ; but he got it nevertheless—as ambitious men of his abilities generally get things they wish for without asking for them. Perhaps Cluny helped him. The Pope did not make a mistake.

At all events the bishop went back to Compostella a bigger man and more powerful than ever. If he managed affairs there more determinedly and more absolutely than before, it shows that he had profited by his visit to Rome. His will became law. Perhaps, however, the happiest of all the enterprises he inaugurated was his school for music. The people knew well enough how to fight : now he would have them taught how to sing. His purpose may have been, not so much for art's own sake, as to enhance the solemnity of divine service. It may have been to have them chant psalms as the choir chanted them at Cluny : unceasingly, monotonously, wearily ; and such singing may occasion results more or less desirable. Men who spend their time thus have little spirit for anything else. They neither study nor give way to thoughts or emotions of evil. They are saved from much sin. Indeed, if they enjoy it, they may imagine themselves in heaven before their time. Should they chance thereby to be deprived of their senses, there is a madness akin to fanaticism which some have thought inspired and useful. And of all fanatics religious ones seem the happiest. Indeed, Dryden said :—

> 'There is a pleasure, sure,
> In being mad, which none but madmen know.'

I have been led aside to make these reflections, not because I think that music necessarily begets insanity, or that Gelmirez devised his singing school purposely to make madmen, but for the reason that I am about to touch upon a phase of Galician life which suggests that both he and his people had taken leave of their senses. There is no possible connexion that I can see between music and the bit of history to which I refer. Nor yet between religion and that same bit of history. Nor between it and any other thing, either good or bad, that now comes to mind. On the contrary, instead of similarity, it is contrast—the contrast of peace and war, of angels' play and demons' strife, of the quiet drift of the Lady of Shalott and the fierce conflict in the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*. At one time we look upon white-robed boys chanting litanies in the still sanctuary of St. James; at another, on warriors steeled and armed, fire flashing in their eyes, hatred burning in their hearts, noisy with the noise of battle, and furious with the fury of death. And I picture Gelmirez now fingering softly the strings of a harp and humming tunes of heavenly harmony, and anon shouting war-cries and bidding slaughter and clashing spears. The same man: and yet, to-day in surplice and stole; to-morrow in helmet and breastplate—a bishop and a knight, a messenger of mercy and an embodiment of wrath. Such were the times! And in them one understands how the fisherman of Galilee becomes the champion of Clavijo, and Don Diego figures both in song and in blood!

Five or six years after the bishop's visit to Rome, revolt broke out in Galicia against Alfonso el Batallador, king of Aragon, whom Queen Urraca had married after the death of her first husband, Raymund of Burgundy. This marriage had united the kingdoms of Castile and Leon and the kingdom of Aragon; but Alfonso I. of Aragon was a brute and savage, and Urraca was a wanton—as Burke says, 'not only a faithless wife, but a false and incapable sovereign.' And Burke further tells us: 'Castile suffered even more severely than Aragon for the vices and crimes of their sovereigns. Alfonso harried his wife's subjects in Leon more remorselessly than did their Moslem enemies; Urraca intrigued with her lovers in Castile against her husband in Aragon; and the usual civil wars were only varied by the addition of a woman's frailty to a sovereign's faithlessness.'

By the year 1111 Galicia could no longer endure the tyranny and disorder. Gelmirez headed the rebellion against

Alfonso of Aragon, in the name of Urraca and her child Alfonso, son of Raymund. 'September 27, 1111,' says Professor King, 'he anointed the child of seven and put sword and sceptre in his hands, crown on his head, and set him on the pontifical throne. The coronation banquet he held in the episcopal palace, with all the great Gallegan nobles enacting their titular roles, bearing bason and cup, undressing the King, and putting him to bed.'

A long period of discord ensued, which I can only summarize. The queen was busy enough from first to last. She not only encouraged her adherents and got up an army to vex her opponents, but, anxious to show her gratitude and to retain the friendship of Gelmirez, she wandered about Galicia looking for things to give to Santiago, 'odd granges and villages, and little stray churches.' On the other hand, her husband, Alfonso of Aragon, did all he could to defeat her plans and to rob her kingdom, with varying and never conclusive success. An English pirate fleet on its way to Palestine, finding Galicia in evil condition, sacked the country to its heart's content. Any approach to reconciliation of the king and queen was denounced by Gelmirez. The Pope had declared their marriage null and void, on the ground of consanguinity—rather inconsistently, for both he and Gelmirez knew the objections at the time of the marriage. But Alfonso had favoured Bishop Diego Peláez, and that may have set Gelmirez so bitterly against him. On Midsummer Day, 1113, in the presence of the queen and her soldiers, the bishop celebrated mass and preached, on the hills about Burgos, which Alfonso was on his way to besiege. His opposition to reunion brought upon him the wrath of the crowd; and other differences set him and the queen at odds. He escaped from a mob which threatened his life; and in a few weeks' time was safely back in Santiago. The queen followed him, and planned to imprison him, but she failed. So the strife dragged on its weary course.

If the queen was really terrible, Gelmirez was no less so, when his spirit was aroused. In 1115 a Moorish fleet ravaged the coast of Galicia, and the bishop had two galleys built in Iria, which he sent forth to seek vengeance in Moorish lands. Professor King tells the story of these episcopal freebooters:—

'Where they landed, they burned houses and grainfields, cut down trees and vines, destroyed and sacked mosques—the reader pauses here to remember the Spanish

testimony to Almanzor's conduct in Santiago—after committing all sorts of outrages in them, cut the throats of women and children, or loaded with chains those that seemed likeliest for slaves. When the galleys were crammed they came back, and in the partition gave one-fifth to the prelate, including gold and silver, besides his share as lord of the two galleys. In return, Seville and Lisbon blockaded the ports of Galicia for five years with twenty ships, then Don Diego broke the blockade and did the same again.'

One wonders what had become of St. James, till one remembers the village of the Samaritans and the vengeance of Elijah. Gelmirez, after all, is the creation of his age; and the age knew no incongruity between the melodies of minstrels and the shrieks of cutthroats. But Gelmirez was loyal to the child-king, even to the setting aside of obligations due to the queen-mother. At his instigation, towards the end of the year 1116, the youthful Alfonso, then of the ripening age of thirteen, came to Galicia to claim the kingdom as his own. He was welcomed by the bishop; and in the cathedral at Compostella he took possession. His mother, Queen Urraca, at once took arms to frustrate his purpose. The people of Santiago rose in rebellion against the bishop, for, as an almost contemporary chronicler puts it, 'without the right to rise, and without changing masters at every step, they cannot conceive liberty.' They would annul the authority of the bishop in the city, and reduce him to the estate of a simple though decorative chaplain. He had to take refuge in the church towers, and to sell his plate and rich stuffs to buy food. The queen laid down conditions of surrender. So desperate did his predicament become, that he went to the queen and sought for peace. She was away from the city, but she received him kindly, and, as an evidence of her good will, perhaps in acknowledgment of his promises, she gave him the head of St. James Alphaeus, which the archbishop of Braga had recently brought from Jerusalem. Gelmirez accepted the gracious and enviable gift with joy. It made amends for much that he had suffered, and augured well for the future of Compostella. He sent word to the city of his treasure. For the nonce better feelings prevailed. The procession came into Santiago barefoot. No welcome could have been kindlier. The bishop laid the head on the altar: with solemnity, reverence, satisfaction. Then he said mass. No one seems to have thought of any rivalry between the

son of Zebedee and the son of Alphaeus. They had been together in the Apostolic College; they could rest together in the one sanctuary. The queen made peace with her son, or rather with her son's custodians, and Gelmirez proceeded to punish the rebels left in Compostella.

The next year, 1117, the rebels set fire to the cathedral, but beyond melting the bells in the towers the fire did little damage. Soon the king obtained full mastery; and, his disturbing subjects thoroughly reduced and his mother appeased, he ruled Galicia till the queen's death, unlamented and unloved, in 1126, when he ascended the throne of the united kingdom of Leon and Castile. A few years later, in 1135, he proclaimed himself 'Imperator totius Hispaniae.'

This sketch of one of the many internecine struggles through which Spain had to pass before she consolidated her kingdoms and principalities into one realm and jurisdiction, under one sovereign, will serve to illustrate the life of her mediaeval prelates, and in particular the career of Don Diego Gelmirez. Far distant from the ideal presented in the New Testament and in the history and teaching of the primitive Church, these prince-bishops, territorial lords as well as spiritual overseers, products of their age, were men of war, oftentimes rude, cruel, and relentless, nearly always courageous and resourceful, and able alike to command their spearmen and archers and to control their own consciences and emotions. They were expected to be just what they were: as much at home on the battlefield as at the altar or in their grange-land. They should decide on plans and adornments for buildings, the transcendent art of which should delight and perplex the people of distant lands and still more distant ages; they should propound theories of government, of philosophy, of morals, that should undeniably lift up succeeding generations to nobler achievement and purer life; they should make laws in which reason should be satisfied and justice unable to find error; they should be exemplars which none could question, or God do other than commend—in short, on the one hand, they should fill an ideal of conduct and deportment second to none that man has ever devised; but, on the other hand, with equal skill, they should arrange for occasions of offence and defence, be able to outwit adversaries and enemies of every sort, be as quick at severity as at mercy, be as ready to hang the guilty as to pardon the innocent, as remorseless at administering torture as happy in giving pleasure—in

other words, to reconcile and carry out to their utmost limit the philosophy of the Pastoral Epistles and the philosophy of the books of Joshua and Judges.

It is not likely that they who looked for such widely distant opposites in their ecclesiastical leaders ever found them approaching their fullness in any one man. Most men, even then, inclined more to one than to the other extreme; but whichever the direction, there seemed to have been little surprise. Gelmirez occasioned little wonder. He was statesman and soldier as well as priest and preacher. His efficiency remained ever high, whether as a secretary, or as a bishop, or as a manager of an estate, or as a counsellor, or as a leader or a suppressor of rebels, or as a wirepuller in the courts of kings or popes, or as a protector of strange projects or promoter of curious enterprises. He could slaughter revolutionaries as easily as sing matins or save souls; and no greater contrast can be imagined than the life required of him, and the life looked for in such men as Hugh of Cluny.

Honours came freely to Gelmirez. Calixtus II. recognized his great merits, and in 1120 gave him authority over Merida, the ancient metropolis of Lusitania; and till 1399 the archbishop of Compostella held jurisdiction over the Portuguese dioceses. Two years later, in 1122, the Pope extended the privilege of the Holy Year to the cathedral at Compostella. The canons, three times as many as the old cathedral numbered, were allowed to wear mitres; and Gelmirez obtained from Rome the ratification of the 'Vow of Santiago,' that is, of King Ramiro's pledge to pay a certain tribute to Compostella. Even from Jerusalem came commendations. The Patriarch wrote to Gelmirez and praised him for his goodness and prudence, thanked him for his kindness to messengers, his gifts and favours, and begged him to keep up help with his prayers, his alms, and the material means of defence against the Saracens. The archbishop also sent contributions to the building of the church at Cluny.

More than this. Gelmirez succeeded in holding his own through much powerful and fierce opposition. He suffered much from the ingratitude of Alfonso, son of Raymund and Urraca, whom he had befriended and crowned, but who turned out to be a weak and mean-minded man—the first 'Emperor of Spain.' The king tormented the aged prelate: at one time extorting from him large amounts of money,

and at another doing him reverence by bending his head and kissing the archbishop's hand. The people of Compostella and the canons of the cathedral opposed the man who had sought above all things to further their interests. They broke out in rebellion against him, perhaps because of the severity of his discipline and the unyielding firmness of his will. In his advancing years they got impatient for him to die. They failed to realize that his ambition and his courage were for Santiago, and not for himself. The Pope stayed their hand. He summoned him to the Second Lateran Council, for April 1139; but in the following January the old man died, and was buried in the cloister of the cathedral he had loved so well.

Florez styles Gelmirez, 'Exemplar of heroic churchmen'; and Professor King scarcely limits the eloquence of her eulogy. She calls him a good soldier, a great ruler, a magnificent prince. 'He stood, for a moment, fairly co-equal with the Pope of Rome.' As the years oppressed, and his fighting strength ebbed, his spirit burned more splendid. 'His figure, against the ruddy twilight of his distant century, stands always superb.' Mrs. Gallichan is no less enthusiastic. 'The many-sided capacity of Gelmirez,' she says, 'marks him as a Spaniard of the Spaniards. What I wish to emphasize especially is the way in which the spiritual side of his character found its expression in a flaming activity for practical works.' So, one of the latest writers on Galicia, Aubrey F. G. Bell, re-echoes the paean of praise. 'In the stirring days of Queen Urraca, when Galicia, so to speak, gave birth to Portugal, Don Diego Gelmirez, Galician archbishop of Santiago, was one of the most remarkable men of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries, and employed his splendid energy and talents in the most various ways, from raising his see to an archbishopric, to building a fleet in order to protect the coast.'

In his *Sacerdotal Celibacy*, Dr. Henry C. Lea has a passage which illustrates much that I have said about the relations between Don Diego Gelmirez and King Alfonso VII., and gives an instance of the compromises and quibbles so rife in the Middle Ages. Dr. Lea is second neither in accuracy nor in judgment to any scholar who has written on the subjects of which he has dealt. I venture to transcribe here the passage to which I refer.

'In 1127 Diego, at the head of his Galician troops, accompanied Alfonso VII. on an expedition into Portugal. On

their return, the army halted at Compostella, where the archbishop received and entertained his sovereign. They were bound by the closest ties, for Diego had baptized, knighted, and crowned him, and had, moreover, constantly stood his friend throughout his stormy youth, in the endless civil wars which marked the disastrous reign of his mother, Queen Urraca. Yet, prompted by evil counsellors who were jealous of Diego, the king suddenly demanded of him an enormous sum of money to pay off the army, under the threat of seizing and pillaging the city. After considerable resistance, Diego was forced to submit, and to pay a thousand marks of silver. He then sought a private interview, in which he solemnly and affectionately warned Alfonso of the ruin of his soul which would ensue if he did not undergo penance for thus impiously spoiling the Apostle Santiago. Alfonso listened humbly, and professed entire willingness to repent, but for the difficulty that he had always been taught that penitence was fruitless without restitution, and restitution he was unable and unwilling to make. Diego then suggested that he should meet the chapter and discuss the case, to which he graciously assented. In the assembly which followed, Diego proposed that the king should follow the example of his father, Raymund of Galicia, in commending himself to the peculiar patronage of Santiago, and in bequeathing his body to be buried in their church, promising, moreover, that if he should do so they would pray specially for him, which, from the promise of his youth, bade fair to be no easy task. Alfonso was delighted to escape so easily ; he eagerly accepted the proposition, and added that he would like to become a canon of their church, in order to enjoy the fullest possible share in the masses of such holy men. To this the chapter assented at once ; he was forthwith duly installed as a canon of the church which he had just despoiled, and his conscience was set at rest, while the church felt that it had acquired a moral supremacy over the spoiler. In thus formally becoming a canon, there could have been no assumption of celibacy, expressed or implied. Alfonso was but twenty-one years of age, and in the following year he married Berengaria, daughter of the Count of Barcelona.'

Dr. Lea quotes as his authority for this episode the *Historia Compostellcana* (lib. ii., cap. 87), and reminds us that Arthur, duke of Brittany, grandson of Henry II. of England, during the war between him and his uncle, John of England,

though only thirteen years of age, was received at Tours at Easter, 1200, as a canon in the church of the Blessed Martin. Three years later Arthur was killed, so many thought, by his uncle's own hand. Shakespeare represents Hubert de Burgh as sent by the king to put the boy-prince out of the way. Hubert found the crime beyond him. When accused of the murder, he declared :—

> 'If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
> Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
> Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
> Let hell want pains enough to torture me.'

Later the prince is said to have been killed in a leap from the castle of Northampton.

> 'They found him dead and cast into the streets ;
> An empty casket, where the jewel of life
> By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.'

The little canon of St. Martin met his fate, notwithstanding the sanctity of both his royal blood and his ecclesiastical dignity ; but none who has read his story in the poet's sacred page, out of pure love and pity, be the digression never so violent, can avoid stopping to think of him.

To return to Archbishop Gelmirez : this only need be added concerning his devotion to St. James, and to his city and relics. Morales says that Don Diego, wisely considering that the marble coffin and the body would be regarded with more reverence if they were concealed, placed them in a vault under the great altar. And there, says the learned Jesuit, all rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, they still remain, never having been opened since. In 1884, Cardinal Miguel Payá y Rico, archbishop of Santiago from 1874 to 1885, discovered in a crypt behind the high altar in the cathedral the sepulchre and relics of the Apostle. This discovery, as we have already stated, was confirmed by the Pope the same year.

The cathedral, though much changed from the building which Gelmirez saw, retains associations and environments enough to bring him vividly to mind. Splendid in centuries past, it is still a marvellous edifice. Aubrey Bell says : 'The cathedral of Santiago is not the most beautiful in Spain, but in many ways it is one of the most attractive.' Rather unexpectedly we find Borrow affected by it—though he only alludes to the great silver censer, which so delighted Aubrey Bell, the *botafumeiro,* Victor Hugo's 'king of

censers ' : perhaps the most wonderful of the many wonders in Compostella, requiring seven strong men to pull the ropes and cause it to swing, slowly at first, then gradually swifter and swifter, till the building is filled with rushing, trailing clouds of incense. If St. James, sleeping in his shrine behind the high altar, be conscious of the honour done to him, he must also admire the ingenuity and enthusiasm displayed in that strange, joyous, almost living machine ! Proud, indeed, are they who work it : delighted they who watch the rhythmic sway of the bowl whose glowing, flaring spices seem to have had breathed into them the breath of life ! ' At length,' says Aubrey Bell, ' its flights gradually become slower and shorter, till it sinks to earth, and is rapidly seized and carried away, still flaring, on a pole by two men, laughing, like a bunch of grapes from the land of Canaan, to its confessional-like box in a quiet corner of the library of the *Sala Capitular.*'

But to quote Borrow, who is generally worth quoting, even though you read him cautiously, and sometimes with more irritation than pleasure. He seems to have fallen in love with Compostella.

' The cathedral,' he says, ' though a work of various periods, and exhibiting various styles of architecture, is a majestic venerable pile, in every respect calculated to excite awe and admiration ; indeed, it is almost impossible to walk its long dusky aisles, and hear the solemn music and the noble chanting, and inhale the incense of the mighty censers, which are at times swung so high by machinery as to smite the vaulted roof, whilst gigantic tapers glitter here and there amongst the gloom, from the shrine of many a saint, before which the worshippers are kneeling, breathing forth their prayers and petitions for help, love, and mercy, and entertain a doubt that we are treading the floor of a house where God delighteth to dwell.'

Though ' almost impossible,' Borrow was Protestant enough to be able to entertain this doubt and to contradict himself. He declared that instead of the Lord delighting to dwell therein, the Lord was distant from that house : ' He hears not, He sees not, or if He do, it is with anger.' Borrow could even despise the devotions of the worshippers : ' What availeth kneeling before that grand altar of silver, surmounted by that figure with its silver hat and breast-plate, the emblem of one who, though an apostle and confessor, was at best an unprofitable servant ? '

I am glad that Borrow did not see the men carrying away the great censer. It would have grieved him at heart. Most people, I among them, like that touch of life suggested in 'laughing.' It is the laugh of work well done!

And yet Borrow tells a legend, not altogether without connexion with the cathedral at Compostella, a felicitous legend, with a ray of clean poetry running through it, so beautiful and true, that one forgets Borrow's lapses of charity.

'On the way from Padrón,' he says, 'we proceeded a considerable way through a very picturesque country until we reached a beautiful village at the skirt of a mountain. "This village," said my guide, "is called Los Angeles, because its church was built long since by the angels; they placed a beam of gold beneath it, which they brought down from heaven, and which was once a rafter of God's own house. It runs all the way under ground from thence to the cathedral of Compostella."' This village, however, did not give its name to the city in California: the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles.

And now we turn to another phase of our study, in some respects the most interesting of all the aspects we have dealt with, that of the pilgrimages to Santiago, with the development of which Don Diego Gelmirez had much to do, though it is doubtful if he dreamed of the popularity to which such spiritual enterprises would attain. We have already said something of this part of our subject. Before Gelmirez's time, the efficacy of St. James had become not a little famous. Infirm folk journeyed from long distances to the shrine at Compostella, some to be healed of their sicknesses, and others at least to die in the atmosphere of holiness which there prevailed. Indeed, for many centuries, it would seem that the chief purpose of St. James was to draw the sin-smitten and disease-afflicted people of Christendom to this distant and secluded part of the world, solely for their spiritual or physical good. Other benefits followed. The constant and increasing flow of pilgrims enriched Compostella, added power and dignity to its rulers, and helped Spain to gain that position in Europe which for no mean length of time made her mighty among the nations.

CHAPTER XVII

PILGRIMAGE

MAN has ever been given to wandering over the face of the earth. From the day he went out of the garden of Eden, and from a tiller of the soil became a hunter of beasts, through all the ages, down to the present time, he has gone hither and thither, over seas and mountains and deserts, not always of necessity, but frequently of choice. He has loved to explore unknown countries and to see strange places. The attempt to keep down this tendency, by building the Tower of Babel, was frustrated, so an ancient legend tells us, by the confusion of tongues. We are not now so much interested in the scattering of the human race as in the universal and perennial craving for travel. Not only does the tribe migrate, either for safety or for food, but the individual, for reasons of his own, perhaps purely sentimental, begotten in his own fancy, undertakes journeys far from the land in which he was born.

Thus pilgrimages, in the religious sense of the term, appealed to an instinct in man, a natural disposition, sometimes expressing itself in a journey to the shrine of an Egyptian god or a Greek goddess, or in an annual excursion to the Temple at Jerusalem: and it would seem that the more distant the place of desire, the more determined was the purpose and the more praiseworthy became its fulfilment. We can well understand that the purpose, though ostensibly religious, was by no means always separate from other motives. The pilgrimage to Canterbury, for instance, as depicted in Chaucer, afforded a pleasant holiday trip, delightful companionship, exciting experiences, exhilarating amusement, and a knowledge of people and places which did much to alleviate the dullness and monotony of ordinary life. The Kentish countryside, in its refreshing, green-leafed April, still resounds with the merry laugh of the genial, outspoken Host, and of the Monk who loved hunting, and of the Wyf of Bathe, with

her scarlet hose and bold, red face, whose feats of pilgrimage had been many :—

> 'And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem ;
> She hadde passed many a straunge streem ;
> At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
> In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne.'

More than the mere desire to travel afield and to see strange lands, came to be the longing to visit the home of a great man who was dead—the next best thing to looking into his face and to hearing his voice. Thus, not only in early Christian times, but still more earnestly in the Middle Ages, the Church commended pilgrimages for the satisfaction they afforded of visiting places invested with memories of the Lord, or of men or women remarkable for their devotion to Him and service for Him. A pilgrimage properly carried out was a means of grace. Few acts could bring the believer into closer touch with the events his religion taught him to commemorate, or with the blessed and holy ones who had made his faith possible, or with the aids and helps which opened up to him the way of happiness on earth and the gates of the Kingdom, than frequenting the sites consecrated by apostles, martyrs, confessors, or saints. Cicero spoke of his joy when in Athens of thinking of the great men whose work was done in that city : 'how here one had lived, and there fallen asleep ; how here another had disputed, and there lay buried.' St. Jerome did indeed insist that residence in Jerusalem has in itself no religious value : 'It is not locality, but character, that avails, and the gates of heaven are as open in Britain as in Jerusalem' ; but Paula, a wealthy Roman widow, and one of his friends who made the tour of Palestine and Egypt with him, made nothing of this assertion, which no one ever denied, and expressed a truer idea of pilgrimage, when she told him, after her visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, that 'As oft as we enter its precincts we see the Saviour laid in the shroud, and the angel seated at the feet of the dead!' She assured Jerome that, in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, she beheld, with the eye of faith, the Christ-child wrapped in swaddling clothes. Thus imagination was awakened, and former scenes were reproduced, much to the delight of the beholder and to the strengthening of his faith. The ardent soul sees the past again. A like emotion urges the modern traveller to go to Stratford-on-Avon, or to Stoke

Pogis, or to Abbotsford. So Christian people long ago felt, and to some extent still feel, when wandering through Galilee and Judea :—

> 'In those holy fields
> Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
> Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
> For our advantage on the bitter cross.'

Nor are we surprised that as time went on, religious teachers held that a special blessing and greater certainty of answer awaited prayers offered in places where saints had wrought and martyrs had died. From such spots lay a more direct way to Paradise. Here, too, the maimed, the halt, and the blind were cured ; and here thanksgiving to God, and devotion to the glory of God, could be more easily offered and would be more surely accepted. And to these hallowed shrines came men, bowed down with crime, to make expiation for sin and to seek forgiveness. Oftentimes such pilgrimages were enjoined as the only, or at least the readiest, means of atonement. Absolution was frequently granted by papal Bull upon condition that the penitent should visit certain places. The guardians of such places made known the advantages of their particular shrine or relics. After the manner of their day, they advertised far and wide the terms and cost of the cure—if not in the style of modern vendors of quack remedies, yet quite as much to the point. And the guilt-stained penitent not only had to make himself known as such while on pilgrimage, but on occasion a chain or ring was fastened round his body that all men might know his condition. As one so distinguished passed through a village on his appointed way, there is little doubt that the people by the wayside looked upon him with awe, mingled with astonishment and pity, and wondered at his extraordinary achievements in wickedness. They were thankful that they were not as far gone as he ; and he, if he were at all human, felt some satisfaction in being the object of such close and kindly attention. Had he not done wrong, no one would have noticed him. Perhaps the spectators who saw him in his rags and chains drag himself along wearily, with bare feet, bent shoulders, hatless head, and face dripping with tears, thought not so much of the heinousness of his crime as of the depth of his penitence. He was indeed a bad man, conspicuous as such. He had sinned beyond other men, but he had sorrowed more.

There is a story told of a fratricide in the ninth century who wore three such rings as those just mentioned round his body and arms, and travelled barefooted, fasting, and devoid of linen. As he went on his way from church to church, at one shrine one of the rings broke off of its own accord, at another the second, and at another the third. Thus proof was afforded of God's entire absolution. Which reminds us of John Bunyan's Pilgrim.

'Now I saw in my Dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a Wall, and that Wall is called Salvation. Up this way therefore did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below in the bottom, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my Dream, that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble; and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.'

Mark Pattison, the learned rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, in his Essay on Gregory of Tours, has a passage which illustrates much that I have said:—

'The truth is, that that magnetic influence which irresistibly draws our feet to spots on which our imagination has long fed, is an instinct of our nature, and that in this, as in other respects, the Church did but take into her service, and propose a fitting object to, an impulse which will vent itself in some form or other. There have been pilgrims both before and since the ages of faith, the ages when the Church bore sway over every action of life. Only she sent them to the tombs of saints, and martyrs, and filled their paths with sacred associations, instead of leaving them to roam at will in search of the relics of pagans or infidels, with Byron or Rousseau in their pockets as the companions of their way. The Church cannot be said to have created pilgrimages, or even to have encouraged them—she suffered them, and gave them a direction which might, at least, edify. But *qui multum peregrinantur, raro sanctificantur* is her doctrine.'

Evidences of the benefits of Christian pilgrimage abound. For instance, the poet Prudentius, in the fourth century, tells us that whenever he was sick in soul or body, he went to the tomb of St. Hippolytus, perhaps the most frequented at that time in Rome, and prayed there. He always found

help, and returned in cheerfulness: 'for God had vouchsafed His saint the power to answer all entreaties.' At such shrines every malady possible to man had its remedy. It was not the fault of the relic if any one went away disappointed. The penitent had come short in some condition. An apparently never-ending series of miracles performed there drove away all justification of unbelief. Even St. Augustine asked: 'Who can fathom the design of God in ordaining that this should happen at one place and not at another?'

They who question the reality of these wonders, as so many are tempted to do in these days, should look into the miracles alleged to happen, not frequently, but constantly, at Lourdes, or at Ste.-Anne de Beaupré, or at some of the more obscure 'faith-curing' establishments. I have said something before on this point. No one can measure the power of faith, more especially as faith exerts itself in certain types of mind. The revivalist of the late eighteenth century, or early nineteenth, had no doubt whatever of miracles wrought spiritually in the passing over of sinners from death into life, or physically in manifestations of Providence, such as the healing of the sick or deliverance from danger. There are people to-day who believe in wonders no less astonishing than some which followed the preaching of John Wesley, or of St. Francis of Assisi, or of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. They look for wonders. The pilgrims of ages long since past, full of faith, went to the shrine, and expected that to happen which they desired. They were not surprised that it did happen. The modern unbeliever does not expect anything; and he does not get anything.

The two chief pilgrim-resorts in the Christian world were Jerusalem and Rome. Scarcely second to these, and far above Walsingham, Tours, or Canterbury, was Compostella in Galicia. Dante, in his comment on the twenty-third sonnet in the *Vita Nuova*, beginning 'Deh peregrini,' pays Compostella high tribute. Thus he defines the word 'Pilgrim':—

'"Pilgrim" may be understood in two senses, one general, and one special. General, so far as any man may be called a pilgrim who leaveth the place of his birth; whereas, more narrowly speaking, he is only a pilgrim who goeth towards or frowards the House of St. James. For there are three separate denominations proper unto those who undertake journeys to the glory of God. They are called Palmers

(*Palmieri*) who go beyond the seas eastward, whence often they bring palm-branches. And Pilgrims (*Peregrini*), as I have said, are they who journey unto the holy House of Galicia; seeing that no other apostle was buried so far from his birthplace as was the blessed Saint James. And there is a third sort who are called Romers (*Romei*); in that they go whither these whom I have called pilgrims went: which is to say, unto Rome.'

Indeed, Compostella had an advantage above Rome, in that, like Jerusalem, it was in a country overrun by the Saracen, and had to be recovered from the hands of the Misbeliever. Accordingly the Crusades ran in two directions: one for the rescue of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the other for the protection of the shrine at Compostella. So important was it that Spain should be freed, that of all the countries of Europe called upon to take part in the advance to the Holy City, Spain alone was exempt. Pope Paschal II. positively forbade Spanish knights to help in Eastern Crusades. No Spanish warrior should go to Palestine. He had enough to do at home. On the other hand, foreign knights from France, England, or elsewhere could choose the Spanish Crusade.

Therefore the pilgrimage to Compostella had a popularity, as the Crusade for the redemption of Spain had a popularity, that attracted multitudes from Western Europe, and especially from England. Not that the journey to Compostella was chosen for its greater ease; for, as Montaigne reminds us, rareness and difficulty giveth esteem unto things. 'Those of Marca d'Ancona, in Italy, make their vows, and go on pilgrimage rather unto James in Galicia, and those of Galicia rather unto our Lady of Loretto.' So in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Helena determines to leave Florence and become 'Saint Jaques' pilgrim.' In the dress of a pilgrim, at the gate of the city, she inquires of a widow, 'Where do the palmers lodge?' The widow takes her to a place whence she may see the troops which chance to be passing by, for it is a festive day. The march ended, the widow addresses the fugitive gentlewoman:—

> 'The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
> Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
> There 's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques bound,
> Already at my house.'

Needless to say, Helena did not find her way to Compostella.

In the year 1059, perhaps after attending the Lateran Council under Nicholas II., in the April of that year, Wido, archbishop of Milan, journeyed to St. James's shrine; and from that time on, Compostella became, especially in England, a most favoured devotional resort. Don Diego Gelmirez left nothing undone to enhance its attractions and popularity. Nor did his successors display less zeal. By the thirteenth century, the pilgrimage there was ranked on a level with one to Rome or Jerusalem. In 1478, Pope Sextus IV. officially declared it to be on that level. Indeed, the time came when the Roman churches had to defend themselves against the Spanish pilgrimage. The English poem entitled the *Stations of Rome*, published a generation after Wycliffe's death, calls attention to the Roman pilgrimage as equal in value to the longer journeys to Jerusalem and Santiago de Compostella, which alone rivalled it in the estimation of the pious. For instance, it was quite as efficacious to attend services in St. Paul's Church at Rome as to go to Compostella :—

> 'Each Sunday in that minster
> Thou shalt have as much pardon
> As thou to Saint James went and come.'

Naturally, an adventure, like unto that to Jerusalem, which took the wanderer over high mountains, through strange regions, among hostile people, and beyond the seas, secured for the pilgrim, if not greater privileges and advantages, yet more praise and renown, than came from a journey across the pleasant lands of Burgundy and Gascony, and which passed into a country of which the legitimate owners were Christianly inclined. Moreover, the Mohammedans of Spain were less fierce and ferocious than the Mohammedans of Syria. They were more tolerant, more inclined to compromise, and more ready to trade and to intermarry with their Christian neighbours. Rough and dangerous though the way, it was comparatively an easier thing to go to Compostella than to the Holy Land. The cost was less, say, from England, the distance shorter, the inns and hospices more frequent, and the companionship quite as congenial. The business agent attended to his work with equal diligence.

And the route over the Pyrenees was scarcely less romantic than the passes over the Alps. But, as I have just said, for some centuries the spiritual benefits were not thought to be

as great as those which came from the journey to the other two great resorts, except possibly in one particular. The angel-guardians at Jerusalem, and St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome, had faulty memories. They were apt to forget the name, plea, or devotion of both crusaders and pilgrims. But St. James of Compostella never forgot. He might not be able, or think it wise, to grant the favour desired at once, but it was sure to come. There was a certainty about St. James that defied all competitors. Compostella, therefore, afforded a safer choice. Indeed, the only crusade that came near success was the one against the Moors in the West.

Hence the swarms of wayfarers to Compostella. Dante, in the *Paradiso*, speaks of the appearance of St. James :—

> 'Lo! lo! behold the peer of mickle might,
> That makes Galicia thronged with visitants.'

Multitudes from many parts of Europe—Mariana says, 'from all parts of the world'—and especially from France and England, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, thronged there. 'Many others,' according to Mariana, 'were deterred by the difficulty of the journey, by the roughness and barrenness of those parts, and by the incursions of the Moors, who made captives many of the pilgrims.' The numbers, however, of those who persevered were enormous. They were compared with the clouds of stars known to us as the Milky Way. Indeed, that wondrous stream, the stars of which are bluer than other stars, became El Camino de Santiago, the galaxy of which Dante speaks in the *Convito*, 'that is, the white circle which the common people call the Way of St. James.' According to a note in the Oxford Dante, Biscioni, commenting on this, says : 'The common people formerly considered the Milky Way as a sign by night to pilgrims who were going to St. James of Galicia ; and this perhaps arose from the resemblance of the word (Galaxy) to Galicia. I have often,' he adds, 'heard women and peasants call it the Roman road'—'la strada di Roma.' And Chaucer not only tells us that in England some called it 'Watling Street'—'the Watling Street of the Sky,' so named from the great Roman road which, according to Drayton,

> 'doth hold her way
> From Dover to the farth'st of fruitful Anglesey';

but he also speaks of it as the road to the world beyond death :—

> ' what wey we trace,
> And rightful folk shal go, after they dye,
> To heven ; and shewed him the galaxye.'

It was the way, too, that guided devout folk to the shrine of our Lady at Walsingham, in Norfolk. Perhaps it is interesting to note that Erasmus in the *Colloquies* makes one of his characters, who knew nothing of St. Mary of Walsingham, declare : ' I have often heard of James '—a somewhat late testimony to the widespread popularity of the saint of Compostella. Much earlier than this, men had learned to shape their oaths by the Apostle. Said the Frankelyn to Gamelyn :—

> ' By seynt Jame in Galys, that many man hath sought.'

In early times to receive the pilgrim and to supply him with alms was always considered the duty of every Christian. To help pilgrims on their way was to have some share in the benefits vouchsafed them. They were a means of grace. Charlemagne made it a legal obligation to withhold neither roof, hearth, nor fire from them. They travelled with letters of commendation from their bishops to the clergy and laity, which ensured them lodging in convents and other charitable foundations, in addition to the protection of public officials. This hospitality did much to alleviate the inconveniences and dangers of the way. In Paris, after 1419, a special hospice for the ' fraternity of St. James ' received and fed each day from sixty to eighty pilgrims, and presented each with a quarter of a denarius. Dr. Albert Hauck, Professor of Church History in the University of Leipzig, tells us, in his article on ' Pilgrimage ' in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that ' the pilgrims made their journey in grey cowls fastened by a broad belt. On the cowl they wore a red cross ; and a broad-brimmed hat, a staff, sack, and gourd completed their equipment. During their travels the beard was allowed to grow, and they prepared for departure by confession and communion.' They were strengthened by the assurance that in their own country every Sunday prayers were publicly offered for them : probably each pilgrim's name was mentioned before the altar in his own parish church. At each stopping-place, not only were they provided with shelter and food, but the clergy and devout lay-

men cheered and encouraged them in their arduous undertaking. Not unlikely, here and there, the lord through whose manor the road lay sent an armed escort with the strangers to guard them from the interference of robbers and bandits who were on the watch for them. Perhaps, knowing something of human nature, he would protect his property from possible depredations by the pilgrims themselves. Even Christiana's boys, on their way to the Celestial City, gathered and ate of the fruit from trees which shot their branches over the wall. 'That fruit is none of ours,' said the good woman; but pilgrims were not always so scrupulous as she. Many a farmer by the roadside may have been glad when he saw the last of a passing company of shrine-seekers.

Ever and anon, on their way, the devout wanderers lightened their hearts and lifted up their voices in sacred song. They chanted ancient psalms, after the manner of Israelitish pilgrims on their journey to Jerusalem, especially some of the fifteen which in the Authorized Version are called 'Songs of Degrees'—the steps, or progressions, or goings up: 'Levavi oculos meos in montes,' and 'Laetatus sum in his.' Of the mediaeval hymns many are yet extant. Even in the period of the Reformation, the highways of Germany still rang with the 'Song of St. James.' Professor King, in the appendix to her *Way of St. James*, gives a Latin version of the 'Great Hymn of St. James' and of the 'Little Hymn of St. James'; and a French version of 'La Grande Chanson des Pèlerins de S. Jacques'—in the refrain of which the pilgrims pray that the Blessed Virgin and her Son Jesus may give them grace

> 'Qu'en Paradis nous puissions voir
> Dieu et Monsieur Saint-Jacques.'

So at the various stages on the four great roads which led to Compostella from Tours, Vézelay, Le Puy, and Arles, hospitality was provided by a chain of monasteries. A Latin poem of the twelfth century describes the relief given at the abbey of Roncesvalles. All who came were welcomed. In her *Mediaeval France*, Miss Joan Evans says: 'At the door a man offered bread, and took no price; within, a barber and a cobbler were at the service of the pilgrims.' And she adds: 'There were two hospices for the sick, with beds and baths; the cellars were reported to be full of almonds, pomegranates, and other fruit. Even if the

pilgrim died there, his salvation was assured by sepulture in holy ground.' And thus provision was made over the frontier into Spain along the 'Camino francés' to Compostella.

At Leon was provided for pilgrims hospitality second to none in generosity. Under the care of the prior and canons of St. Eloi, the hospice of San Marcos, on the edge of the city, kept open doors for all travellers on the Camino francés. In the cathedral church of Leon were preserved the remains of San Isidore of Seville, but in the pilgrims' church of San Marcos, in 1184, was laid the body of the first master of the Knights of St. James, the pure, large-hearted, and far-seeing Don Pedro Fernández. The pilgrims' debt to him could never be paid. On the site of this hospice, which for more than three hundred years sheltered pilgrims on their way to Compostella, were founded in the early part of the sixteenth century the present church and convent of San Marcos. In many other places on the road south of the Pyrenees, the brethren of St. Eloi maintained houses and hospitals for pilgrims. If sick, the good fathers tended the strangers; and to each wanderer, after lodging and refreshment, they gave provision for the next stage of the journey and replenished the worn-out sandals and clothes. Indeed, as I am not tired of reiterating, all the way along much was done to encourage so holy and salutary a work as pilgrimage was supposed to be.

For instance, the tolls exacted at the port of Monte Valcarel weighed heavily on all travellers, especially on pilgrims, entering the kingdom of Leon. All passers-by suffered more or less from excessive charges. The grievances cried to heaven. Nor did the pilgrims suffer in silence. No one ever did in those days. 'They were never heard in the kingdom of Leon without maledictions and indignation against this intolerable custom.' I confess that while I love to think of pilgrims and all other men of God singing, I do not care to hear of them swearing, even though I can imagine the act not to have been altogether unknown to that 'Son of Thunder' whose favours they desired—and in those mediaeval days swearing had a vigour and comprehensiveness long since weakened. Even the simple-minded native folk were affected by the blunt and appalling language of the strangers from beyond the mountains, from Burgundy, and Brabant, and Britain. So that, in the year 1073, Alfonso VI., in taking possession of Leon and Castile,

that he might remove such causes of offence out of the land, and add to the honour and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin and of the Apostle St. James, to use his own language, 'abolished the toll for ever, that all, of whatsoever condition,' says the *España Sagrada*, 'could pass freely and without annoyance or inquietude, in such wise that this road to Santiago should be entirely free to pilgrims, and even to those who carried merchandise, or went on any other business whatsoever.'

It is probable that the instances were many in which pilgrims were relieved of paying tolls at crossing bridges, entering or leaving towns, or passing through the territories of bishops or barons. I am not surprised at this; but the vehemence and persistency with which pilgrims protested against aught that they considered evil, and secured the removal of such, reminds me of the Parable of the Unjust Judge; or rather, perhaps, of the householder whose neighbour came at night to borrow of him three loaves—'though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.' I am afraid that many of the pilgrims, good and gentle as they were supposed to be, were not slow in asking or mild in their demands. But then, on the other hand, some of them were notorious sinners and had not overcome the evils which beset them.

Even to the benevolent and long-suffering St. James himself pilgrims were sometimes trying enough to provoke him to displeasure; especially when they presumed on his kindness or wilfully misinterpreted the purpose of pilgrimage. At least a legend is told that in the year 1100 a citizen of Barcelona came to Compostella, and prayed that he might never be made a captive. His business took him to Sicily, and he feared the Saracens. But St. James, though, when a fisherman in Galilee, oftentimes he may have prayed for fair weather, a successful expedition, and a good market, had now no respect for petitions pertaining to trade. He left the suppliant to himself; the Saracens had their will of him. The trader was taken, and thirteen or fourteen times he was led to fairs bound in chains to be sold. He fell from one disaster into another. Then after the last sale he was bound in double chains; and in his wretchedness he cried again and again, and more imploringly than ever, to St. James for help. The Saint appeared to him, much in the temper that Moses displayed when he struck the rock, and

thus addressed the captive: 'Because thou wert in my church at Santiago, and thou settest nothing by the health of thy soul, but demandest only the deliverance of thy body, these perils have befallen thee; but because God is merciful and sorry for thee, He hath sent me to take thee from this prison.' One version says: 'He hath sent me for to buy thee'; but as we never read of St. James buying anything, this must have been a slip. It does not matter. Forthwith his chains broke. He set out in his bare feet and scanty clothing for home. 'And he, bearing a part of the chains, passed by the countries and castles of the Saracens, and came home into his own country in the sight of all men, which were abashed of the miracle. For when any man would have taken him, as soon as they saw the chain they were afeard and fled. And when the lions and other beasts would have ran on him, in the deserts whereon he went, when they saw the chain they were afeard that they fled away.' We know that this story is true, for he who tells it, and he was none other than Pope Calixtus, says that he saw the merchant on his way back to Santiago, and the merchant told it to him. You may read the story yourself in the *Acta Sanctorum* or in the *Golden Legend*, and that which you do not find in the one you may see in the other.

This legend, for the preservation of which we cannot be too thankful, not only suggests the troubles which befell pilgrims owing to their own shortsightedness, and the benefit of importunate prayer, but also illustrates the character of the Apostle. It is comforting to know that even saints have weaknesses. After his enthronement as Patron of all Spain, St. James still kept his impatience and habit of sharp-speaking; nor did he hesitate at stealing another man's property. For, as all men in those days would have admitted, whether Jew, Christian, or Saracen, a slave was a lawful possession: bought and paid for. Though stolen in the first place, he who now owned him suffered loss in his abstraction, and if inveigled away no compensation was afforded him. Hence you see the reasonableness of the slip in the *Golden Legend*, where the Apostle speaks of buying the captive. The chronicler's own conscience and sense of propriety moved him to write what the Apostle should have said. Undoubtedly St. James should have bought the man. The question is of little consequence; but one feels all the more drawn to the Apostle because he is so much one of us. He did just the thing we should have done had we been in

his place. And this is another reason why St. James was so popular with the sinners of Western Europe. He was so like them, that he understood them, and could sympathize with them.

And yet, as to complaints, the wanderers doubtless had reason enough for them—or, at least, thought they had. Some people cannot help seeing more than they should, or reading things the wrong way. To them slight inconveniences or unusual conditions become grievances. But apart from such, there were, as we shall see more fully further on, troubles real and obtrusive. Some were unavoidable, and strangers ran unwittingly and yet expectantly into them. To the people of every nation, things foreign, outside their own country, were usually inferior, if not obnoxious, and therefore to be condemned. The English grumbled at the customs of the Burgundians and the Gascons: even as these people censured them. It may have been a considerate provision of Nature, to make people content with their own. Professor King says that 'the score of early travellers whom I have read did all most wonderfully hate Spain'; and she adds, 'English travellers are the loudest in their complaints, the most outrageous-mannered.' The pilgrims necessarily had to do more with the northern part of the peninsula—a region mountainous, difficult of access, rough, primitive. It was a wretched, detestable country, according to some: one that sinners indeed deserved to encounter, partly as punishment, and partly as preparation; a land of dismal valleys, where demons and hobgoblins preyed on passers-by; one that God is ashamed of and man would gladly shun; thin wine and hard bread; coarse beds, rooms either stiflingly hot or freezingly cold; rains driven by eddying, whirling winds, merciless and untiring; rude, supercilious, untrustworthy people. The Spaniards themselves had a proverb about the fare encountered on the way: 'Camino francés, venden gato por res.'

By way of contrast, however, with the more troubled side of pilgrimage, and as a pleasant ending to the present chapter, I take this picture from the immortal allegory.

It will be remembered by all readers of *The Pilgrim's Progress* that the good innkeeper Gaius, that noble lover of pilgrims, after he had refreshed Christiana and her party with tales of the martyrs—'There was he that was hanged up in a basket in the sun, for the wasps to eat'—and with two

dishes ' very fresh and good,' brought forth a bottle of wine, ' red as blood.' If you will you can see the old English hostel, its stone-paved floor, oak furniture, low ceiling, wide chimney-place, where hang the flitches in clean, black smoke, and the broad-faced, merrily-girthed, smiling host, his heart overflowing with gladness at the joy of his guests. The boys were given a ' dish of milk well crumbed '—that is, thickly clotted, like, say, Devonshire cream, a perfectly harmless beverage, thoroughly safe for those of tender years ; but the older folk drank of that which Gaius declared made glad the heart of God and man, ' and were merry '—' Then were they very merry, and sat at the table a long time, talking of many things.' Many a clean, wistful reader has longed to go on a like journey, and meet with a like hospitality. And, passing from the picture of that delightful evening at the roadside inn, I have wondered what was that ' something to drink ' which the grave and beautiful damsel Discretion gave to Christian on his arrival at the House Beautiful. At supper there, ' the table was furnished with fat things, and with wine well refined ' ; and a few days later Christian was sent on his way with ' a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins '—not bad fare for a pilgrim.

CHAPTER XVIII

ITINERARIES AND GUIDE-BOOKS

In an earlier chapter of this study will be found a sketch of the itinerary preserved by Purchas. It is true the spelling is venturesome and picturesque, especially in the names of the towns, but as an exercise in phonetic orthography, so popular in these days, the document is invaluable. The route described is the one usually taken by pilgrims to Santiago: forsaken now, but famous then—'the road on which millions of shoes were worn out, and infinities of feet were blistered'; but some landed at Bordeaux or at Bayonne, and thence journeyed in the common way to San Jean Pied de Port.

Other references have been made to maps and manuals prepared to furnish the pilgrim with all necessary information. Perhaps the most significant of these books is one said to have been compiled in the early part of the twelfth century, some parts possibly by one Aymery Picaud, and other parts by equally well-known and observant travellers. The authorship matters but little. Nor does it follow that sections ascribed to any particular person were written by him. They may merely contain information given by him. The story is told on his testimony. Professor King records the eleven chapters of which this *Pilgrim's Guide* consists, and from which inquirers may learn of the several ways to Santiago; the stages and cities on the way; the good and the bad rivers, the names of the lands and the sorts of people who inhabit them, and the bodies of the saints that should be visited; and particulars of the city and church of St. James. Herein may also be found the hymns to the saint, and a sketch of his history and miracles. Close attention is given to the water: 'I have described,' says Aymery, 'the rivers that pilgrims going to St. James should study to avoid drinking the deadly and be able to choose those which are fit to drink.' He apostrophizes the Hospice on Mount Joy, whence the pilgrims had their first sight of the towers of Compostella: 'Holy spot, house of God,

refreshment of saints, repose of pilgrims, comfort of the needy, health of the sick, succour of the quick and the dead!'

At this place are cairns built of limestone, each pilgrim carrying a piece from Triacastela, a distance of twenty-five leagues, to make mortar for the building of Santiago. Aymery speaks of the river in the woods, about two miles from Compostella, where the pilgrims washed themselves and their clothes: from which custom the brook is called Lavamentula. Of the pilgrims, Aymery praises his countrymen from Picardy: they are heroes and warriors; but the men from Bordeaux speak a patois, and Gascons are vain of speech, ragged, drunken, and gluttonous. To the Basques he gives an entire treatise, and of their language, which sounds like the barking of dogs, a list of necessary words. According to him, the pilgrim's difficulties are mostly over when he leaves Navarre and enters Castile. This happy land he loves for its foison of gold and silver, its stately houses and strong horses, provision for all seasons, bread and wine, meat and fish, milk and honey; but yet the woods are desolate. The distance from Port de Cize, on the frontier between Pied-de-Port and Pamplona, to Santiago takes thirteen days, 'some not long, some so long that they must be done on horseback.'

With Aymery Picaud in mind, one remembers that in the road of which he speaks from San Jean Pied-de-Port to Pamplona, under the mountains, as Froissart tells us, there are narrow and perilous passages: a hundred places where a hundred men may keep against all the world, as Oliver and Roland found to their cost. Through these defiles, in the cold February of 1367, Edward the Black Prince, lord of Aquitaine, eldest son of Edward III., brother of John of Gaunt, and father of Richard II., led an army on its way to replace Pedro the Cruel on the throne of Castile. You may read elsewhere of the battles which followed; only. I remember that according to Froissart the Black Prince regularly opened battle with prayer, just as any old Cromwellian would have done. Nothing thrills one's heart more joyfully than the thought of such a Greatheart, with the praises of God in his mouth and a two-edged sword in his hand, going forth to fight the battle of the Lord. I do not know that St. James came to the Black Prince, as he always did to Roland when Roland called him; but I have little doubt that the Apostle helped him to put Pedro once more

back into power. This done, the following August the Black Prince again brought his soldiers through Roncesvalles, and returned to Bordeaux. With the Black Prince was that celebrated commander, the hero of Poitiers, Sir John Chandos, now within three years of his last battle and of his death.

It is not unlikely that memories and associations such as these helped the pilgrim to enliven the dullness of his journey.

Besides this somewhat elaborate guide-book, from time to time others were put forth. The Cluniac monks, who seem to have taken the pilgrimage through France and Spain to Compostella especially under their care, not only looked after the roads and the hospices, but also had an eye to the instructions for travellers. Christopher Columbus's son, in the year 1535, at the fair of Leon, bought for twopence a broad-sheet describing the road from Paris to St. James in Galicia. Brave efforts were made to help those who desired thus to see the world. And who does not so wish? 'For all,' said a publisher in 1547, 'who come into this life are travellers.' He who would pleasantly while away a spare hour can find in these old guide-books most excellent material. If he will, he can bring to mind the pilgrims, as they would pass a dangerous point or cross a trembling bridge or turbulent ferry, say one to another, 'Comrade, go you first!' He may hear the songs: 'Plaintive, interminable, strung out with the itinerary of the journey, wailing on like the endless litanies that children's shrill voices sing on hot summer evenings.'

So much care, indeed, was taken to further the pilgrim on his way, and so entrancingly did the promoters of pilgrimages describe the countries through which the road ran, the good victuals to be had, the wine and the eels, the generosity of the convents and the hospices, the abundant blessings given at small cost by the wayside-saints, that one wonders if the pilgrimage did not, in spite of the possible discomforts and dangers, become sometimes as pleasant a journey as that which Chaucer suggests led to Canterbury. It could not have been all gloom and anxiety. It is said that Sir Walter Raleigh declared that he liked enemies because they gave him exercise, and friends because they gave him peace. Probably few knights on pilgrimage thought otherwise. They hailed the appearance of a possible adversary with a joy like unto that of the Spanish hero when he saw the wind-

mills. No happier diversion could befall such noble souls. But an even more benevolent spirit sometimes came to such, a spirit which could make use of a friend as cheerfully as of an enemy. At least, we hear that, in 1402, De Werchin, seneschal of Hainault, a valiant soldier and of much fame for his skill in tournaments, announced far and wide his project of a pilgrimage to St. James of Spain, and his willingness and intention to accept the friendly combat-at-arms with any knight for whom he should not have to turn from his road more than twenty leagues. This was generosity itself, and presents a picture unlike that of a barefooted, trudging, downcast wayfarer, worrying over his sins. The belligerent warrior laid out his itinerary beforehand, so that, being warned, any one might make ready for his offer. One feels that so ready a ' son of thunder,' so like in spirit to him who led the Christian hosts against the Moors, would be more than welcomed at Compostella. This may not have been by any means a unique instance of the desire to gladden the fretful, tiresome journey.

But, for all that, and for much more that might be said on that aspect of pilgrimage, even as we have already gathered, there were for most people perils in the way, real, serious, and numerous. One realizes this in turning the leaves of the guide-books and books of travel ; and I shall go on to speak of them more fully.

We are told, sorrowfully and reproachfully enough sometimes, that, faint at heart and weak in faith, many Christian people were held back from availing themselves of the advantages and blessings of this pilgrimage to Santiago. They were confronted by rumours of difficulties almost insurmountable ; by warnings of the roughness and barrenness of long tracts of country through which the road led, and of the not infrequent rudeness and even savagery of the natives, and the exactions of their lords ; and by stories of the incursions of the Moors, who ever and anon made captives of the pilgrims. Many travellers who survived the dangers and returned to their homes in safety had sorry tales to tell and possibly wounds and scars to show. Some never got back. They may have died from disease or maltreatment ; others might be languishing in dungeons or toiling hopelessly in slavery : no one knew what had become of them. These misadventures were not sufficient in number to break up the custom, but they had to be thought of, even though they increased the merits of the act. We have

seen that the Order of St. James of the Sword was founded, not only to fight the Moors, but also to protect pilgrims on their way to Compostella. By facing the Moors in battle one could add the rewards of Crusade to those of Pilgrimage.

The Moors, however, were not the only or the chief aggressors. Richard the First, king of England and duke of Aquitaine, himself a pilgrim, and still more a crusader of immortal fame, took upon himself the duty of avenging the wrongs done to devout strangers seeking the succour and comfort of St. James. Tidings reached him of the evils encountered by pilgrims, not only as they journeyed through his own territory, but particularly as they dared to pass through Roncesvalles. Here the barbarians assailed them without pity. The king's spirit was aroused. After his Christmas feast at Bordeaux, he proceeded with an army against Dax and Bayonne to suppress the prevailing lawlessness and insurrection, and, conquering as he went, he pushed his way over the mountains as far as the 'Gates of Cezare' or 'Port of Cize,' on the very borders of Spain. He dealt out punishment to the rustics who violated travellers and pilgrims. As the *Dictionary of National Biography* puts it: 'He forced the Basques and Navarrese into a reluctant peace, and compelled the freebooters of the Pyrenees to renounce their evil habit of plundering the pilgrims to Compostella.' He did not, however, succeed in suppressing the evil. In 1188, Raymund of Toulouse, in defiance of ecclesiastical law, arrested some English knights on their return from Compostella. Richard invaded Toulouse, and again did determined service against the highwaymen. In due time he reached the castle of William or Walter de Chisi, a notorious offender against the rights and lives of pilgrims. He laid siege to the castle; took it; and, in June 1190, flung the lord thereof into prison. Roger de Hoveden, writing a few years later, and with full knowledge of the expedition against the plunderer's stronghold, says that Richard 'took it and hanged William himself, the lord of that castle, for that he had robbed pilgrims to Compostella and others that passed over his domains.'

Among the devices used to beguile pilgrims to their hurt, we hear of sleeping-draughts. In a treatise written about the year 1370 by John Arderne, the earliest known of the great British surgeons, we are given a recipe to make a man sleep against his will, as is done by ribalds and tramps in France, that associate themselves on the way with pilgrims

that they may rob them of their silver when they are asleep. In this recipe they who would use it are directed to take henbane, darnel, black poppy, and bryony root: 'brek al-to-gidre in a brazen morter into ful smal poudre, of which poudre giffe hym in his potage or in a kake of whete or in drynk; and he schal slepe alsone, wille he wil he noght, al-aday or more, after the quantite that he hathe taken.' I do not say that the doctor gave this recipe to encourage pilgrim-robbers: but this was their way, and an effective way too, of putting men to sleep. It may be used for good as well as for ill. There is a pitiful story of the murder of a pilgrim in Chaucer's 'Nonne Priestes Tale'—in which, by the way, it is shown that dreams sometimes come true.

Richard the Lion-hearted, indeed, believed not only in securing the safety of pilgrims, but also in the punishment of crime. Perhaps not more than did other princes of his time; but it so chances that I have him just now in mind. Soon after he wreaked vengeance on the lord of Chisi, he had a fleet sailing to the Holy Land on a crusade. According to Roger de Hoveden, he set forth some rules to be observed on this fleet—rules of justice, the king called them: probably shaped on laws observed generally on board ship. If such rules obtained on vessels carrying pilgrims, violations of justice would be rare. But this is doubtful. 'Whosoever,' says the king, 'shall kill a man on board ship, let him be bound to the corpse and cast into the sea; but if he kill him on land, let him be bound to the corpse and buried alive.' If a man wounded another, he should lose his hand. If he cursed or reviled his fellow, he should pay him an ounce of silver for every oath. Stealing had its punishment thus: 'If any robber be convicted of theft, let him be shorn like a champion, and boiling pitch be poured over his head, and let the feathers of a feather-bed be shaken over his head, that all men may know him; and at the first spot where the ships shall come to land, let him be cast forth.' One wonders if anything went wrong among the men of Richard's army! Thus provision was made to keep the crusaders safe and sound. If Richard could have had his way, as William of Chisi found to his cost, he would have guarded the pilgrims to Compostella in like manner.

English pilgrims usually went to Compostella by sea, or at least part of the way, perhaps as far as Bordeaux; and thereby they had opportunities in plenty to do penance beforehand, and offer their sufferings to St. James. The

transportation of pilgrims became a business of no little magnitude. It took high place among the country's industries, and was as well organized and carried on as any other commercial enterprise. Fleets of vessels plied towards Galicia from many English ports. The earliest sailing directions we possess are assigned to the reign of Edward IV., and include the coasts of Spain and Portugal. It is curious that no matter how costly or difficult an undertaking religious people feel called upon to make, there are always men of the world, men who profess no religion whatever, to help them. They cannot do without each other. Religion needs worldliness, and worldliness needs religion. The mason will build a church into which he never expects to enter as a worshipper; the mariner will take the ship to a shrine at which he will never kneel. For such the goodness of others is a means of livelihood. It was no less so in the Middle Ages than it is in our own times. And, on the other hand, we may be sure, human nature being what it is, that devotion to St. James, though the chief, was not always the only motive that led men to cross the seas. It is possible to have an eye to material things and to spiritual things at one and the same time. The principle that a man cannot serve God and Mammon may be true, but that does not preclude the effort, especially on the part of pilgrims; and not only on the part of mediaeval pilgrims, but also of men and women of the present day. You can say your prayers at Lourdes, and you can also buy laces at Paris. Both may turn to your advantage. What I mean is, that men and women of the twelfth century were no worse than are men and women of the twentieth; and if the former sometimes had two ideas moving them to go across that dreary sea to Compostella, the like ideas move the latter to-day to do no less incongruous things—if, after all, they are incongruous.

The voyage across the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay is not always pleasant even in these times, with our superior accommodation; but in the days of which we are writing it was apt to be insufferable. The vessels were small and inconvenient. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries a ship was measured by the tuns of Bordeaux it carried when laden. Eighty tuns was a good-sized cargo; a hundred tuns exceptional; but by the fourteenth century cargoes of two hundred tuns were heard of. A very large ship, such as the *Blanche Nef*, in which Henry the

First's son William was lost in 1120, could carry three or four hundred persons. No pilgrim-ships were of that size. The number of men and women they conveyed ran from thirty to a hundred, according to the capacity of the vessel. The passengers were crowded and huddled together in the most uncomfortable fashion. Of course, then as now, rank and wealth could ameliorate some inconveniences; but the mass of pilgrims were comparatively poor and of low degree. Their funds in hand, though small, may have made a considerable sum, only they needed every penny, and had nothing to spend on luxuries. Sir Henry Ellis, in commenting on a letter from the earl of Oxford to King Henry the Sixth, asking for a licence for a ship, of which he was the owner, to carry pilgrims, says that ships were every year loaded from different ports with cargoes of these deluded wanderers, who carried with them large sums of money to defray the expenses of their journey. It was not thought wise to encourage the spending of money in foreign parts.

Jusserand, in his *English Wayfaring Life*, gives a copy of a licence for a ship to carry pilgrims, dated 1394:—

'The King, to all and each of his admirals, etc., greeting.

'Know you that we have given licence to Oto Chambernoun, William Gilbert, and Richard Gilbert, to receive and embark in the harbour of Dartmouth a hundred pilgrims in a certain ship belonging to the same Oto, William, and Richard, called la Charité de Paynton, of which Peter Cok is captain; and to take them to Saint James, there to fulfil their vows, and from thence to bring them back to England, freely and without hindrance, notwithstanding any ordinances to the contrary.'

As I have said, little was done on board for the comfort of the passengers. Many of them were sinners anyway, and did not deserve gentle treatment. The journey to Compostella was no better in this respect than that to the Holy Land; and in his *Informacion for Pylgrimes unto the Holy Londe*, another of our guide-books, Wynkin de Worde admonishes each pilgrim to provide himself with 'a lytell cawdron, a fryenge panne, dysshes, platers, cuppes of glass, . . . a fether bed, a matrasse, a pylawe, two payre sheets, and a quylte.' The traveller took his own provisions, except when on land he could replenish his wallet, perhaps by begging. He cooked for himself, or, possibly, for the company with which he was associated. It was a dreary voyage: rolling seas and a ship tossing like cork. The little craft

did its best, but its best meant misery. A contrary wind, a rising sea, increased and prolonged the horror. In bad weather, the deck would be swept from stem to stern with deep breaking waves and clouds of spray, while in foul air and ceaseless pitch and toss, and crowds of helpless folk, and noise indescribable, the spaces below presented aspects of hell rather than of earth. Happy was he who could think of these pains as part of the penance whereby sin might be removed, and St. James be made to realize and to reward the depth of faith and the assurance of hope!

The Early English Text Society, in the year 1867, printed a ballad, from a manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge, of the time of Henry the Sixth, describing the hardships of the 'Pilgrims' Sea-Voyage and Sea-Sickness.' It begins by admonishing the pilgrim that he must not think of merriment or of enjoying himself:—

> 'Man may leue alle gamys,
> That saylen to seynt Jamys!'

What with sea-sickness, the jostling of the mariners as they trim the sails, the unpleasant smells, the loss of appetite, there was no chance for play or laughter. The marginal comments in this version on the text may give some idea of real penance in pilgrimage:—

'You leave all fun behind you when you sail to St. James's!
Directly you get on board
your heart fails;
the shipmen make ready,
hollow,
order you out of their way,
and haul at the sails.
"Put the boat ready; our Pilgrims
will groan ere night."
"Haul up the bowline—
Poor Pilgrims, can't eat!
Steward, a pot of beer!
How well she sails!
Steward, lay the cloth;
give 'em bread and salt for dinner."
"Storm 's coming."
The poor Pilgrims have their bowls by them,
and cry out for hot Malmsey;
they can neither eat boiled nor roast.
"My head will split in three," says one.

The shipowner comes to see that all 's right.
The cabins are made ready.'

'A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
Ffor som must lyg theym in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,
Without mete or drynk;
For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumpe was nygh oure beddes hede,
A man were as good to be dede
As smell thereof the stynk!'

And yet, notwithstanding the ills of the voyage, the ramshackle cabins, the jeers of the sailors, the lack of sacks of straw on which to sleep, people who could gather together the cost, and whose wickedness was sufficient to require such drastic treatment, shrank not. Through many generations, the pilgrimage maintained its popularity. In the fifteenth century the number of English pilgrims was great. Rymer mentions 916 licences granted in 1428; and in 1434, Henry VI. granted permission to 2433 of his subjects to go to Compostella. These did not all go by sea. Large numbers went by land. Such were the throngs much earlier. Ford says: 'At the marriage of our Edward I. in 1254, with Leonora, sister of Alonzo el Sabio, a protection to English pilgrims was stipulated for; but they came in such numbers as to alarm the French, insomuch that, when Enrique II. was enabled by the latter to dethrone Don Pedro, he was compelled by his allies to prevent any English from entering Spain without the French king's permission. The capture of Santiago by John of Gaunt increased the difficulties, by rousing the suspicions of Spain also.'

Pilgrims about to start on their journeys were obliged to bind themselves upon oath not to do anything contrary to the obedience and fealty they owed the king. They must not take out of the realm gold or silver in money or bullion beyond what is necessary to their journey; nor may they reveal the secrets of the kingdom. Penalties awaited those who violated these conditions. The expenses had to be assured: no man travelled free in those days any more than he can in these times, and in business then, as now, people kept their eyes open. Of course, some pilgrims were poor, for sins which require pilgrimage assail man irrespective of his financial condition; but in that case, he had to give evidence should he journey by land that he could fairly support himself on the way, perhaps by odd

jobs or by begging, or should he go by sea that he had the means already in hand. The means might be provided by contributions from charitable people, his friends, neighbours, or the parish in which he lived. In these days, sympathy and help freely go out to a sufferer, without means, who is afflicted with some disease which can be treated only at some hospital or by some physician or surgeon far away. They who know the patient will join together and bear the expense. In olden time, at least so men thought, there were sins that no priest or confessor near by could cure, delinquencies beyond the help of the saints within easy reach: extraordinary spiritual diseases. As we do with people troubled physically, so then good-hearted men and women came to the rescue. For instance, there were two guilds at Lincoln, one that of the Fullers, founded in 1297, and the other that of the Resurrection, founded in 1374, that had this rule: 'If any brother or sister wishes to make pilgrimage to Rome, St. James of Galicia, or the Holy Land, he shall forewarn the gild; and all the brethren and sisteren shall go with him to the city gate, and each shall give him a halfpenny at least.' A certain kindness was always meted out to pilgrims, both before they started and while carrying out their purpose. They were sinners above other sinners, adepts in wickedness, and therefore objects of curiosity, perhaps of some admiration, for it took an extraordinary man to commit an extraordinary sin. Moreover, the hand of God was against them. There is little doubt that people who had escaped such lapses thanked God for their immunity, and at the same time pitied their unfortunate fellow-beings. If we do not appreciate their disposition, it is probably for the simple reason that in these days there is no such keen consciousness of the nature and danger of sin, or the certainty of punishment, as was entertained by Christian people in the Middle Ages. They thought of spiritual diseases much as we think of physical sicknesses: deplorable and woeful calamities. Therefore they pitied the penitent; and, if necessary, they behaved towards him generously. They gave of their substance towards the expense. So that by the time the sinner was ready to embark on his voyage the cost had been secured. Otherwise he could not sail. There were no free passages. Shipowners and shipmasters had nothing to do with the religious side of pilgrimages.

Sometimes it happened that people made the vow of

pilgrimage, and afterwards discovered that they could not carry it out. Either health gave way, or conditions had changed adversely, or the means could not be found. Contributions would not always come in; and there were people who could not accept help of that kind. In such contingencies, especially should the penitent have taken the cross of his own accord, and not as penance for any particular transgression, the Church allowed the redemption of the vow by a fine. Professor Coulton gives an instance from the registers of Archbishop Giffard of York, about the year 1270, in which commutation was allowed two women of the diocese. The document runs thus :—

'To our beloved daughters in God, Helewysa Palma and Isabella her daughter, greeting etc.

'As we hear from your own confession, ye have made a vow some time since to go on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, but because ye cannot fulfil the said vow on the plea of poverty, at your own urgent request we, by our Apostolic authority, have thought fit to convert your vow into a subsidy for the Holy Land, granting you the cross and enjoining that ye pay two shillings sterling in succour of the Land aforesaid, whensoever the collectors specially deputed for this work shall demand it of you.'

Among the guide-books provided for pilgrims, the phrase-books must not be overlooked. The Early English Text Society, in 1900, reprinted a little work of *Dialogues in French and English*, published by William Caxton about 1483, based upon an early fourteenth-century book of like nature compiled at Bruges. The page quoted by Professor Coulton in his *Social Life in Britain* gives a fair idea of the whole, and is worth reading. It begins with the admonition : 'Yf ye owe ony pylgremages, so paye them hastely' —which makes one recall the style of advice given in old time to apprentices, 'Get out of debt as soon as possible.' Running the eye down this page, one comes to this paragraph. After bargaining with her guests, and in answer to their demand, 'Bring us to sleep; we are weary,' the hostess says, 'Well, I goo, ye shall reste. Jenette, lyghte the candell; and lede them ther above in the solere tofore; and bere them hoot watre for to wasshe their feet; and covere them with quysshones; se that the stable be well shette.' Can one not still hear the innkeeper's buxom wife giving her orders to the chambermaid? And the heavy feet and trailing staves following the fat, slatternly, good-

natured Cinderella up the stone steps to the sleeping chamber! A practical, sensible woman that hostess, equal to any emergency and able to answer any question!

The huge logs blaze cheerfully on the wide hearth. The tired hounds throw themselves down in the warmth. The gaffer finds the corner in the deep chimney where he may have his forty winks in comfort. Here and there loll weary folk, hunters, shepherds, labourers, and the like, the day's work over, the leathern jacks replenished to the brim. The goodwife is here, there, and everywhere, mistress of all and afraid of none. Out of the chill, darkening night come strangers. They hail the hostess. So runs the phrase-book:—

'Dame, God be here!'

'Felaw, ye be welcome.'

'May I have a bedde here withinne?—May I here be logged?'

'Ye, well and clenly, alle were ye twelve, alle on horse-back.'

'Nay, but we thre. Is there to ete here within?'

'Ye, ynough, God be thanked.'

'Brynge it to us. Gyve heye to the hors, and strawe them well; but see that they be watred.'

The strangers are well satisfied. They call the hostess.

'Dame, what owe we? We have ben well easyd.'

The hostess is polite. The morning will do.

'We shall rekene to-morrow, and shall paye also, that ye shall hold you plesid.'

In due time, both sun and pilgrims arise, doubtless refreshed; and we can imagine the travellers holding converse with the hostess. Here is a typical question:—

'Dame, may men goo by ship from hens to Boloyne?'

'Ye, now ther is a shippe redy ful of peple. God wel them conduyte! God brynge them in savete!'

So the pilgrims set out—not necessarily this morning after the night at the inn we have suggested, but at any time; and the phrase-book admonishes its readers thus:—

'Whan ye be mevyed for to goo your viage, and ye knowe not the waye, so axe it thus, in comending the peple to god:

'"To god, goode peple; I goo to Saynt James—(or, to our lady of Boloyne). At whiche gate shall I goo out, and at whiche hande shall I take my way?'

'"On the right hande, whan ye come to a brigge, so goo ther over; ye shall fynde a lytill waye on the lyfte honde, whiche shall brynge you in a contre there shall ye see upon

a chirche two hye steples ; fro thens shall ye have but four myle unto your loggyng. There shall ye be well easyd for your money, and ye shall have a good Jorne." '

These were the things which the pilgrim who used the phrase-book might expect to be said. With diligence, it is possible that he might thus find his way. The book in question gave but two languages, French and English. If the pilgrim found himself where the people spoke neither, the people would suffer as much as he, and he could thank God that he did not live among them.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF SANTIAGO

Among the pilgrims to Compostella, that vast unnumbered multitude whose names can never be recalled, were occasionally men and women of such position or rank in life that record was made of them: popes, kings, bishops, scholars, and the like. In this study we have come across not a few of them; and they stand out, largely by reason of their importance in the world, as witnesses to the dignity and power of the revered and saintly Apostle of Galicia. It is not wonderful that common people, led on by stories of miracles and of benefits so freely wrought or given by St. James, should have crowded to his shrine. They possessed a credulity rarely touched by scepticism. But it is remarkable that a like devotion, a like unquestioning acceptance of the claims made for the Saint, a like expectation of favours, should have stirred the hearts and minds of the leaders and thinkers of the age. One may esteem but little the self-denial of the peasant, his readiness to accept whatever is told him, his anxiety to secure a joy in another life which is denied him in this; but one can scarcely set aside as insignificant the worship and homage of princes and prelates, of shrewd, competent, far-seeing men and women, some of learning that would be counted worthy in any age, commanders of armies, rulers of provinces, merchants, knights, and lawyers—the superiors of the masses, whom the masses respected and followed.

Again we feel the irony that ever and anon, in every age, enters into men's souls and makes itself felt. This Galilean fisherman, with whom no gentleman of his generation, priest or Pharisee or Sadducee of rank, would have had any dealings, has become the honoured and adored lord of pontiffs and emperors. They who would not have bought his fish, now bend the knee at his tomb, and implore his intercession with the Most High God. The times have changed. Earth's great men gather at the feet of a man once obscure, poor, despised.

And more than this. There were pilgrims who could scarcely get to Compostella, even by begging their way, tramping in rags and hunger through rough ways; and there were pilgrims who came on horseback or in litter, escorted by men-at-arms, gay and richly dressed companions, and long retinues of serving-men. There were pilgrims who asked for naught but a bundle of straw on which to sleep and the refuse of the table on which to feed; and there were pilgrims who required all the resources of inn or hostelry, of village or castle, to satisfy their demands. One kind had money; the other had none. It is a foregone conclusion, and has been such in all generations and in all lands, that the treatment accorded with the condition. The poor man slipped into Compostella unnoticed, save perhaps by a hungry dog; the rich man was met at the gate by the dignitaries of the city, and the bells rang out his welcome.

It is possible that this reception was inconsistent with the theory that as God is no respecter of persons, neither should man be. In the Middle Ages, as probably in most ages, it was maintained that all men were born free and equal; and such conditions as slavery or serfdom, or class distinctions, were held to be contrary to nature and offensive to the will of God. These conditions were brought about by the infirmities of men. Gregory the Great declared, that 'we act well and wholesomely in restoring the blessing of original liberty to men whom nature hath made free, and whom human laws have bowed under the yoke of servitude'; and Queen Elizabeth was no less definite: 'From the beginning God created all men free by nature.' Such an assumption was not left to the eighteenth century to enunciate. Preambles to acts of manumission and decrees of councils and acts of parliament affirm the same principle. The people of old time loved to talk of equality: 'We are all God's children, and should live as brethren.' But the terms 'free and equal' have to be defined, or the commonly accepted ideal runs into confusion and contradiction. The Church indulged freely in such vague and attractive platitudes, and at the same time encouraged severe class divisions. She freed her slaves; but she remembered heavenly hierarchies and nature's obstinate diversities. And peoples and races have gone on making the same assertions: one of the oldest fictions, and denied by one of the oldest facts. It was so in pilgrimages. The lines were drawn at Compostella, as at every other shrine in Christendom. Every

man who knelt at the sepulchre of St. James was the equal of his fellows : and every man there was served and regarded according to his condition in life.

When, then, we read of favours granted to distinguished personages, we need not be surprised. Inconsistency is one of life's saving graces. At Compostella one penitent was as good as another, but there were differences. Some of the pilgrims whose names were thought remarkable enough to have been preserved had advantages which could not have been given to pilgrims less remarkable. It was so of necessity. Some could give only a candle of tallow ; others could give crowns of gold. Even Demos must acknowledge Aristos. And after all, these privileged pilgrims are more interesting than the common run of pilgrims. Not only have they position or wealth, and therefore influence that can benefit others, but it is more difficult for them to discharge the duties of penitents. Christ said so Himself : 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God ! ' St. Francis thought that poverty was the highway to heaven. The good fathers at Compostella therefore had great pity for their princely and noble visitors. They knew the struggle made by them to acknowledge their need of St. James's help. So they encouraged them by giving them the best they had.

We should keep in mind, however, that it was not only for the forgiveness of sin that men went to Compostella. As often as not the motive of pilgrimage arose from a contract. The individual wanted some favour : it may have been health, or deliverance from some peril, or victory in battle ; and he pledged himself, if St. James would secure it for him, to return thanks in person and make an offering at the shrine in Compostella. It was the same sort of bargain that Jacob made at Bethel : 'If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace ' : then, if the Almighty will do these things for him, but not otherwise, Jahveh shall be his God, 'and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.' Such vows are not even now unknown. So our forefathers made them. 'If St. James will help me, I shall help St. James ! ' The journey, therefore, was not always one of penitence, but sometimes one of gratitude and thanksgiving.

So, even as the kings of the East brought gifts to the

Infant Redeemer, simply in recognition of His kingship, so the princes of Christendom knelt before the shrine of the Apostle, and made to him oblations, sometimes costly in the extreme, thereby acknowledging his graciousness to man and his power with God.

And Compostella became a city worthy of comparison with other cities and of the respect of earth's mighty people. Built on the lower eastern slope of Pedroso, about seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, and some sixteen to seventeen hundred feet below the highest point of the mountain, Compostella commands a fine and extensive landscape, and is itself, with its dark granite walls and towers, set against that noble background, an impressive sight from afar. Attention has been already directed to some of the buildings which by the eleventh and twelfth centuries had been accumulated in Compostella. Within the next four hundred years others had been added to them. In this prosperous period, which I have called the Golden Days of Santiago, their number and their dignity corresponded fittingly with the Apostle's rank in the extensive galaxy of ecclesiastical saints. They were splendid enough to save pilgrims and travellers, even though they had seen the best in other countries and the noblest in Spain, from making belittling comparisons. But I have neither the space nor the skill to enter into architectural description; and the field has been covered and exhausted by masters of the subject.

Did I dare I should linger before that marvellous portico known as the Pórtico de la Gloria, wrought by Maestro Mateo, within the twenty years after 1168, and tell its story and design. This, too, has been done over and over again; and yet no delineator, no matter what his love of art or his ability with the pen, has been able to do it justice, or to impart an adequate idea of its transcendent beauty and spiritual conception. Nor, as Aubrey F. G. Bell well says, can any copy or photograph give an idea of the living expression and soft, mellow colouring of its figures, or of the general harmony of its effect in its wealth of detail. It was, and still remains, a magnificent entrance to the sanctuary within, a very gate of heaven, a soul-stirring symbol of that Lord who declared Himself to be the 'Door,' a living reminder of those men, the One divine and the others human, by whose help the pilgrim may at the last go into his Father's House. They who drew near, bending heart and knee in

homage, won at the outset an assurance of the blessing that would come to them when they prostrated themselves before the shrine of the Apostle. Here was not only poetry in sculptured guise, but the fullness of art and devotion, worthy of the Saint, and becoming alike to those whose hands had wrought and to those whose eyes now beheld—acceptable, too, to that Omnipotent Lord of all, to whose glory the building had been raised and the people had come from afar.

Even now, though the splendour of those ages of faith has long since dimmed, Compostella, with about 15,500 inhabitants, contains no fewer than 46 ecclesiastical edifices, with 288 altars, 114 bells, and 36 pious fraternities: so says the *Baedeker* for 1913.

But let imagination go back to those distant centuries, and picture the glory of Compostella when the cult of St. James was in its height and vigour, and the great men and women of the world gathered at its altars. About the year 1109 there came to Santiago, so legend strenuously declares, and not without some foundation, Guido, archbishop of Vienne and brother of Raymund of Burgundy. Raymund will be remembered as Queen Urraca's husband, the Count and Countess of Galicia, and the patrons of the great archbishop, Gelmirez of Santiago. In 1119 Archbishop Guido was elected Pope, under the title of Calixtus II., which office he held till 1124. Historians dispute the assertion that he ever visited the shrine of St. James, but for some reason or other he certainly became much attached to the place: for in the year 1122 he granted to the cathedral the privilege of the Holy Year. In whatever year St. James's Day, July 25, fell on a Sunday, the Holy Door, or Porto Coeli, was opened, and they who passed through it into the church received extraordinary spiritual benefits. This year, the first occurrence of which coincided with the alleged pilgrimage of Calixtus II., thereby obtained an importance over all other years. It was a year of advantage, of indulgence, of pardon, and in it the numbers of penitents enormously increased. Thus Calixtus conferred a tremendous boon on Compostella. Moreover, his name was given to a famous manuscript or codex, containing a record of the life and miracles of the Saint, and some sketches of the history of Compostella. Of this document we have already said much. Possibly Calixtus wrote some parts of it, but the document was not finished till about 1140, some sixteen years after his death. Whether by him or by some one

else, much of it was written by an eye-witness. Take, then, this passage, describing the life and splendour which prevailed at Compostella in the early years of the twelfth century, which passage Mrs. Gallichan in her *Story of Santiago* attributes to Calixtus and translates from the *Codex Calisti*. It is at least a contemporary account.

'The many thousands of miracles that are worked daily through the intercession of the Apostle in the city of his glorious tomb, increase the legions of pilgrims, who carry back with them to the utmost confines of the world the name of Compostella.

'The doors of the sacred cathedral are never closed; lamps and tapers fill it at midnight with the splendour of noon. Thither all wend their way, rich and poor, prince and peasant, governor and abbot. Some travel at their own expense, others depend on charity. Some come in chains, for the mortification of their flesh; others, like the Greeks, with the sign of the cross in their hands. Some carry with them iron and lead for the building of the basilica of the Apostle. Many whom the Apostle has delivered from prison bring with them their manacles and the bolts of their prison doors, and do penance for their sins. The sick come and are cured, the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the dumb speak, the possessed are set free, the sad find consolation, and, what is more important, the prayers of the faithful reach to Heaven, the heavy weight of sin is removed, the chains of sin are broken. . . .

'Thither come all the nations of the earth. The pilgrims travel across Europe in mighty companies, and in companies they place themselves beside the sepulchre, the Italians on this side, the Germans on that, as the case may be, each holding a wax taper in his hand. There they remain to worship the whole night long, and the light from the innumerable tapers makes the night like day. Some weep for their sins, some read psalms, some sing, and some give alms to the priest. There does not exist a language or a dialect that is not heard in the cathedral. If any one enters sad, he goes out happy; there is celebrated one continuous festival; people come and go, but the service is not interrupted by day or by night.'

Even should we make allowance for some exaggeration in this eloquent and glowing tribute to the popularity and glory of Santiago, enough remains to impress us with the numbers of the pilgrims, their devotion, and the benefits

they secured. We must not, however, picture to ourselves multitudes as large as, under strong inducement, would gather in these latter days. The population of Europe has been multiplied many times, and the means of communication, the railways, steamboats, roads, are now such as the people seven or eight hundred years since could not have imagined. Numbers must be taken comparatively. There is no doubt that the numbers which went to Compostella then made as deep an impression and as great a surprise in the minds of contemporaries, as are made on our minds by the crowds which now gather at some congress or exposition held, say, in London, Paris, New York, or Chicago. Thus some industrious investigator has discovered that in the ten best years in the fifty years before 1456 there arrived in Galicia a total of 130 ships and 7907 pilgrims. This calculation gives annually of ships thirteen, and of pilgrims nearly eight hundred; and these figures gave the scrutator considerable satisfaction. Yet we may assume that he is dealing only with pilgrims who came by water. The number which came over the mountains and across country would be even greater. Nor may we forget that Compostella, compared with the cities and towns of to-day, was then only a mere village, with plenty of churches, to be sure, but few inns.

Travel set in from England freely as early as the reign of Henry I. About the time that Calixtus is said to have made his pilgrimage to Compostella, perhaps in the same year, an Englishman named Ansgot, from Burwell in Lincolnshire, apparently of some wealth and position, also went there. We know little about him, but on his way home he stopped at the house of La Sauve Majeure, near Bordeaux. This city was within English influence—the last evidence of such influence now remaining is a street called 'St. James,' which street has existed from 1152; but, on the other hand, it is probable that men of the rank of Ansgot were even more under the influence of their continental friends and associates. At all events, some time about 1110 this Ansgot founded at Burwell a priory dependent on the monastic establishment where he had been guest at Bordeaux. He concerns us, however, only as being one of the earliest pilgrims to Compostella from England.

And so with another Englishman, whose name chances to be given among those who went thither. Some time in the third quarter of the twelfth century, Maurice de Barsham, an inhabitant, evidently of means, of the village of East

Barsham, not far from Walsingham, sought the help of St. James, possibly having more hope in the Apostle far away than in our Lady of the town close at hand—if she had then taken up her glorious vocation there. This is all that we know of Maurice, but he affords further evidence that Compostella had begun to attract from beyond the sea men of his station in life.

But in the summer of 1125 came a pilgrim of the highest rank, the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I. of England, and widow of the Emperor Henry V. Born in 1102, and married to the emperor, twenty-one years her senior, before the age of twelve, she was now in her twenty-third year, and one of the most important personages in Europe. She has a place among the world's great women. Her real nobleness of character had won the esteem of her husband and the admiration of his subjects. It is said that on his deathbed the emperor placed in her hands the sceptre, perhaps as a sign that he wished her to be his successor. Neither his empire nor his kingdom, however, was his to give; and her father had other plans. Four years later he married her to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, and ten years her junior. She thereby did indeed become the mother of Henry II., but on the death of Henry I. broke out a fierce struggle between her and the people of Normandy and England which did not end till the accession to the throne, in 1154, of her son. It is said that her arrogance and determination did much to aggravate the dispute. The epitaph on her tomb in the abbey church of Bec tells the story of her life, in a quaint conceit: 'Here lies Henry's daughter, wife, and mother; great by birth—greater by marriage—but greatest by motherhood.' Into this story, exciting though it is, we may not enter; only, may it be added that in the ten years she lived after the coronation of her son she played well the part of queen-mother. She died in 1167. Age had mellowed her temper, and she had turned more and more from secular ambitions to charity and religious works.

Her pilgrimage to Compostella, in her early womanhood, indicated a lifelong tendency. In the days of grief and bewilderment she sought the aid and comfort of the Apostle of the West. It is not likely that the empress remembered that her grandfather, William the Conqueror, rode to the battle of Hastings that October morning in 1066 on a horse given him by Alfonso VI., the youthful king of Leon and

Castile, the benefactor and patron of Santiago, and destined to be the father of Queen Urraca, and one of the most romantic characters of Spain. We need not question that the Apostle had been implored to give his aid to the success of William. St. James was ever ready to help in a righteous cause, and not only the Pope but also many kings had denounced the wrong which Harold, son of Earl Godwine, had committed by seizing a crown given by Edward the Confessor to the Duke of Normandy. St. James was not always so gracious, for, in 1588, though Philip II. knelt before his shrine at Compostella and commended to his care the Armada just about to set out to subjugate that same England, he afforded no help whatever. On the contrary, God sent the storm, and St. James stood by Elizabeth and Francis Drake. William of Normandy did not indeed win the battle of Hastings because of the Spanish horse. This horse and another horse were slain under him before the news came that Harold was killed; but the legend-maker would have no difficulty in showing that the royal pilgrim's gift, possibly fresh from St. James himself, helped to change the destiny of England. Of this the young empress probably knew nothing. Urraca was within a year of her death, and her son Alfonso VII., by Raymund of Burgundy, already ruled Leon—another of the generous supporters of Compostella. The great archbishop, Don Diego Gelmirez, held authority in Santiago, but the buildings which made Compostella famous were far from finished, and some were not even begun.

One can easily picture that day when the Empress Matilda entered the town of St. James: princes, earls, counts, knights in noble retinue, with soldiers and retainers a little army, and priests and servitors, ladies-in-waiting and pages, and officials such as became the court of the imperial lady. And at the gate, eager and subservient, the archbishop with his attendant prelates and dignitaries, and hosts of townsmen of rank, and visitors of importance from beyond the seas or the mountains—a mass of stateliness and splendour, of glittering armour and gorgeous costumes and rich rippling banners and gaily caparisoned horses—all the accessories possible to make significant and enthusiastic the welcome! The reception should indeed fit the occasion. It was a day not soon to be forgotten. The plaudits filled the air. The wonderful bells that were to make Compostella still more celebrated by their exquisite melodies and tones were not

yet there, but whatever bells there were made all the sound they could. And the archbishop bowed the knee to the empress and kissed the hem of her robe, and the empress bowed her head to receive the blessing of the archbishop. And the gentlefolk and the common people in that great crowd gazed earnestly, hearts aglow with pride and minds filled with wonder, at the daughter of England and Normandy, young, fresh, and beautiful in person, unequalled in rank, excellent in apparel, and gracious in deportment, beloved by kings, and honoured by an empire. In the centuries to come, Santiago would behold even more magnificent spectacles than this, and St. James would receive glory greater than even a Matilda could give. But sufficient unto the day is the splendour thereof; and the memory of this day satisfied the ardent soul of Compostella for generations to come.

I do not know the style or manner in which the empress was entertained, or in which she performed the duties of her pilgrimage. She was a religious woman, therefore everything was done in seemliness and sufficiency. That she made presents commensurate with her ability and position cannot be doubted; but no record remains of any of her gifts. On the other hand, so deep was her devotion to St. James, and so pleased were the authorities at Compostella with her, perhaps both as a princess and as a penitent, that when she left she was given one of the Apostle's hands. She took it with her to England, but no one knows what became of it. Whatever the loss may have been to Compostella, it was made up, some years later, by a gift of one of the arms of St. Christopher; and if the reader cares to refresh his mind with St. Christopher, let him read more attentively than he has yet done the story given in the *Golden Legend*. That there was supposed to be a kindly feeling between St. James and St. Christopher is suggested by the fact that in the Latin Church both saints are commemorated on the same day, July 25.

Few things could better indicate the popularity of St. James than the distribution and multiplication of parts of his body. Such parts are found all over Christendom. This happened to other relics too, especially to the wood of the Cross, which, at the time of the Reformation, was rather sarcastically, perhaps humorously, said to have been so scattered over the world that bits could have been gathered together sufficient to make a big ship. The best argument

in support of this alleged duplication was a reference to the miracle of the loaves and fishes. If God willed it so, no difficulty stood in the way. And though it was hard to prove that such was God's will, yet none could doubt His consideration and kindness. He would surely use whatever was useful. Now, of St. James it is claimed that, in addition to the body at Compostella, a body in St. Sernin at Toulouse and another in the church at Zibili, near Milan, are equally authentic. There are two of his heads in Venice : one in St. George's church, and the other in the monastery of St. Philip and St. James. A head will be found in Valencia, but is apt to be overlooked in the more magnificent relic of a Holy Chalice ; a second head at Amalfi—also eclipsed by the body of St. Andrew ; a third head at St. Vaast in Artois ; and part of a head at Pistoja. In the Church of the Apostles in Rome are preserved a piece of the Apostle's skull and some of his blood. And there are bones, hands, and arms in Sicily, on the island of Capri, at Pavia, in Bavaria, at Liège and Cologne, and elsewhere. Some of these reliquiae may have belonged to other saints of the same name, but it is difficult to distinguish them. The genuineness of each relic is testified to by miracles ; and, as I have already suggested, faith accomplishes its wonders irrespective of the object to which it is directed. Rather than marvel at the miracles and the multiplication of parts of the body, we should consider the widespread devotion to St. James, and the confidence held in his power. He was exalted in other places than Compostella—which, again, is some testimony to the sound judgment of the men of that city.

So the empress, young and widowed, having made her oblations to St. James, and doubtless being strengthened with the assurances of his favour, went her way from this remote corner of Christendom back into the world's busy and stormy life. This may not have been the only pilgrimage made by her to Compostella. I do not know. Nor do I know that either her father or her grandfather ever went there, or her mother, the ' Good Queen Maude,' who died in 1118. But all men know that she took a part in making history scarcely second to that which would have been hers had Henry v. survived. In June, 1129, her father married her to Geoffrey le Bel, soon to become Count of Anjou, and nicknamed Plantagenet from his habit of wearing in his cap a sprig of genet, the yellow-flowering broom. She was then twenty-seven years old, and he sixteen. By him Matilda

had three sons: Henry, born in 1133; Geoffrey, born in 1134; and William Long-Sword, born in 1136. On her father's death, in 1135, began her struggle to secure the throne of England for her eldest son, Henry Plantagenet; but into this story we may not venture. Her husband, Geoffrey the Handsome, died in 1151, three years before her plans were accomplished and Henry was crowned. Then, in 1154, had England relief from the misrule of Stephen; and though Henry II. turned out a faithless husband and a capricious, irritable master, yet after all he proved a capable and judicious ruler, and became a monarch among monarchs, for his sagacity respected by his friends and for his power feared by his enemies. His conflict with Thomas Becket was inevitable. He gave England a martyr, much to his own humiliation, and much more to the prosperity of Canterbury, but he also led the way to her freedom from the theory for which that martyr died. For his unhappy family life he was himself chiefly responsible, and at it none need be surprised.

And here comes into sight another of the remarkable women of the age, worthy indeed of being mentioned with Matilda the mother, and of becoming the wife, of Henry II. Without question Eleanor of Aquitaine had faults, and serious faults too, and to her charge may be set several questionable acts and strange prejudices, but for all that she was a strong and successful character, and a religious woman, as religion went among her class in those days. Her father, William X., duke of Aquitaine, bore an excellent reputation. He early and decisively came under the influence of St. Bernard: indeed, it was given out that he was converted by him in 1133. He devoted himself to the cult of Santiago, and, recognizing one of the most important means to that cult, he founded outside the city of Bordeaux a place of entertainment for pilgrims to Compostella, which he called the Hospital of St. James. Here, whether they journeyed across France from Paris or came up the Gironde from the sea, strangers could find food and shelter, and have their spiritual preparation for a devout visit to Compostella properly advanced. In the Lent of 1137, perhaps following the custom of earlier Lents, William went on pilgrimage to Compostella. With him also travelled his friend and suzerain Louis VI. of France, nicknamed the 'Fat,' and also the 'Wide-awake' and the 'Bruiser.' Again we can imagine the stir made in Compostella by the presence of two such princes, and their lords-in-waiting and men-at-arms, companies

commensurate with their dignity, splendid in appearance and rich in resources.

But here, while the Passion was being sung, William, duke of Aquitaine, was suddenly taken ill, and in a short while he died. On his death-bed he confided to Louis VI. the care of marrying his daughter and heiress Eleanor. This gave Louis his opportunity. William was buried before the altar, and thereby further glory was added to St. James; and Louis immediately secured Eleanor and Aquitaine for his son. Eleanor was then in her fifteenth year, and the son about sixteen. In the August of the same year, at the very time that Prince Louis was taking possession of Eleanor's dowry, the duchy of Aquitaine, his father died, and under the title of Louis VII. he became King of France.

The dramatic story of the death of William of Aquitaine has been disputed. In his religious fervour and his love for his daughter, he is said not to have died, but to have abdicated. Passing out of men's sight, he went as a pilgrim to Rome and Jerusalem, and lived as a hermit on Mount Lebanon, where he died twenty years after.

This tradition is extremely doubtful, but it matters little. In the same eventful year, 1137, that Louis VI. died and William of Aquitaine is said to have died, and Louis VII. and Eleanor were married, France and Aquitaine are known to have been united under one sovereign. Two daughters came of the marriage: Mary and Adèle, the latter born in 1149. Louis was a weak, timid man, rather given to blustering, but possessed of much religiosity. 'Most Christian and most gentle of men,' says his fervid admirer, Walter Maps. He failed as a crusader, and in most of his military enterprises, though he loved to visit and linger about sacred places. Few men knew better the chief shrines that lay between the rocks of Galicia and the country beyond the Jordan. His simplicity, particularly of mind, astonished his attendants. Without guards, but with the feeling that no one had anything against him, if he felt so inclined he lay down to sleep anywhere, perhaps in the depths of the forest. But he had a conscience which troubled him, after the fashion that in much later years a conscience bothered Henry VIII. over Catherine of Aragon. After fifteen years of married life and the failure of male heirs, Louis raised the question of the lawfulness of his relations with Eleanor.

The king convinced a council held at Beaugency in March, 1152, that he and Eleanor had violated the rules of con-

sanguinity. Charges were also made that the queen, 'having grown more and more indifferent to Louis, had been led into frailties, or at least into follies, that were by no means pleasing to her husband.' But one need not be led astray by Walter Maps, that most amusing of chroniclers. He hated both Matilda and Eleanor, and missed no chance of repeating whatever scandal he could hear or overhear concerning them. The real argument lay in the fact that the king was tired of her. And the marriage was annulled, or, to put it another way, Eleanor was divorced.

This proved no detriment to Eleanor. She was still young and beautiful, about thirty years of age, and among the richest of princesses. The duchies of Aquitaine and Gascony, which she inherited from her father, and which she had taken as a dowry to Louis, on her divorce reverted to her. No woman in Europe had more attractions: especially for impecunious princes, of whom there were several. Two of these, one of them Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of the Empress Matilda and her husband Le Bel, tried in turn to capture her and marry her by force. She escaped with difficulty; and then, after all, perhaps, not so much from a desire for protection, as from policy, she offered herself and all that she had to Henry Plantagenet, at the time Duke of Normandy, and only two years from becoming King of England. Within two months of her divorce, much one can imagine to the delight of the Empress Matilda, in Whitsuntide, 1152, she and Henry were married. Thus in a little while England, Normandy, Anjou, Aquitaine, and Gascony fell into Plantagenet hands; and from this time dates the beginning of the strife beteen England and France, which as some one has well said, 'runs like a red thread through mediaeval history,' and which did not end till Mary Tudor spoke of Calais as written indelibly on her heart—four hundred long and woeful years!

Naturally, Louis VII., though, as one of his contemporaries called him, 'a very Christian king, but somewhat simple-minded,' did not approve of Henry marrying without permission the divorced wife of his feudal lord. Nor did he care to lose Eleanor's provinces, especially when they went to his powerful rival. He offered some resistance, but in two years' time he made peace, and went on a series of pilgrimages, one of which was to Compostella. In this he found not only relief from the carking and crippling cares of state life, and from a contest in which shrewder and more

persistent men than he nearly always had the best of him, but also and chiefly the joy of his heart. Unearthly Louis! 'A very pious man,' said another of his contemporaries, 'a friend to the clergy, a devout servant of God, one who was deceived by many and himself deceived none.' Even Pope Innocent II. treated him as one under tutelage, and is declared to have said: 'The King of France is a child, and must be educated, and prevented from acquiring bad habits.' So Louis rested himself and sought for wisdom at the shrines of saints, rather than like Henry in the gatherings of political leaders or on battlefields of stern warriors. These pilgrimages are said to have been delightful, and were made without any pomp or extravagance; that is to say, comparatively speaking, for he must have paid and given, and have been attended, as a king.

In this same year of grace, 1154, one may suppose, partly for political reasons and partly as an outcome of the pilgrimage to Compostella, Louis comforted himself by marrying Constance, daughter of Alfonso VII., king of Castile and known as 'the Emperor.' It was an advantageous match, but again Louis found his conscience disturbing him. According to a curious story, promulgated by Luke, bishop of Tuy, a suffragan of Santiago, in which story Constance is called Elizabeth, Louis became doubtful of the legitimacy of her birth. He had no doubt of her father, but much of her mother. So, in 1157, three years after the marriage, his conscience working painfully slow, he made another pilgrimage to Santiago, this time to implore St. James to help him out of his difficulty. St. James, ever ready to do a generous deed for good men who resorted to him, eased his mind before he got to Compostella. On the way, Louis was met by his father-in-law, King Alfonso, and by Raymund, count of Barcelona, and the king of Navarre, accompanied by a train magnificent enough to amaze him and his escort. Alfonso seems to have known of his son-in-law's perplexity, but, undoubtedly influenced by St. James, he said nothing about it at the time, but treated him courteously and even lovingly. The whole cavalcade went together to Santiago—a glorious company, like unto the most wonderful that Compostella had entertained, say, since the visit of the Empress Matilda. St. James was gratified, and his patrimony increased. Subtly, like richest wine of Champagne, peace stole into the French king's mind.

It does not appear that his queen, Constance, accom-

panied him. One rather hopes she did, both because the occasion concerned her so nearly, and because the reception necessarily accorded would gratify her and her noble bevy of ladies. Life was dull then, even for princesses, and pageants did not happen every day. Compostella must have looked its best and shouted its utmost: bands and banners and banquets, and processions and ceremonies which delighted everybody and did honour to the blessed Apostle, who by this time had forgotten fishing-nets and had come to respect crowns and sceptres.

Then the monarchs and their cortèges went to Toledo, and the splendour of the court led Louis to exclaim: 'By God, I swear there is no glory like this in all the world!' And before the princes, lords, ladies, prelates, and knights, and innumerable other dignitaries of Castile, in solemn array, so brilliant and impressive, King Alfonso declared that Elizabeth, or rather Constance, was his daughter by his wife Berenguela, the daughter of Raymund, count of Barcelona. And Raymund, father of Berenguela and grandfather of Constance, second to none in bravery of apparel and firmness of speech, came forward and remarked of his granddaughter that 'it were well to honour and reverence her, for otherwise the Catalans are marching on Paris!' After this fiery and unequivocal intimation, Louis had no further scruples. His conscience quieted itself, even as a child falling asleep. St. James had worked everything round all right. Like a man delivered out of threatening peril, Louis thanked God, and declared himself content. Nor would he take any gift, save a great emerald from Alfonso. 'And so,' continues the story, 'he went home joyfully, and gave the emerald to St. Denis, and loved his wife very tenderly, and honoured her in every possible way.'

No one can tell what authority Bishop Luke of Tuy had for this story. But this is clear enough: in the February of the year following, 1158, there was born to Louis and Constance a daughter whom they named Margaret.

And now see how happily St. James further wrought in this matter! All the princes and princesses concerned were his devotees, and he wished them well. It so happened that three years earlier, in 1155, to Henry II. of England and Eleanor his wife, formerly the wife of Louis, there was born a son, and the son was named Henry after his father. Now came the English king's chance. In that chance possibly lay reconciliation for all time between himself and Louis,

and also no slight personal benefit for both. In this he may have been advised by his mother and his wife—designing and clear-headed counsellors. He proposed to Louis that the two children should be betrothed to each other. There does not seem to have been any ill-feeling between Eleanor and Constance, though if not, human nature must have gone contrary to its usual procedure in such cases. Louis gladly and unsuspectingly consented, and in August, 1158, when Margaret was six months old and Prince Henry three years, they were betrothed, and the baby and her dowry were handed over by the 'good and gentle king' to the king's 'dear friend Henry.'

The two kings played against each other. Neither was honest, and both were thinking of the possible union of the kingdoms and provinces involved, and little of the happiness of the two infants. Louis, however, was a poor match for Henry. The latter became impatient, and Providence worked more decidedly for him. On October 4, 1160, Queen Constance, wife of Louis VII., died. Five weeks later Louis VII. married Adèle of Champagne; and on November 2, even on the morrow of All Hallows, 1160, Henry, fearful of complications, celebrated the marriage of his son Henry and the motherless Margaret. The prince was five and a half years old; the princess not yet three. Thus Henry II. acquired to himself whatever estates or money belonged to little Margaret; and by the death of William, the eldest son of Henry II. and Eleanor, in 1156, Henry FitzHenry became heir to the throne. By his marriage with Adèle of Champagne, Louis VII. became the father of Philip Augustus, who, on the death of his father in 1180, became, at the age of fifteen, king of France. Thus Margaret, the wife of Henry FitzHenry, soon lost the heirship which her astute father-in-law hoped would have been hers, and no doubt Louis was made right glad.

We may not drift into the story of the five sons whom Eleanor bore to Henry, but it is interesting to keep in mind that this Henry FitzHenry lived long enough to fight against his father and also his brother Richard Cœur de Lion, and to become one of the most fascinating and popular knights in Europe. Many of his men, out of pure love for him, served him without pay. But he did not live long enough to become king of England. In the summer of 1181 he died childless and much lamented. His younger brother Geoffrey, born in 1158, married, in 1167, Constance, daughter and

heiress of Conan IV., duke of Brittany. Three years later Conan died, and Geoffrey, by virtue of his marriage with Constance, succeeded in the duchy. But Geoffrey also died before his father, in August, 1186, at the age of twenty-eight. He left a daughter named Eleanor, and his wife bore him a posthumous son, the unfortunate Arthur. History records the fate of the young prince: nothing in the annals of England, except the death of the two young princes in the Tower, more angrily excites one's sympathies. In Shakespeare's *King John* Constance makes valiant fight for her noble son; and the old Queen Eleanor appears; and the woeful tragedy is worked out till Eleanor's last son dies, and his son, Henry III., is proclaimed king.

I am not sure that Henry II. ever went to Compostella; but, in 1177, seven years after the death of Thomas Becket, he asked Ferdinand II. of Leon rather impatiently for a safe-conduct for the journey, or if he cannot have that for his proper person, then one for ambassadors of his. He would expiate for his sins; perhaps for his feelings towards the martyred Thomas of Canterbury, and it is to be hoped for his faithlessness to Queen Eleanor. But he was a busy and troubled man. Impatient and restless, burdened with cares sufficient to crush one less stalwart and determined than he: 'he never sits down,' says one who knew him well, 'he is always on his feet'; and another adds: 'He passed nights without sleep and was untiring in his activities.' Peace seldom came to him. His mother, whose love for him seemed inexhaustible, and who had spent her life for him, in her death took from him all gladness. His antipathy to his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and her encouragement to her sons in their rebellion against him, led him to keep her under restraint more or less severe for long periods. His friend Louis VII. aided and abetted both his sons and Thomas Becket in their antagonism. Much opportunity was not allowed him for penitence. Though, on the whole, a strong leader and a wise legislator, anxious for the well-being of his country, he yet stood in need of whatever help St. James of Compostella could give. At last, after a bitter conflict with his son Richard and with Philip Augustus of France, who nine years earlier had inherited from his father, Louis VII., the throne and also the hatred of Henry's policies, and having suffered defeat, full of shame and disappointment, on July 6, 1189, he died, his death further saddened by the desertion of his son John.

Queen Eleanor had some justification for her conduct towards him; and, were the legend true, few would blame her for her treatment of Fair Rosamond. The probabilities, however, are against her having singled out one of her husband's several mistresses; and we may read the three ballads in that delightful *Collection of Old Ballads*, published in 1723, and edited, so some think, by Ambrose Philips, without pity for Henry's 'only Rose,' or censure for Henry's 'furious Queen.' Not even the copperplate illustration of the tragedy more than lightly touches one's sympathy. It almost threatens an anticlimax. Eleanor stands before her victim, with a dagger in one hand, and in the other a wide, dishlike, stemmed bowl full of poison; or, as Addison puts it in his play, filled with drowsy juices, distilled from cold Egyptian drugs. Rosamond is sitting down, rather fat and decidedly placid, quite as young-looking as the queen; and she is in the act of taking the cup out of the queen's hand. She prefers the chalice to the dagger, which is fortunate. For if Addison's hypothesis be true, all will come out pleasantly. The subtle draught

> 'In borrowed death has closed her eyes:
> But soon the waking nymph shall rise.'

The story, however, is probably an invention of the fourteenth century; and Addison's fancy ran riot when he ended his play with the reconciliation of the king and queen. Nor does Samuel Daniel, in his *Complaint of Rosamond*, know more than he. But hard as the legend may be on the memory of a mighty woman, it may be useful, perhaps, to others. At least, the editor of the ballads mentioned above states that many children never would have learned to read had they not taken a delight in poring over 'Fair Rosamond'; 'and,' he adds, 'several fine historians are indebted to historical ballads for all their learning.'

Queen Eleanor lived till 1204, to the age of eighty-two, fifteen years longer than Henry II., through the reign of Richard, and for five years after the accession of John. She arranged the marriage of Richard and Berengaria, daughter of Sancho VI., king of Navarre, which took place in 1191. Eight years later, in 1199, Richard died, and was buried at his father's feet in the church at Fontevrault; and there, too, Eleanor was laid. Berengaria survived Richard

thirty-one years. Of Queen Eleanor's children only John Lackland and Eleanor, wife of Alfonso VIII. of Castile, survived her.

Of the three daughters of Henry and Eleanor, and their descendants, I shall say something in the next chapter. They did much for the shrine that their grandmother, the Empress Matilda, had honoured.

CHAPTER XX

MORE ROYAL FRIENDS

We have wandered from Compostella, but not a long way. These royal benefactors and worshippers of St. James helped incalculably to bring on, and to continue, the Golden Days of Santiago. The associations and intermarriages of English, French, and Spanish princes and princesses, which continued for several hundred years after the union of Geoffrey Plantagenet and the Empress Matilda, had much to do with the development of both the cult of Santiago and the fame of Compostella. These affinities were not created for the sake of St. James. Rather they were designed for, and in the end brought about, the amalgamation of a number of principalities into three strong and lasting kingdoms: but incidentally, and yet inevitably, they made an important factor in the life of Western Europe. They also brought about in the governing class such close relationships that once in a while marriages were annulled by the Church, and not a few marriages proposed were positively forbidden. Hence the abundance of princes of the name of Henry, Louis, and Alfonso, and of princesses called Eleanor, Blanche, Constance, or Joanna. Only an experienced genealogist can set them in their proper places, or disentangle the threads of succession and affinity. In some way or other most of them stood for the Apostle of Galicia. He was popular with them, and they looked to him for favour.

The English Plantagenets were not behind other royal houses in this benevolence and adherence to St. James; and it is to a few scattered incidents of this relationship that we shall give some attention, thereby suggesting one of the clues that in the Middle Ages brought England and Spain so close to each other. The recurrence of dates and the reiteration of names, perhaps at the risk of tiresomeness, are intended to clear the way through a wilderness unfrequented except by the special student. They may help to keep the reader from confusion, or at least to save him

from the irritating necessity of reference to authorities forgotten since schooldays. It is not easy to keep clear the men of the Apostolic Age bearing the name of James; and even more difficult is it to distinguish characters having the same name in the same age and neighbourhood.

When we think, however, of these royal and noble men and women, and of their ambitions and shortcomings, their worldliness, inconsistencies, pretensions, and grossness of morals, for among them there was but a thin scattering of either princes or princesses who could be compared with Louis IX. of France or Berenguela of Leon, we wonder how far St. James approved of their manner of life or agreed with their desires. Of this we may be certain, that St. James the fisherman of Galilee differed much from St. James the patron of Spain; not, indeed, let us say, in himself, but in the apprehension men had of him. As times changed and miracles increased, his powers became greater, and to them new powers, greater even than they, were added. God had made the man, but man made the saint. He may not have had the attributes ascribed to him, say, in the thirteenth century, but the multitudes which resorted to his shrine believed he had; and it was faith that pictured and described him, and faith that led to the assurance of the exercise of his qualities. The present age will suggest superstition, but the people of those ages could point out in abundance proofs of his presence and help. They knew, or, if you will, they so persuaded themselves, that he was in fact the saint whom they imagined him to be. In other words, he was the image and reflection of their own ideas and opinions. He thought their thoughts and felt their feelings. No one went to him without hope and confidence: neither king nor beggar; and if things did not turn out exactly as the petitioner wished, it was not without reason. St. James sometimes failed, or at least disappointed, never because he could not perform the desired act, but because he would not. In such case he himself also suffered loss. A suppliant refused had the right to reduce his offering. There was an understanding in the bargain between him and the saint. A man could not be expected to pay for that which he did not get; though, to be sure, no pilgrim, even though poorly prepared, could go to Compostella and not receive something.

After all, faith in the cult of St. James was not so difficult in those days as it would be in these. There were un-

believers and sceptics then as there are now ; and they were no less noisy and aggressive. But right-thinking people took them at their worth. The Psalmist understood them. He knew that the man who says there is no God is a fool : and, indeed, the man who strives to confirm a negative, no matter how courageous he may be in his philosophy, merits that epithet. However, in the times of which we speak, societies such as the Inquisition took care of him and his kind. It is only a short step from denying the miracles of an Apostle to denying fundamental principles. And as every sensible man then knew, there were spirits good and bad, everywhere, in the house, the woods, the fields, the brooks, the trees, even in the church itself. The good should be encouraged, the bad driven away. Wizards and witches were drowned and otherwise maltreated, not because they were old, ugly, and spiteful, but because they had allowed the devil to get possession of them, and because they who tortured their bodies would save their souls. Heretics were burned on earth to keep them from burning in hell. Right-minded people were not after misguided men and women, but after the Evil One who was in them. Once St. James himself would have burned a whole village of Samaritans. The Dominicans loved St. James.

Now, should it so chance that a man found it a little difficult to accept all that was said of St. James—and I have my doubts, not so much of Archbishop Gelmirez and the Empress Matilda, as of some of the pilgrims from England, who wondered if they would be rewarded for their sea-sickness and sore feet—he could not regard punishment by the Inquisition as at all respectable. People have always been anxious to be esteemed respectable : and to be burned or drowned, or to have a relative or neighbour so treated, means disgrace. Better be quiet, and keep one's opinions to oneself. Thus the cult of St. James became popular. If you accepted it, you got on in the world ; if you denied it, you were put out of the world. And what was the ordinary pilgrim who tramped and begged his way to Compostella, compared with the lords and ladies, the princes and prelates, who had the life of others in their hands, and knew book-learning and much else, and went to worship the Saint, and made gifts to the Saint, in a manner that showed how mighty were their resources and how much mightier their faith ? Naturally one would think more of the example of the Empress Matilda than of the opinions of Roger Bacon.

Indeed, so widespread and urgent waxed the popularity of the pilgrimage to Compostella, largely because of the sanction personally given it by kings and nobles, that in England the time came—so says Dr. George C. Williamson, in his *Curious Survivals* (published London, 1923)—when the visit there was regarded as so important that the declaration that the visit had been made was put among the deeds of the estate, and unless it was found among such papers the owner of the estate was looked upon as a man who had no proper sense of his religious duties. 'In fact,' Dr. Williamson goes on to declare, 'at one time, there was an attempt to make it *necessary* that the "Compostella," as it was called, should be produced, if the property was to pass down in succession from father to son. This happened not only in Spain, but even in England.'

It is because of the tremendous influence which the princely and noble families of Western Europe, and particularly of the Plantagenets of England, had in the development of this popularity, that I draw attention to a few further instances of royal alliances and pilgrimages. Brief as may be my allusions, they may yet serve by the way to illustrate the close connexions between England and Spain in the Middle Ages.

Of the three daughters of Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine, the eldest, born in 1156, was named Matilda, after her grandmother. In 1168, at the age of twelve, the year after her grandmother died, she became the second wife of Henry the Lion, duke of Saxony, and a cousin of Frederick Barbarossa. Four years earlier he had divorced his first wife. His was a tempestuous life; but he was religious, and much given to pilgrimages. He founded bishoprics, and built churches and monasteries, the latter mostly Cistercian. Four years after his marriage he went to Jerusalem, leaving the care of his kingdom in the hands of Matilda. She proved her worth: a noble wife, an administrator beloved by the people, and the mother of five sons and a daughter. One of these sons, born in 1182, in the year 1209 became the Emperor Otto IV. In 1181, Henry the Lion went on pilgrimage to Compostella. He had suffered severe defeats, and needed help. What he gave to St. James, or what St. James gave to him, unless it were Otto, born the next year, is not evident; but probably both king and Apostle were satisfied. Queen Matilda, most likely, was again left at home to take charge of affairs. She died in 1189, and

Henry six years later ; and they lie side by side in St. Blaise's Church at Brunswick.

Little need be said of the third daughter, Joan, born in 1165, and married, first, at the age of four, to William II., king of Sicily, twelve years her senior, who died in 1189. Left childless, in the same year, after a visit with her brother Richard to the Holy Land, she married Raymund VI., count of Toulouse, and in 1199 she died. To Raymund she left a son, who on his father's death in 1218 became Raymund VII. He lived to 1249, leaving an only daughter, Joan, who married Alfonso, brother of Louis IX., and on their death, in 1271, Toulouse lapsed to the crown of France.

Eleanor, or Leonora of Aquitaine, the second sister, born in 1162, at the age of seven or eight was married to Alfonso VIII. of Leon, the great-grandson of Queen Urraca, the daughter of the kind King Alfonso VI., who, it will be remembered, sent Duke William a horse on which to go to battle against Harold. With some affection, and at least, let us hope, with some regret, the little victim of political urgency was dismissed to her new home, ready as a princess, and in spite of her childhood, to make a faithful wife and to do whatever was expected of her. She was met at Bordeaux by five Spanish bishops, and with them 'the most exquisite flower of the nobility of both Castiles,' and an array of white and black monks, Cistercian and Benedictine, and especially, says Professor King, the great dignitaries of the religious Orders. 'With them came back, by the Port of Aspe, by Somport and Canfranc, a noble escort of her own people : the archbishop of Bordeaux, the bishops of Agen, Poitiers, Angoulême, Saintes, Périgord, and Béziers, and a host of lords and knights, English, Gascon, Breton, and Norman.' Verily the Doña Leonor de Inglaterra, daughter of Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine, entered Spain as became a lady of high degree and the granddaughter of the Empress Matilda. The two companies, Professor King continues, paraphrasing her Spanish authority, Fidel Fita, 'rode together as far as Tarazona, escorted by Alfonso of Aragon, to be met there by her spouse, his namesake of Castile, with all the prelates and nobles left in Spain, it would seem ; and thence the visitors turned back again in July weather, heavy horse and sleek mule, steel-armed knight and frieze-cowled monk, velvet cloak and silken cope, climbing the brilliant dusty steeps, filling the pass with the heat and murmur of a moving multitude.'

Alfonso VIII. was six years older than his child-bride, and succeeded his father, Sancho III. of Castile, when he was about eighteen months old. His mother was Blanche, daughter of Garcia Ramirez, and when she had given birth to Alfonso she died; 'but her husband lit a silver lamp above her tomb that burned for centuries.' Soon after his marriage, when he was barely fifteen years old, Alfonso took up the work of reducing his kingdom to order, one of his advisers being his father-in-law, Henry II. of England, the greatest governing intellect of his time, and as duke of Aquitaine with a strong direct influence in Spain. Alfonso VIII. reigned fifty-six years: a great king. Eleanor his wife deserves all the praise that has been given her. Of their children, Berengaria, in 1197, married Alfonso IX. of Leon, the grandson of Alfonso VII., the son of Urraca, and to them was born Ferdinand III., in whom the kingdoms of Leon and Castile were united again and for all time.

Were it not that good fortune smiled on Alfonso of Castile and Eleanor of England even more brightly than in the marriage of their daughter Berengaria, I should be tempted to speak of their relations to St. James of Compostella. They owed much to him. In other words, the Santiago influence, which meant the archbishop and his clergy, was given whole-heartedly to them; and they showed their gratitude, as kings and queens always did, by loyalty to the Apostle and beneficences to his sanctuary and estate. But besides Berengaria other children were born to Alfonso and Eleanor, among them a daughter whom they named Blanche, and this Blanche, born in 1187, stands out as one of the heroines of Spain. In 1200, at the age of twelve, she was married, in the presence of her mother, to the Dauphin of France, Louis, son of Philip Augustus, then six months older than she—both old Queen Eleanor's grandchildren. She appears in Shakespeare's *King John*, her qualities sketched by a master hand. If, in his historical plays, the great dramatist accommodates time and circumstance to suit his purpose, he never fails in his delineation of character. Absolute fidelity and penetrating insight enable him to present his *dramatis personae* in vital clearness. We see the girl, and but a girl, in the scene of the quarrel between the two kings, discerning and decided, strong in thought and action, as the course of history revealed her to be. She might lose the goodwill of her uncle John, her grandmother Eleanor, and her newly-made father-in-law, but when her husband reminds her that

with him her fortune lay, she exclaimed without hesitation or possibility of change,

'There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.'

And to that somewhat gentle soul she devoted herself and her masterful gifts through the twenty-three years before he became king and during the three years of his reign. History tells of her intercession with Philip Augustus on behalf of Louis, his son and her husband, who had been tempted to venture himself into England at the invitation of the barons opposed to King John. Before Louis could do much, John died, and the barons turned against him. He needed money to get himself and his men out of the country. To Blanche's request, Philip Augustus declared: 'By the lance of St. James, I will do nothing!' But in the end he gave her all the money she wanted, to use as she wished, but not in his name. No woman knew better than she how to win her will. No wonder that when Louis VIII. died, in 1226, she became regent of France and guardian of his children. She was then thirty-eight years old, and was spoken of as a very beautiful woman: indeed, at fifty men still called her fair and wise and of great beauty. To her and her husband were born twelve or thirteen children. Many of them died in infancy, and were buried in Notre Dame, where an inscription stated of their parents that they kept their children from being kings on earth that they might make them kings in heaven.

But the eldest of the surviving children was the one, born in 1214, afterwards known as Louis IX., both king and saint of France. He was but twelve years old when his father died, and in managing the affairs of state, till he was able to take up his work, Queen Blanche had to carry the burden alone. Perhaps she is best remembered as the woman who saved France: after all, not so far from Joan of Arc. But she had the spirit of her mother and her grandparents and her great-grandmother, the Empress Matilda. From her father came the energy of Alfonso the Emperor and the dauntlessness of his mother Urraca. In her were combined the best qualities of Leonese and Castilian chieftains, and of the princes of Aquitaine, Normandy, and England. A remarkable woman, a leader in an age and the mother of a son, neither of which was less remarkable than she.

We may not turn aside to tell the story of the man who

as monarch, crusader, and saint won the admiration of the world. So long as Queen Blanche lived, he remained under her influence and stood in awe of her. She was the power behind the throne. Undoubtedly he loved her, though in her presence he always behaved like a frightened child; but others rather feared than loved. This can be well understood when we realize that she showed herself more than a match for turbulent barons and plotting priests. No matter how fierce the opposition, she never lost courage, tact, or decision. She seems, however, except within the immediate circle of her family, and even there for the most part, to have failed in creating affection. Margaret of Provence, whom Louis had married in 1234, though she ostentatiously mourned for her at her death, disliked her exceedingly. Jean Joinville, who could do such things, said to Margaret, 'The woman you hate more than any in the world is dead, and yet you parade your grief.' She died in 1252. Miss Winifred F. Knox, in her helpful and charming *Court of a Saint*, has well pronounced her record: 'She left a gap in the Court circle which no one could ever fill for Louis, and went down to her grave leaving an unspotted fame and a record of great achievements to her posterity.'

For forty-four years, till 1270, Louis reigned: an ideal king of the Middle Ages, says Professor Shotwell in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—though by that I do not suppose he meant, even for the Middle Ages, a perfect king, or one always wise, or untouched by the weaknesses of his times. 'An accomplished knight, physically strong in spite of his ascetic practices, fearless in battle, heroic in adversity, of imperious temperament, unyielding when sure of the justness of his cause, energetic and firm, he was indeed "every inch a king."' Joinville says that he was taller by a head than any of his knights.

'His devotions,' Professor Shotwell adds, 'would have worn out a less robust saint. He fasted much, loved sermons, regularly heard two masses a day and all the offices, dressing at midnight for matins in his chapel, and surrounded even when he travelled by priests on horseback chanting the hours. After his return from the first crusade, he wore only grey woollens in winter, dark silks in summer. He built hospitals, visited and tended the sick himself, gave charity to over a hundred beggars daily. Yet he safeguarded the royal dignity by bringing them in at the back door of the

palace, and by a courtly display greater than ever before in France. His naturally cold temperament was somewhat relieved by a sense of humour, which however did not prevent his making presents of haircloth shirts to his friends.'

Nor in his fervent devotion to the saints of the country over which he was king, did Louis forget his mother's own saint, the Apostle of Galicia. Joinville says that he had as great devotion to St. James as he had to St. Geneviève. Tradition affirms that in his last illness he offered the prayer appointed for St. James's Day: 'Be thou, O Lord, the Sanctifier and Keeper of Thy people, that they, being defended by the succours of Thy Apostle James, may both please Thee by their life and devoutly serve Thee with a quiet mind.'

The Church of England in the sixteenth century substituted for this collect the following:—

'Grant, O merciful God, that as Thine holy Apostle Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had, without delay was obedient unto the calling of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed Him; so we, forsaking all worldly and carnal affections, may be evermore ready to follow Thy holy commandments.'

So far as I know, the chronicles do not tell of the visit of St. Louis and his mother to Compostella together; but we may be satisfied that they went thither more than once. He died in 1270, and on the day of his burial, according to the *Golden Legend*, 'by the merits and prayers of the said debonair and meedful king,' a woman recovered her sight which she had lost. Not long after, came a little boy born deaf and dumb, and he knelt with others at the sepulchre of the Saint, and in a little while 'were his ears opened and heard, and his tongue redressed and spake well.' Miracle followed miracle. 'That same year two men and five women, beseeching St. Louis of help, recovered the use of going, which they had lost by divers sickness and languors.' A child fell under the wheel of a mill. He was taken out of the water, but whether dead or only stunned no one could tell. But when his mother laid him on the grave of St. Louis, he began to sigh and was raised to life. After such a series of miracles, and further moved by weighty political considerations, in 1297, Boniface VIII. canonized Louis. Dante did not like the Pope, and called him 'Chief of the new Pharisees'; and indeed Boniface did advance the claims of the papacy beyond

those of any of his predecessors : but that did not affect the canonization. St. Louis went on working miracles as vigorously as ever.

I cannot refrain from recalling one more. Ten men were working in a quarry. A landslip covered them. In a few minutes a priest passing by heard their sighs, and understanding what had happened, 'and remembering the new canonization of the Blessed St. Louis,' he fell to sore weeping and earnest prayer. This done, he saw people coming near. Then occurred the miracle. 'He called them, and forthwith they delved with such staves as they had, so much that by the merits of the saint to whom they trusted much, they had out of the quarry the foresaid ten men, the which were found unhurt, and as whole as ever they were before, howbeit that in certain they were dead.'

I bring forward this description of Louis's habits of piety and good works, not so much for his own sake as to illustrate the type of royal saint which that age produced. For contemporary with St. Louis lived two other monarchs of similar devotion and asceticism : Ferdinand III. of Castile and Henry III. of England.

Ferdinand, son of Alfonso IX. of Leon and Berengaria, daughter of Alfonso VIII. of Castile and Eleanor Plantagenet, granddaughter of the Empress Matilda, became, under the controlling influence of his mother, one of the greatest of the Spanish kings. Born in 1199, he was knighted in the Cistercian abbey-church of Las Huelgas, near Burgos, in the November of 1219. After the bishop had blessed his arms, Berengaria buckled on him the belt. The statue of St. James was brought and placed on the high altar. It moved its arms, and gave the accolade to Ferdinand. This may have been done artificially : at least an angel-lectern was so made that by the pulling of a string it would bow its head at the sacred name, and images of saints moved their eyes by like means.

The same week, in the cathedral of Burgos, Ferdinand was married to Beatrice, daughter of the Emperor Philip. Two years earlier, by right of his mother, he had been made king of Castile ; and, in 1231, at his father's death, he became king of Leon. By his first wife he left a son, Alfonso X., at his death, 1252, crowned king of the united kingdoms of Castile and Leon. By his second wife, Joan, daughter of Simon and Marie, count and countess of Ponthieu, who survived him twenty-seven years, and whom he loved from

the first sight of her, Ferdinand became the father of Eleanor, the Eleanor of Eleanors in the romance of English history. In the same church in which her father was made knight, this Eleanor, in October 1254, was married to Edward, then Prince of Wales, fifteen years old, and eighteen years later to become Edward I., king of England. Within a few days of this event, Edward was dubbed knight by his brother-in-law.

Ferdinand did great things, but we must hasten on our way. Our old acquaintance Luke, bishop of Tuy, tells us that he was grave in youth, pious and prudent, humble, catholic, and benign. Another chronicler, Bishop Roderick of Toledo, who fought beside his bridle, says that his mother fed him with all virtues. He dearly loved singing men, and could both make goodly speech and play good games that belong to good manners. An honest, witty king, one who knew the ways of God, and to whom the mind of God was accessible. After the manner of his saintly aunt, Blanche, the mother of his still more saintly cousin, St. Louis, he delighted in building and decorating churches. Architects held him in their hand, no less firmly than did the clergy. When, in 1236, he captured Cordoba, he sent back to Compostella, on the shoulders of Moorish prisoners, the bells which two centuries and a half earlier Almanzor had saved as trophies out of his raid, and set in the Zeca, the second most glorious mosque in the world. But for none of these things does Ferdinand seem to have been canonized. Indeed, he is not reported to have wrought any miracles, and for centuries he was neglected by the authorities, though one of the best of Spanish kings and bravest of soldiers, till it was remembered that above all things else he had been a severe and energetic opponent of the Albigenses, and the chief claim put forth for his beatification was that he had carried faggots himself to burn heretics; and then, as late as Clement X., in 1671, he was numbered among the saints.

So far for St. Louis and St. Ferdinand, both devotees of 'my Lord Saint James,' as Joinville called him; and now for Henry III. of England. But first, a word concerning his sister Isabella.

In 1235 she became the third wife of the Emperor Frederick II., grandson of Frederick Barbarossa. Isabella was then twenty-one years old. After six years of married life, in 1241 she died, leaving a son, Henry, whom his father appointed by will to be king of Jerusalem or king of Arles,

neither of which kingdoms did he obtain. Frederick survived her nine years, dying in 1250. He was styled *Stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*; and it will be remembered that it was believed in Germany for a century after his death that he was still alive, and many impostors attempted to personify him. A legend, which afterwards was transferred to his grandfather Frederick the Red Beard, and is now universally applied to him, states that he still sleeps in a cavern in the Kyffhäuserberg in Thuringia. There he sits at a stone table with his six knights, waiting till the time shall come for him to awake and restore to the Empire the Golden Age of peace, in which Germany shall have the foremost place in all the world. His beard has already grown through the table-slab, but it must wind itself three times round the table before he comes back. So Longfellow—only he thought of the older emperor:—

> 'Like Barbarossa, who sits in a cave,
> Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave.'

Dante is not gentle to him, and puts him with more than a thousand others such as he, in a region of fiery tombs that are yet open, and are not to be closed up till after the last judgment.

But Henry III. of England had no such vigour as his brother-in-law the Emperor Frederick; nor yet such as his wife's brother-in-law, Louis IX. of France. He continued his sorrowful and feeble reign over England for fifty-six years. He was unpopular, though he had some good points. Once in a while a spark of his father's vehemence broke out, as, for instance, in 1245, when the papal nuncio, with whom he had had a serious dispute, asked him for safe conduct out of the realm, he exclaimed: 'May the devil give you a safe-conduct to hell, and all through it!' His morals, however, were irreproachable. He pulled down great part of the old abbey-church at Westminster founded by Edward the Confessor, and began the present building, wherein, as all men know, he sleeps among kings and queens, his kinsfolk or descendants. There masses were ordered to be said for his soul as long as the world endureth—which order suggests the depths of sin to which in his humility the king thought he had fallen, and also the infidelity of the authorities in the sixteenth century who stopped the masses. But Henry did so much good in his lifetime that he cannot be supposed to have suffered. He established monasteries and hermi-

tages, took synagogues from Jews and converted them into churches, hanged Jews and confiscated their goods freely on the flimsiest pretext, encouraged the friars, at one time fed six thousand poor people, severely punished apprentices who indulged in a wrestling-bout on St. James's Day, curbed the citizens of London in their assumptions of rights which belonged to the crown, and availed himself of every opportunity for visiting shrines. Religious ceremonies delighted him. He regarded a fast as an indulgence, and a feast as a privation. He heard three masses every day, and prayed fervently to every saint brought to his notice.

Louis IX. told Joinville: 'You would find it very hard to do what the King of England does, who washes the feet of lepers and kisses them.' Fra Salimbene, the Franciscan autobiographer, tells a story of Henry III., reputed, says he, 'a simple man.' One day a jester cried aloud in his presence, 'Hear ye, hear ye, my masters! Our king is like unto the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'How so?' asked the king, hugely flattered. 'Because our Lord was as wise at the moment of His conception as when He was thirty years old: so likewise our King is as wise now as when he was a little child.' Henry, as Dr. Coulton reminds us, like other weak men had his fits of sudden fury, and he ordered the jester to be strung up out of hand. His servants, however, only went through an empty form of execution, and bade the unlucky fool keep carefully out of the way until the king should have forgotten.

Had miracles been wrought at Henry's tomb as they were at Louis's tomb, and had he been less like his father in thwarting the policies of the Church, in all probability he would have been canonized. Of late years some fervid and foolish souls have ventured to suggest that the honour should be conferred on him: but in vain. His saintliness will have to go uncertified. Perhaps the Italian chronicler Giovanni Villani best sums up his character: 'A plain man and of good faith, but of little courage.' Matthew Paris said that he had a heart of wax; and it was because of his instability of purpose that Dante placed him in that pleasant valley on the outskirts of Purgatory, where dwell the folk who were too weak and powerless to do either good or evil, too good to be bad, and yet unmindful of the great reward:—

> 'Behold the king of simple life and plain,
> Harry of England, sitting there alone.'

But Henry III. was the father of one of the noblest and greatest of all the kings of England, Edward I. Born in 1239, and named after Edward the Confessor, for whom his father had special veneration, in 1254 he was married to Eleanor, half-sister of Alfonso X. of Castile and great-granddaughter of Henry II. of England. Of the devotion of Edward and Eleanor to each other nothing need be said. Historians testify unanimously to her unsullied reputation, her virtue, her conjugal fidelity, and her heroic bravery—as her epitaph runs :—

'She was a woman prudent, wise in councils, pious, blessed in a numerous offspring :
She increased the friends, alliances, and honours of her husband.
From her example, Disce Mori—Learn to die.'

One is therefore surprised to discover a ballad, supposedly written in the days of Mary Tudor, in which England is warned against her pride and wickedness. Punishment speedily followed her misdeeds—which misdeeds are too gross to recount. Accused of such by her husband, she denied them, and called upon God were she guilty to send His wrath with speed—but read this verse of the ballad :—

'If that upon so vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wish'd the ground might open wide,
And she therein might sink !
With that, at Charing Cross she sunk,
Into the ground alive ;
And after rose with life again,
In London, at Queen-Hithe.'

Even after this marvellous transit underground, 'she languished sore full twenty days in pain.' Then she confessed, and on that the ballad ends. The legend which tells of her sucking the poison from a wound inflicted on her husband by an assassin at Acre, in 1270, though intended to display her grace and devotion, is equally unworthy of credit. In saying that, the iconoclast demolishes another story which used to charm the schoolboy's heart.

But the honour paid her at her death, in 1270, and the love the king had for her during her life are testified to by the crosses which marked her funeral procession from Lincolnshire to Westminster : thirteen in number, of which

three still remain, and the last one is remembered in the place-name Charing Cross, not indeed so called after her or any one else, but held to commemorate La Chère Reine, the Blessed Virgin—a usual halting-place between London and the Abbey. Edward may have said of his wife at her death, as Louis said at the death of his mother, 'I have lost the person whom I loved best of all the world!'

Again we may assume close relationship and warm devotion on the part of this Edward and this Eleanor to St. James of Compostella; but that is true of most of the members of this widely allianced family. We shall hasten to the fourth generation from Edward I., and end this chapter with some account of John of Gaunt:—

'Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster.'

It will be remembered that in 1376, the year before the death of Edward III., Edward the Black Prince, famous among the heroes, died and was buried in the cathedral at Canterbury. The next year, his son, then eleven years of age, became king under the title of Richard II., and during his minority his uncle, John of Gaunt, controlled affairs. Richard turned out a worthless king, tyrannical, unscrupulous, half insane, and his end, in 1400, was tragical, as all readers of Shakespeare know.

John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III. and Philippa, daughter of William the Good, Count of Holland and Hainault, was born in 1340 at Ghent. We may not take up his story other than as it is associated with Galicia and Compostella; but for many years he was probably the richest and certainly the most powerful man in England. Various estimates are set upon his character. He was not popular with the people. In the riots of 1377 a mob tried to slay him, and only by haste on his part was he saved. Stow tells us that he leaped so hastily from his oysters that he hurt both his legs against the form. In 1381 another mob pillaged and burned his palace, the Savoy, 'unto the which there was none in the realm to be compared in beauty and stateliness.' At that time so widespread was the dislike for John of Gaunt, that this same year the rebels obliged his duchess to flee from Leicester, his stronghold, to Pontefract, another of his castles, and being refused admission there to go at night by torchlight to Knaresborough. Possibly the hatred thus manifested had good cause for its existence—at least, so thought the followers of Wat Tyler and John Ball, who not

only advocated socialist doctrines, but also blamed John of Gaunt for the misgovernment of the realm. And yet, a man of chivalrous soul, of unswerving loyalty, neither eminent as a soldier nor great as a statesman, but deserving of respect in both vocations, religious perhaps, unscrupulous probably, and ambitious undoubtedly, John of Gaunt appears among the leaders of his age more conspicuous for his virtues than for his faults—a prince, indeed, if strictly judged, deserving, as most men, now of favour and now of censure, but with fascination about him enough to win the esteem of the modern reader. That he befriended Wycliffe by no means implies that he approved of the theological or social opinions of the reformer, any more than that he loved literature because he was a patron of Chaucer.

Perhaps Shakespeare has done more than any other writer to beget and foster in us kindly feelings towards this outstanding and mighty character of England's past. The year before Richard II. died, John of Gaunt passed away, angered to the depths of his soul by the indiscretion and misrule of his fierce and mad nephew. On his death-bed he uttered words which the great dramatist has set in form of unexcelled force and grace—words which again and again have lightened and heartened the little world set in the silver sea, and made her people proud of their pride :—

> 'This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
> Dear for her reputation through the world.'

Had John of Lancaster been really a 'prophet new inspired,' and able to foretell the immediate future, he would have seen his own son Henry Bolingbroke on the throne, and the seed sown which brought forth the Wars of the Roses, and changed the dream-life of the Plantagenets into the new, strong life of the Tudors.

When nineteen years old, in 1359, John married his cousin Blanche, daughter of Henry, the first duke of Lancaster. Through her, at the death of her father, he obtained the title. Of them were born Henry IV. and also Philippa, who became, as we shall see later, the wife of Juan I., king of Portugal, and ancestress of all the subsequent sovereigns of that country. The Duchess Blanche died in 1369, and Chaucer wrote a lament for her in one of his earliest poems, 'The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse,' some of the lines of which

are acknowledged to be among the most tender and charming he ever wrote :—

'I have of sorwe so grete woon,
That joye gete I never noon,
Now that I see my lady bright,
Which I have loved with al my might,
Is fro me deed and is a-goon.'

Two or three years earlier Pedro the Cruel, king of Castile, was deposed by his subjects and his half-brother Henry II., count of Trastamara, chosen in his stead. Pedro fled with his three daughters to Bayonne, and from there appealed to England for aid. In 1367 John of Gaunt went with his brother, Edward the Black Prince, on an expedition to Spain on behalf of Pedro. At the battle of Najera, April 3, 1367, an English victory restored Pedro to his throne, but rebellion broke out afresh, and in 1369 Pedro was killed in battle by his rival, Henry of Trastamara.

Pedro had promised to pay the costs of the English expedition, and had left his three daughters as hostages at Bayonne. He had also settled the crown of Castile on these daughters. Beatrice, the eldest, died in a convent, and according to the will the succession passed to the second daughter, Constanza, and, heirs failing, from her to Isabel the youngest daughter. In the meantime Henry II. made good his hold on the crown, and was generally acceptable in the kingdom. It was now not possible for the debt incurred to England to be paid, but Constanza and Isabel remained at Bayonne, perhaps as much for safety against Henry of Trastamara, as pledges to the English.

In the year 1372, John of Gaunt was holding court at Bordeaux, and certain of his friends urged him to consider Constanza as a wife, so that he might through her become heir to Castile. Said they: 'It is great almesse to comfort maydens in their distresse, and specially doughters to a kyng'; and continued they: 'We can nat tell wher ye shulde be so well maryed agayne, nor where that so·moche profyte shulde come to you therby.' These words we are told and other words to the same import entered so into the duke's heart, and so well pleased him, that he sent four knights to Bayonne to fetch the ladies; and forthwith the knights brought them.

'And,' Froissart says, 'whan the duke knewe of their comyng, he rode out of Burdeaux to mete with them, and a lytell fro Burdeaux, in a vyllage called Rockfort, he maryed

the eldest, called Constance : at the whiche daye of maryage ther was a great feest, and great nombre of lordes and ladyes. And thanne the duke brought his wyfe to Burdeux, and than there was agayne great feest and joy made, and the good lady and her suster were greatly feested ther, by the ladyes and damosels of Burdeux, and gyven to them great gyftes and fayre presentes, for the love of the duke.'

Later the younger sister, Isabel, was married to Edmund, earl of Cambridge, the fifth son of Edward III., and from them descended the brothers Edward IV. and Richard III., including the two young princes, sons of the former, whom the latter caused to be murdered in the Tower, 1483. At Bosworth, two years later, the line of Edmund and Isabel ended.

As soon as John of Gaunt had married Constanza, he assumed in her right and by the grace of God the title of King of Castile and Leon ; and for the next sixteen years he struggled to obtain the kingdom. No advantage came to him till after the death of Henry Trastamara in 1379 and the accession of his son Juan I. We should wander too far from our purpose were we to enter into details. It is sufficient for us to refer to a few salient points. In the March of 1382 Pope Urban II. pronounced the deposition of Juan I., and the next year conferred the crown of Castile on John of Gaunt, with all the rights and privileges of a Crusade in winning it. On February 18, 1386, the Crusade was proclaimed at St. Paul's. We are told by Sir James H. Ramsay, in his *Genesis of Lancaster* (Oxford, 1913), that in response ' all England rang with the din of Lancaster's preparations : ships and sailors were bespoke from all quarters as usual : also miners from the forests of Dean, and carpenters from Somerset and Devon.' On Easter Day, April 22, John of Gaunt and Constanza took leave of the king and queen, and were presented by them with golden crowns. In less than three months, on a July Sunday, the fleet sailed from Plymouth, ten big galleys of a hundred and eighty oars each, and half a dozen minor craft. In due time the expedition reached Corunna, or Coulogne as Froissart calls it ; and the chronicler adds : ' In the morning it was great beauty to behold entering into the haven the galleys and ships, charged with men and provision, and to hear the trumpets and clarions sound ; and the trumpets and clarions of the town and castle did sound in like wise against them.' Evidently resistance was to be made. Froissart is at his best in telling the story ; but we must hasten on.

After spending more than a month at Corunna, the duke set out for Compostella with his army, consisting of fifteen hundred knights with as many archers. It took him three days to get over the forty miles. At some distance from the closed gates an embassy from the city met his messengers, and demanded his intent. The English marshal addressed the herald and his company: 'Ye captain and your men, my lord the duke of Lancaster, and your lady of Lancaster, daughter to King Don Pedro, your lord and king, hath sent me hither to speak with you, and to know what ye will do or say, either to receive them as ye should do your sovereign lord and lady, or else they to assail you and take you by force.' The city embassy demurred at the proposition to surrender, but after some conference, in the end, doubtless intimidated by the display of arms and strength and the bluster of the English emissaries, they agreed to receive the duke and duchess peaceably, and till the dispute was settled, even for a year or two, to entertain them, unless King Juan should drive them thence. The duke was content, and in good order and some ceremony rode into the town.

Again Froissart becomes inimitably picturesque, and among other things tells us of the devotion of the duke to St. James:—

'Within ii. lytell Frensshe myles of saynt James in Galyce, there came in processyon all the clergy of the towne, with crosses and relykes, and men, women, and chyldren, to mete with the duke and the duches. And the men of the towne brought the keys with them, whiche they presented to the duke and to the duches, with their good wylles by all semblaunt; I can not say if they dyd it with theyr good hartes or no: there they kneled downe, and receyved theyr lorde and lady, and they entred into the towne of saynt James. And the fyrst voyage they made, they wente to the chyrche and all theyr chyldren, and made theyr prayers and offrynge with grete giftes, and it was shewed me that the duke and the duches and theyr ii. doughters, Phylyp and Katheryn, were lodged in an abbay, and there kept theyr house; and that other lordes, as syr John Holande and syr Thomas Moreaux and theyr wyves lodged in the towne, and al other barons and knightes lodged abrode in the felde, in houses, and bowres of bowes, for there were ynowe in the countrey. They founde there flesshe and strong wyne ynough, wherof the Englysshe archers dranke so moche that they were ofte tymes dronken, wherby they had the fevers, or elles in the

mornyng theyr hedes were so evyl, that they coulde not helpe themselfe all the day after.'

The duke and duchess stayed at Compostella a long time, no doubt as diligent in their attention to St. James as the custom of the age required and policy dictated. They held receptions, conferred favours, and met the townspeople at banquets and dances, thereby winning good will and kindly opinion. In the meantime the knights and squires of their company 'lyved at adventure where they might catche it.' These wandering troopers met with some encouragement: 'The duke of Lancastres marshall rode abrode in the countrey of Galyce, and made the countrey to turne to the obeysaunce of the duke and duches, who lay at the towne of Compostella, otherwyse called saynt James in Galyce.' But little was gained by the English outside that province. The noble and gentle folk of the country fought and sometimes prevailed, and if they did not prevail they made terms with the marauders and gave promise of conciliation; but John did not get Castile. Moreover, in the summer of 1387, he and his wife and daughter Katheryn were taken sick at Compostella; and Froissart tells us: 'The duke of Lancastre fyll in a perylous sicknesse in the towne of saynt Jaques; and oftentymes the brute ranne in Castyle and in Fraunce, howe he was deed, and surely he was in a great adventure of his lyfe.' But St. James stood by him, perhaps for the sake of Constanza, the daughter of Castile, and restored him to health, though he did not give him the kingdom.

It was not without design, however, that John of Gaunt had brought with him to Spain, besides the duchess, his daughter Philippa, by his first wife Blanche, and his daughter Katheryn, by his second wife Constanza. Princesses were valuable assets; and after many desperate and fruitless endeavours to subjugate the realm which he claimed as his by right, John accepted peace and reached an agreement, which turned out happily to all concerned, by marrying Philippa to Juan I., king of Portugal, and Katheryn to Henry, son and heir of Juan of Castile, afterwards King Henry III. The duke resigned his claims and his title. In the latter alliance, the rights of Constanza, daughter of Pedro the Cruel, and the rights of the son of Henry of Trastamara, Juan I., were united. Henry, the son of Juan and the husband of Katheryn, was made Prince of the Asturias, the title which the heir to the throne of Spain has ever since borne. Perhaps the best remembered of the honours which

lighted on Henry III. and Katheryn, and to some extent, as it happened, therefore on John of Gaunt and Constanza, is that to their son, afterwards Juan II. of Castile, was born, by Isabella of Portugal, the ever famous Isabella, queen of Ferdinand of Aragon and patron of Christopher Columbus. As an offset to Isabella, we may bring to mind that Elizabeth of England could trace her descent from the same source.

But notwithstanding the marriage of the son of the king of Castile to the daughter of the English duke, and the withdrawal of the English army from Spain, the Spaniards do not seem to have thought that they had obtained the better part of the bargain. They became suspicious of the duke's countrymen, and for some years refused to allow English pilgrims to visit Compostella, and for more years would suffer no Englishman to enter Spain without permission from the king of France. Possibly English pilgrims were commercial as well as religious, and had an eye to trade even more than to devotion. They may have been suspected of bringing in wares more costly than the relics they took out.

The men that had been with John of Gaunt in Castile reported evil of the country. 'In Castile,' Froissart reports them as saying, 'there is nothing but hard rocks and mountains, which are not good to eat, and an untemperate air, and troubled rivers, and diverse meats, and strong wines and hot, and poor people, rude and evil arrayed, far off from our manner.' But John of Gaunt himself is said to have introduced from Spain the dance known as the Morisco, or Moorish, or Morris dance, which for centuries made hearts merry on English greens.

The kindness of St. James to John should not be overlooked. His expedition to Spain had by no means failed. He had married two daughters to princes, remunerated himself for his expenses, and no doubt satisfied his followers with adventures and spoils. If his vision of a crown had come to naught, it was an evidence of St. James's favour. St. James would save him from dangers and difficulties which in Spain seem to come more readily than elsewhere to kings. Spain has always been a hard country to rule: impatient and divided, and rarely fond of foreigners. In those days rebellion broke out rather easily, and law obtained little respect. A story runs that God once summoned before Him the patron saints of the several kingdoms, and offered to grant whatever quality or virtue they desired their respective countries

to have. St. James the Apostle spoke for Spain. His demands were extravagant, for very dearly did he love the people who loved him so well. So he would that Spain should have men the wittiest of all mankind, and women the most beautiful in the world. His petition was allowed, and God gave Spain men and women the like of which for wit and beauty are not to be found elsewhere on earth. 'Anything else?' asked the angel who spoke for God, and who most likely thought that this was more than enough, particularly when he began to wonder what France and Italy and England would expect. 'Yes,' said St. James; 'and also the best government in the world!' This was too much even for the Almighty. He sprang from His throne, and exclaimed: 'No! Spain shall never have any government at all!' St. James stood back crestfallen; but this is the reason why rulers have found Spain so difficult to manage.

Thus, in refusing to give Castile to the duke and duchess of Lancaster, St. James showed his thoughtfulness and affection for them.

Old John of Gaunt! A strange life in strange times; and yet times largely strange because they are so far away! And he no more strange than many of his fellows! His much-enduring wife, Constanza, died March 24, 1394, fifteen months after her sister, Isabel, duchess of York, and was buried at Leicester. Two years later, John married Katherine Roet, a native of Hainault and widow of Sir Hugh Swynford. 'There was much marvel both in England and in France, for she was but of a base lineage, in regard to the two other wives.' The royal ladies 'laid great blame to the duke for that deed.' Their censures did not affect the duke. He insisted on doing justice to the woman he had loved above all other women. The disparaged Katherine in her youth had been attached to the household of the duchess Blanche, where she remained after her marriage to Sir Hugh; and after Blanche's death she became guardian or governess to her little girls Philippa and Elizabeth. It is a pitiful, though not an uncommon story, but John legitimated Katherine's three sons. Froissart says: 'And the duke loved greatly the children that he had by her, and that he showed well in his life and after his death!' Then, February 3, 1399, at the age of fifty-five, he died, and was buried beside Blanche his first wife in St. Paul's Cathedral:—

> 'His tongue is now a stringless instrument:
> Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.'

Men called him above all things else just. To his son Henry Bolingbroke, his brother Edmund, in his old age, recalled his comradeship and courage :—

> 'Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
> As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
> Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
> From forth the ranks of many thousand French!'

Men invoked 'the buried hand of warlike Gaunt.' And they sang masses for his soul's weal; and one cannot but hope with effect. For it should be remembered that when John of Gaunt and his wife and children entered the town of St. James, 'the first voyage they made, they went to the church and all their children, and made their prayers and offerings with great gifts.'

Thus they brightened still more the golden days of Santiago—'with great gifts.' They did their utmost honour to the blessed Apostle of Galicia. In their boundless hope of triumph they knelt at his shrine, and praised him who had brought an orphaned princess to her own again. And as John of Gaunt, brave, noble Lancaster, in the day of his strength had served St. James, so in the day of his weakness St. James should serve him, even to the clouding of his faults and the clearing of his fame.

CHAPTER XXI

OTHER SAINTS AND SINNERS

In the last chapter, while drawing attention to some of the world's great men and women who contributed to the increase of the power and fame of the Apostle of Galicia, I endeavoured to illustrate the type of saint made out of kings by that phase of the religious spirit of the Middle Ages which had its chief expression in pilgrimage and shrine-worship. I shall now present some examples of the effect produced by the same means on men of less exalted rank: among them a scholar and a statesman, both of them in some phases of their life saintly and sinful enough to be really human. Even should I fail to make clear my purpose or to add much to the general subject, I think I shall make better known to the reader some men whom it is worth while knowing.

The name of Raymond Lull, or Ramón Lull, as it is more correctly given in Spanish, is not commonly familiar, and in these days few undertake to read his numerous treatises; but they who make the venture, even should they disagree with his philosophy or theology, soon come to regard him as one of the outstanding scholars and thinkers of the Middle Ages. They realize that not without justice did his countrymen style him *Doctor illuminatus*, and venerate him, even in his lifetime, and much more so after his death, as chief among their teachers and poets. And, indeed, as such and also as mystic, missionary, and man of saintly life, he is worthy of high praise; and the work he did both in literature and in philanthropy is deserving of warm remembrance. It is easy to exaggerate his character, attainments, and position; but when due allowance is made for such, enough remains to justify setting him among the foremost men Spain has produced.

He was born at Palma de Mallorca, January 25, 1235, six years after the conquest of the Balearic Islands from the Moors by Jaime of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror. This king has his place among the most romantic and capable

of Spanish princes. At his birth his mother decided that he should be named after an Apostle. Accordingly twelve candles of equal size were provided, each called after one of the Twelve Disciples. The candles were lighted at the same time, and the candle bearing the name of St. James outlasted all the others by 'a good three fingers' breadth.' So the little prince was named Jaime, and devoted to the Son of Zebedee. In a Chronicle which he wrote in his mature age, he tells us that he was left an orphan in his seventh year, fought his first battle in his tenth, married in his twelfth, and exercised his full powers as a king before his twentieth. He was a man of resolute character, quick resources, fine physical development, immense strength, and seven feet in height. His orthodoxy and piety could be no more questioned than his moral laxity could be denied. His ambition was no less pronounced.

The story of Mallorca has been recently told in delightful style by Henry C. Shelley, an Englishman resident in the island, in his *Majorca* (published London, 1926). Here the reader may find much that concerns both King Jaime and Ramón Lull: some particulars indeed that enable me to enrich my own readings of the two men.

King Jaime had hardly reached his twenty-second year when he made his expedition against Mallorca. He had already pledged himself for a Crusade to the Holy Land, but he determined first to dislodge the adversaries of the Cross from the islands near his own kingdom. The voyage thither was stormy, and the king was so 'greatly discomforted' as to turn to prayer. But all obstacles were overcome. The Moors sent out of the city four hundred men to demolish the besieging enemy. 'All the four hundred were killed, and James is credited with having decapitated them and thrown their heads into the city by one of his slings.' The struggle was bitter and long, but when the final assault was made, 'the first to enter the city was a white-armoured knight on horseback, clearly,' so Mr. Shelley says, 'that ubiquitous St. George without whose presence no battle between the Cross and the Crescent was complete.' If the mysterious knight really was St. George, I can only suppose that St. James refused to help his namesake because of that ghastly use of the four hundred heads.

So Mallorca fell into Spanish hands. In the end the conquest was without qualification. Completely demoralized by their victory, the invaders gave themselves to wholesale

pillage. King Jaime says in his Chronicle: 'Lo! our Lord had dealt so with us, that every man in the army found so much spoil that no one had occasion to quarrel with his neighbour.' And the Chronicle further adds: 'When day came, all the men of my household went away, not one came back for eight days; each held to what he had taken in the city, and was so pleased with it that not one would return.'

Ramón Lull's father, a member of a wealthy and leading family that could trace its descent back to the time of Charlemagne, freely assisted King Jaime in this expedition, and thereby brought himself into still greater favour with the royal house, receiving in turn such extensive tracts of land that he abandoned the mainland and established his home on the island. When the boy was old enough he is said to have been made a page in the king's court; and later, besides inheriting his father's estate, he became steward of the king's house in Mallorca. He is said to have lived a wild, dissolute life, so enamoured of 'the joys of the world' that he 'forgot the true God and pursued carnal things.' So dissipated was he that even the king, who by no means set an example of better living, decided that marriage was the most promising remedy. Accordingly, when about twenty years of age he was married to a lady of some wealth, and possibly of some beauty. But neither a rich and attractive wife nor the three children she bore him cured him of his unruly passions. He followed the beauties of the court, among them a noble and married lady of Genoa, to whom he addressed a poem on the theme of her bosom. She showed the effusion to her husband. He bade her warn him that the very bosom he had extolled might destroy his illusion. But one day, riding on horseback through the plaza, he saw the lady of his adoration enter the Church of St. Eulalia for prayer. Without waiting to dismount, he dashed into the sacred building to make his suit once more. Then came the awakening. The lady uncovered her bosom and pointed to the malignant sore which was corroding its beauty. She exclaimed: 'See, Ramón Lull, the object of your desire! Behold the state of the body in which your heart has centred its hopes!' And she added: 'The longing you have shown for me, now turn to Christ!'

Thus ended this phase of his career. He was now thirty years of age—about the same age in which conversion came to St. Augustine. Whether it was this incident which

induced the change, or a vision of Christ which he saw while writing a sensual poem, is uncertain. But in the year 1266, so he tells us, on five different occasions he beheld an appearance of Christ crucified. As Mr. Shelley puts it, he 'found that all his delights were as the apples of the Dead Sea shore. His old life lay in ruins about him: what was to take its place?' But he looked not back. The worldly life had gone for ever. So he left wife, children, court, and wealth, all that he had on earth to call his own, and went into the wilds of the mountain of Randa, in the interior of Mallorca, there to weep over his sins and excesses, and to find the way through prayer and contemplation to the Cross of Peace and Love.

Not for many years did this seclusion in the wilderness bring forth its best results, and then the severe discipline and unfaltering meditation expressed themselves in one of the most helpful and most poetic classics that mysticism has produced: *The Book of the Lover and the Beloved*—the nature of which may be surmised from this verse: 'Said the Lover to the Beloved: "Thou that fillest the sun with splendour, fill my heart with love." And the Beloved answered: "Hadst thou not fullness of love, thine eyes had not shed those tears, neither hadst thou come to this place to see Him that loves thee."'

If in my pages I shall do no more than bring the reader's attention to this book, so little in size but so vast in spirit, I shall be near satisfaction; and could I but think that pilgrims to Compostella prepared themselves along the lines suggested in Raymond Lull's book, my regret would be much greater when I come to speak of the passing away of the Cult of St. James. They who know it well will not think me extravagant when I place it beside the Gospel of St. John and the *Imitation of Christ* as one of the most wonderful treatises on the spiritual life ever written.

'It is beyond question,' says Mr. Shelley in a passage that should be reprinted in every translation of the book, 'that that little classic of mysticism is richly coloured by the author's memory of what he saw and heard in his mountain retreat. The singing of birds, the hues and perfumes of flowers, the dazzling brilliance of the lightning and the soft palette of the rainbow, the glare of the noontide sun and the restful spaces of the midnight sky, the paths which invite over hill and plain, the thunder of the storm, the distant murmur of the sea—how was it possible for Lull to

forget these as parables fraught with hidden meaning in the Lover's relation to the Beloved ? '

But Raymond Lull came out into the world of activity, and devoted himself to preparation for the work which he saw clearly before him, the winning of the Moors and other heathen to the Cross. He became a tertiary of the Franciscan order ; visited Rome and Paris, Montpelier, Genoa, and other cities ; spent some time at Compostella ; and bought a Saracen slave that from him he might acquire a fluent knowledge of his language. By the way, when the slave discovered that his master was learning Arabic in order to combat the Moslem faith, he determined to murder him. In the struggle, Raymond Lull proved the stronger man. Undoubtedly St. James came to the rescue. Raymond wondered how he should punish his assailant. But the evil-minded unbeliever solved his master's perplexity by hanging himself.

Lull's ideas of evangelization met with little favour. Where kings and knights, and bishops too, endeavoured by force to bring unbelievers to the Cross, he taught that the only weapons Christ and His Apostles used for their conquest had been ' love, prayers, and the outpouring of tears.' His philosophy of life is crystallized in the golden words : ' He who loves not lives not.' The scholastic side of his teaching is now slightly regarded ; but in that age, and it is true of every age, the multitude could not turn from ' the vivid personality of a man aflame with the love of God and consumed with a burning passion for the salvation of men.' But though the most notable figure in the annals of Mallorca, and loved and followed by many both in his own country and abroad, and in modern times venerated by all who know anything about him, he was not generally admired by contemporary ecclesiastics and theologians.

In high places and by men who pretended to know more than he did, many of his opinions were considered fantastical : some were condemned, especially by the Dominicans—fiercest and most belligerent of Spanish societies. He was fearless and apt in his criticism both of Averroes and of Dominic ; and he was hated by all who admired them. By courtesy he was spoken of as a saint ; by his opponents he was called a rationalist. Indefatigable, buoyant with hope, courageous and sympathetic, he faced the odds set against him, believed both in God and in man, saw good even in the Moor and the pagan, and despised retreat or

failure. His aim was at least to present in the light of probability the fundamental truths of the religion in which he was born and which he believed. In this he foreshadowed the philosophy of Bishop Butler. Yet, as with Elijah the Tishbite, there were times when he felt that he had achieved little, perhaps nothing. Even the Pope and his cardinals, to whom he looked at least for encouragement, had failed him. In the disappointment of his soul he wrote, 'For I urge upon them, and demonstrate quite clearly how the world may be ordered, and that right soon; but they despise and mock me, as though I were a fool who spoke idly.'

But he turned not aside from his mission. 'Forty years he spent,' says Burke, 'in Spain, in France, in Italy, in Africa, and even on the far eastern shores of the Mediterranean, teaching rather than preaching, disputing rather than compelling, arguing rather than persecuting, concerning himself rather with the errors of Averroism than with minor dogmatic divergencies.'

'It was on one of these expeditions,' says Professor E. Allison Peers, referring to his campaigns in Africa, 'when he had passed his fourscore years, that he was stoned by a mob at Bugia; he died from the effects of this, and according to a tradition, which may not be correct, his death occurred on St. Peter's Day, 1315, when he was returning by sea to Mallorca, and was within sight of the land.'

Mr. Sinclair finds another form of the legend. 'It tells,' he says, 'how the Moslem crowd stoned him to death on the seashore, and how the mariners of a passing Genoese vessel, seeing a pyramid of light there, landed and discovered the martyr's body and took it on board their ship. And the narrative adds that the intentions of the Genoese to carry the body to their city were thwarted by adverse winds, which compelled them to enter Palma Bay, and that there invisible forces kept the vessel stationary until some people of the city went on board and transferred the martyr to his native soil.'

With this story in mind, some of the lines in that exquisite poem dealing with the relations between the soul and God, already referred to, seem prophetical.

Professor Peers quotes the following:—

> 'The birds hymned the dawn, and the Lover, who is the dawn, awakened. And the birds ended their song, and the Lover died in the dawn for his Beloved.'

Then it was that

> 'The Beloved revealed Himself to His Lover, clothed in new and scarlet robes. He stretched out His Arms to embrace him; He inclined His Head to kiss him; and He remained on high that he might ever seek Him.'

So would I add another line :—

> 'The Lover died, by reason of his exceeding great love. The Beloved buried him in his country, wherein the Lover rose again. From which thinkest thou, received the Lover the greater blessing, whether from his death or from his resurrection?'

Thus one of earth's mightiest souls passed away. 'With the crown of martyrdom which for so long he had desired, he entered into the joy of his Lord.' In one of the chapels in the church of San Francisco at Palma, his relics repose in an alabaster urn-tomb: 'the most beautiful of Majorca's mortuary monuments.' His countrymen have long since canonized him, but, in spite of all efforts on the part of Spanish princes and ecclesiastics, the Roman See has gone no farther than his beatification. Yet on his festal day, July 3, the city of Palma does honour to its most famous and best beloved son. There are processions through the streets, in which the chief dignitaries of Church and State have part; and Mr. Shelley says: 'It is perhaps the most moving tribute of all that on that fiesta day the streets of Palma are strewn with branches of that lentiscus bush which takes the imagination back to the solitary spaces of Mount Randa.'

Professor Allison Peers not long since published the first translation into English ever made of Raymond Lull's romance *Blanquerna*; and thereby he has laid under lasting obligation, not only all who care for the life and literature of the Middle Ages, but also every man and woman in the world whose soul inclines to what is known theologically as Mysticism. To this translation he has added the version of *The Book of the Lover and the Beloved*, which he had previously published through the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

In this romance, the earliest of Catalan classics, we have a story told in simplicity and sincerity, as it might be 'a tale round the fire in winter by some unlettered follower of Christ,

whose only art was love.' It has the spirit that at least suggests the *Faerie Queen* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Like St. Francis, whose example he tried diligently to follow, Raymond Lull inculcated humility of life, the unselfish care of the poor, and the superiority of argument to force. The hero is taken successively through the careers, first, of man of the world, and then of priest, bishop, cardinal, and pope; and last of all into the life of the recluse. His ecclesiastical experience enables the author to set forth his ideals of the duties and purposes of the several offices. That the ideals are scarcely possible of realization in this complex world does not detract from their value. That Lull should have presented them with such emphasis and persistency indicates that he felt the absence even of a moderate idealism one of the evils of the age. Saintliness of life did not always go with dignity of office. Possibly he expected too much, but in all ages they who desire the Church to be what Christ wished it to be will sympathize with Raymond Lull's vision of purity and sacrifice, of service unfaltering, and of love that knows neither change nor decline. His was the struggle for absorption into God.

As a novel the modern reader will find *Blanquerna* prolix and tiresome, the movement slow, and in some passages insufferably dull. It deals with the religious life, perhaps I should say with the political and domestic life, from a point of view characteristic of the thirteenth century, but impossible in the twentieth. Yet the story of Blanquerna and of his parents, wife, and friends, and of his adventures in social and church life, is worth reading, not only because it affords some idea of the lighter literature thought suitable for the times, but also for its philosophy, its style, and its interpolations. These interpolations, as abundant as in eighteenth-century romances, are sometimes as curious and unexpected as they are interesting. Not only do they tell of odd experiences, but they also give bits of rare information. Thus, for instance, we are told of a wood in Bohemia, a pagan wood to be sure, that 'if any man cuts a branch from a tree in that wood, straightway come lightning and thunder from the heavens and set in peril of death every man who is in that wood.'

But the story which concerns us more nearly than all others refers to pilgrims on the way to Compostella. Evangelists had been sent out into the world to proclaim the Passion of Christ. Raymond Lull knew whereof he wrote

and the frequent condition of pilgrims. Possibly he himself was the messenger spoken of.

'It came to pass one day,' says he, 'that one of the messengers departed from a town and went to a castle, and on the way he found a great multitude of pilgrims who were going to Santiago, so he fell in company with them, and went with them as far as Santiago; and as they journeyed along the road he related to them examples and devout words, and recounted the histories of the Old Testament and of the New, and described to them the events which are in the lives of the Popes and the Emperors, according as is written in the chronicles. So great was the pleasure which the pilgrims had in his good words, that the greater devotion came to them in their pilgrimage, and in their journeying and their trials they had the less suffering; wherefore many other men took that same office, to the end that they might beguile the way of the pilgrims and set them in devotion.'

Perhaps Chaucer had less devotion than Raymond Lull —at least the Canterbury pilgrims heard stories of a kind different from those given the wayfarers to Compostella. Blanquerna represents this duty of instructing pilgrims on their journey as done regularly. The messenger should take naught from any pilgrim. If he had need, the bishop of the country through which he was travelling should give him help. Once it happened that a certain man, with intent to gather much money, feigned to be a messenger. 'He went with the pilgrims, who gave to him freely and showed him much kindness.' His deception was found out, and he was taken and put in prison.

This is a pleasing illustration of the care taken to draw out and develop the more spiritual quality in the pilgrim. We may reasonably suppose faith present in all who took the pains and gave the cost of pilgrimage; but it is next to certain that in many who did so faith was rather acquiescent than active. Pilgrimage did not always bring heart and mind into touch with the deep things of religion. By his prayers and offerings, generally honest and true enough, the pilgrim may have made expiation for his sins, fulfilled his vows of gratitude for deliverance from evil, and received hope in his sorrow and encouragement for his plans; but he may not necessarily have entered into greater appreciation or surer consciousness of the love of God, the hatefulness of sin, or the joy of consecration. The benefits received

accorded with his capacity, and the capacity depended largely on the mental and spiritual preparation. It was to this preparation, not for himself, but for others, that Raymond Lull devoted his time and efforts. He would have penitents and pilgrims not only prostrate themselves before the shrines of saints, but bring themselves into closest sympathy with those qualities which go to the making of saints. He was not alone in this. The Church has never been without witnesses to the higher life. In her darkest and most distressful days there were always men presenting, both in precept and action, not so much the physical benefits of pilgrimage, but first of all the spiritual grace. It is true that the evil has been ever mingled with the good: but the good has always kept itself in health and vigour.

Perhaps the highest commendation given to Raymond Lull was a forgery carried out by a Dominican, Nicholas Eymerico, the Grand Inquisitor of Aragon. In 1376 he presented a Bull from Pope Gregory XI., condemning Raymond Lull's philosophy in no less than five hundred particulars. Among them was pronounced anathema his declaration, 'That it is wrong to put men to death for their religious opinions, and that the mass of mankind will be saved, even Jews and Saracens.' This sentence of condemnation was denounced as a fraud in 1563 by the Council of Trent; though it is not to be supposed that the Council agreed even generally with the opinions of Raymond Lull. The decree, however, implied an appreciation of the honesty and beauty of his life.

Raymond Lull had little to do immediately with Compostella; nor had Godric, a Norfolk merchant and saint, his opposite in intellect, social position, and ideal of Christian work, whom I shall now consider: and yet both men had worshipped there; and both illustrated the spirit which found its expression and development in pilgrimage.

Godric seems to have been of humble birth and to have followed a humble calling. When not helping his father on the farm or the sheep-walk, he wandered through the country peddling wares. After sixteen years in this business, he 'began to think of spending on charity, to God's honour and service, the goods which he had so laboriously acquired.' He had always been seriously minded, ever seeking to declare the glory of God, thus taking after his parents, who were abundant in righteousness and virtue; and this, be it observed, in an age which many people nowadays fondly think

was without real, heartfelt religion. Taking the cross as a pilgrim, he set out for Jerusalem, which had just been taken by the first crusaders. The *Dictionary of National Biography* thinks there is no need to doubt his identity with the 'Gudericus, pirata de regno Angliae,' with whom, on May 29, 1102, Baldwin I. of Jerusalem sailed from Arsuf to Jaffa. 'Pirata' is of course used in a sense afterwards changed: unless, as more likely, attacks on foreign ships were considered the proper thing. Having visited the Holy Sepulchre, he came back to England by way of Compostella. He says nothing about St. James, but we may be sure that he performed at his shrine whatever was expected of him or would tend to allay the distress of conscience which seems grievously to have afflicted him. If he were the pirate who befriended King Baldwin, he may have sailed in a ship of his own, or hired for the purpose, all the way from Norfolk, say from Yarmouth, past Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean to Jaffa—possibly have taken some part with Baldwin in his raids on neighbouring Saracen ports, thus, as Englishmen were wont, combining pursuits profitable with duties spiritual—and on his voyage home stopped at Corunna, and thence made the journey to Santiago.

He is described by his biographer, Reginald, a monk of Durham, who, anticipating Boswell's habit with Dr. Johnson, took notes of his words on the day on which they were uttered, as 'vigorous and strenuous in mind, whole of limb, and strong in body.' His sensibilities were as keen as his convictions were definite and his determinations irrevocable. After his return from the Holy Land, he became a 'dispensator' to a rich countryman. How long he held this office is not told, but unwittingly he feasted with fellow-servants who provided the means of their luxurious banquets by stealing their neighbours' goods and cattle. The distress of Godric when he discovered this iniquity was such that he threw up his office, and went on a pilgrimage to Rome, the abode of the Apostles, 'that thus he might knowingly pay the penalty for those misdeeds wherein he had ignorantly partaken.'

The more he frequented sacred places, the more he yearned for solitude and opportunities for penitence. He wept over the recollection of his sins, and no less so at the thought of the saints, their privations, and their holiness. Yet so far as we know, he had no sins such as St. Augustine and Raymond Lull had to repent of; not even the

blasphemy and bell-ringing of which John Bunyan accused himself.

After his visits to Palestine, Spain, and Rome, he abode awhile in his father's house. Then, his biographer tells us, inflamed again with holy zeal, he purposed to revisit the abode of the Apostles, and made his desire known to his parents. Not only did they approve his purpose, but his mother besought his leave to bear him company on this pilgrimage; which he gladly granted, and willingly paid her every filial service that was her due. 'Godric, humbly serving his parent, was wont to bear her on his shoulders.' They came, therefore, to London; and they had scarcely departed from thence when his mother took off her shoes, going thus barefooted to Rome and back to London.

'Near London,' so continues the narrative, 'the travellers were joined by an unknown woman "of wondrous beauty." Every evening, as Godric himself told Reginald, the stranger would wash the travellers' feet; nor did she leave them till they neared London on the way back.' The pilgrims had no difficulty in discovering this daily companion and mysterious servitor to be none other than the Blessed Virgin. She had ever been kindly disposed to Godric; perhaps because of his prayer, which Professor Henry Morley, in his *English Writers*, thus translates:—

> 'St. Mary, Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
> take, shield, help thy Godric;
> take, bring him quickly with thee into God's kingdom!
> St. Mary, Christ's bower, maiden's purity, mother's flower,
> wash out my sin, reign in my mind,
> bring me to dwell with the only God!'

Godric and his mother returned home safely, and Godric firmly purposed to give himself entirely to God's service. 'That he might follow Christ the more freely, he sold all his possessions and distributed them among the poor. Then, telling his parents of this purpose and receiving their blessing, he went forth to no certain abode, but whithersoever the Lord should deign to lead him; for above all things he coveted the life of a hermit.' Finally he settled for the rest of his days at Finchale, near Durham. The Blessed Virgin regularly visited his cell, and not only consoled him in his privations, but also taught him a piece of music which has come down to us.

Here he had visions which, written down by the trust-

worthy Reginald, were treasured by the devout north-country people for centuries. Probably the uncultured folk regarded these visions as physically real; but St. Godric is recorded to have said, and his testimony probably applies to all the visions we have spoken of in this study, 'that after seeing a vision of a departed soul, that he saw not the soul itself, for it was invisible, but that what he saw was a form which signified its presence.' Thus, for instance—so we are told in the *Lives of the English Saints*, edited by John Henry Newman—some time in the night of June 7, 1159, 'the man of God, Godric, saw while he was praying, an intense light penetrating into the darkness of the night and two walls of brightness reaching from earth to heaven. Between these walls angels were flying up to heaven, bearing, with songs of joy, the soul of Abbot Robert, one on the right hand, the other on the left. The soul, as far as it could be seen, was like a globe of fire. As they were ascending, the enemy of the human race met them, but went back in confusion, for he could find nothing to lay hold of in him. And the servant of God saw the soul of his dear friend thus ascend to heaven, of which the gates were opened for him. And, lo! a voice was heard, repeating twice, "Enter now, my friends!"'

His clairvoyance enabled him to know what was going on in the world far from his hermitage. About the year 1162 he asked a visitor from Westminster about the newly-elected archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Becket, 'whom he had seen in dreams, and would be able to recognize in a crowd.' He knew the time of the death of a sister who lived a recluse at Durham; and he was anxious concerning her eternal welfare. In response to his entreaty there came from heaven an angelic chorus of 'Kyrie Eleison,' and thus she spoke to him:—

> 'Christ and Saint Mary thus supported me led
> That I on this earth should not with my bare foot tread.'

I do not suppose that St. Godric meant that she physically made this utterance. This he would have us think is what she would have said had she spoken. He put the words in her mouth—poor words, perhaps, but the best he could shape. One other fragment of his rhymed verse has come down to us: three bits in all:—

> 'Saint Nicholas, God's lover, build us a fair, beautiful house.
> By thy birth, by thy bier, Saint Nicholas bring us well there.'

But if his poetic attempts fell abysmally below those of Raymond Lull, his saintliness and his achievements as a pilgrim came not short of any whose names are revered by hagiographers. Thus we are told that when on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, 'Not till he had worshipped in the holy sepulchre and bathed in the Jordan, did Godric take his rotten shoes from his ulcerated feet.'

He had other gifts; and though too much dependence must not be placed on his own declaration that he was instructed by the Blessed Virgin, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* holds that his music was a deliberate innovation. It shows both originality and skill. Perhaps he felt that it had to be introduced by an authority more likely to be recognized than his own.

He spent the last efforts of his life in the consciousness that he had realized the dream of his youth. Almost his last recorded words, in which he told a visitor that he was soon 'to pass the borders of the Great Sea,' showed that his thoughts were wandering back to the pilgrimages of his early life. The inscription on his tomb states that he died on the Thursday next before Whitsuntide, May 21, 1170, after 'having led a hermit's life for sixty years.' Nevertheless, as Mr. Coulton, summing up the Durham monk's narrative, states, for the last eight years of his life he was bedridden and beset by devils in visible form, almost to the day of his death. His actual passing was in physical struggle and inward peace.

One feels assured, even though one may not regard the career of a hermit or a pilgrim as the highest form of Christian life, that St. Godric had in heart and mind a purpose both sincere and sacred. He is an example of twelfth-century ideals—ideals that found their expression in weary journeyings and dismal solitudes: a man who had no difficulty in believing that St. James of Compostella and others like him were still living personalities, able to sympathize with and to help earth's sad folk. Had Raymond Lull heard of him he would have thought kindly of him. But with his theories of government, I am sure that Raymond Lull would not have sided with Philip of Durham in his support of the cause of King John, even though the Bishop Palatine braved excommunication, and made a pilgrimage to Compostella for the remission of his sins, 'with the most devout faith.'

And yet, perhaps, he would have been happily inconsistent enough to waive his condemnation of the use of force

in the conversion of the Moors, when he heard of the efforts of Christian knights to free his country from those people. I would bring to mind a soldier who in Lull's own day fought desperately for Spain. Had Lull lived another fifteen years, till 1330, he would have lamented the death in battle against the Misbelievers of that valiant and renowned Scottish knight, Lord James of Douglas :—

> 'The Good Sir James, the dreadful blacke Douglas,
> That in his dayes so wise and worthie was,
> Wha here, and on the infidels of Spain,
> Such honour, praise, and triumphs did obtain.'

—By the way, a marvellous warrior who out of seventy battles won fifty-seven, and, as Sir Walter Scott reminds us, a man of true magnanimity and invincible mind in either fortune, good or bad ; moreover, we may be sure a devout servant of blessed James of Compostella :—

> 'Good Sir James Douglas, who wise, and wight, and worthy was,
> Was never overglad in no winning, nor yet oversad for no tineing;
> Good fortune and evil chance he weighed both in one balance.'

It will be remembered that before his death, in 1329, Robert I., king of Scotland, 'the Bruce,' desired Sir James of Douglas to carry his heart to Palestine in redemption of his unfulfilled vow to visit the Holy Sepulchre. Douglas set out bearing a silver casket containing the embalmed heart of Bruce. He went by way of Compostella, significantly, I think, as indicating the devotion of the king to St. James, and perhaps his own regard for his own patron saint. If not in life, the king would send his heart as representative of himself and his desires. Perhaps while at Compostella the Douglas deposited his master's heart before the shrine. There is no record of Douglas's presence in the church, but I have no doubt he was there. On August 25, 1330, he fell fighting the Moors ; and the heart of Bruce, recovered by Sir William Keith, in 1332, found its resting-place at Melrose.

The reference to Douglas reminds me of Anthony Woodville, the second Earl Rivers, born about the year 1442, who as a scholar and statesman, an exemplar of prudence and religion, if not as a soldier, belonged to the order of Raymond Lull. The forty years of his life are full of interest. His sister Elizabeth, in 1464, married King Edward IV. ; and his cousin, Anne Haute, was engaged to his friend Sir John

Paston. Here we get into touch with the Paston family, and with that unique and invaluable fifteenth-century correspondence known as the *Paston Letters*—their preservation a romance.

Earl Rivers is referred to in these letters ; and I bring the letters forward, not only to remind the reader of this priceless collection, whereby the social and political life of a middle-class English family in the days of the Lancastrians and Yorkists is brought to light, but also to illustrate the tendency in such a family to pilgrimage. Living in Norfolk, one of the busiest and most prosperous parts of England, the Pastons were religious folk, not more so than their neighbours, though quite as much as the general run of them, stolid and dull perhaps, not overtaught in doctrine, but immovable in opinion and conviction. They could afford to indulge in somewhat expensive devotions, even to travelling far from home and making costly offerings. The most popular in England of all pilgrimages was that to Compostella, much more so than to our Lady of Walsingham or to St. Thomas of Canterbury. Provision was made for those who could not go abroad.

'For hundreds of years,' says Dr. George C. Williamson, in his *Curious Survivals*—a book brimful of interesting odds and ends—'representations of the shrine of St. James used to be erected in the streets and churches, in order that those who could not make the long pilgrimage should perform their devotions before the shrine of St. James in their own parish, and people were reminded in the highways of their duty on that particular day,' July 25. Not so many years since it could be said, 'Children at the present time prepare a little grotto, light it up with a candle, and ask for a contribution just as their ancestors did in times past for the larger shrines that were erected both in the streets and in the churches.' These caves or piles were built of oyster-shells cast out from taverns or fish-shops ; and passers-by were importuned, 'Pray remember the grotto ! ' With the pennies received, the candle stuck on top and lighted at night was kept up, and the children obtained some compensation for their trouble.

The Pastons may have been familiar with the custom, so far as the grotto in the church, but they did not need the relief, and I refer to it here to keep the reader constantly in mind of the continued and widespread attractiveness in England of the cult of St. James. I am not sure that the

custom tended to further the spiritual purpose of pilgrimage ; but for the present we may overlook that doubt. Whatever the disposition of the pilgrim, he was usually respected. About the year 1450, Agnes Paston wrote to her son John that she had heard while at Norwich one day that some enemies had landed near Paston—the hamlet whence the family got its name—and had ' taken ij pilgrims, a man and a woman, and they robbed the woman, and let her go, and led the man to the sea, and when they knew he was a pilgrim, they gave him money, and set him again on the land.'

Agnes Paston had two sons, both named John : one Sir John, the elder, who for most of the time lived a gay life in London, and the other John, the younger, who looked after the homestead at Paston. The latter seems to have been the more religious of the two ; the former, a man of culture, extravagance, and political outlook, had prudence enough to change with the fortunes of the Lancastrians and Yorkists. On June 22, 1470, John Paston the younger wrote to his brother Sir John that he purposed going to Canterbury on foot within the week—' the holy blisful martir for to seke '—and to come back by way of London. He was going from Norfolk, and three days later he writes that that day sevennight he trusts to be forward to Canterbury at farthest, and upon Saturday come sevennight to be in London. John the younger seems to have been more especially the pilgrim for the family. In May 1473 Sir John speaks of his brother John as going to ' Seyn James.' Dr. Gairdner says, ' It does not appear what prompted this pious expedition, unless it was the prevalence of sickness and epidemics in England.' John went his way, and it would have been worth something had he told us what he saw while in Compostella or while travelling hither and thither. Sir John writes July 5, 1473 : ' As for my brother John, I hope within this month to see him in Calais, for by likelihood to-morrow or else the next day he taketh ship at Yarmouth, and goeth to Saint James ward, and he hath written to me that he will come homeward by Calais.' From this it would appear that he went by sea from Yarmouth presumably to Corunna, and came back by land—a long journey which must have made the Norfolk squire famous for life.

In a letter to Sir John towards the end of the year 1471, the younger John spoke of Lord Rivers as going abroad ; and, indeed, in October Lord Rivers had obtained safe-conduct for a voyage to Portugal, ' to be at a day upon the

Saracens.' On January 8, 1472, Sir John wrote to his mother: 'Men say that the Lord Rivers shipped on Christmas even in to Portugal ward; I am not certain.' The rumour was true. The year 1471 had seen Edward IV. secure on the throne. The Lancastrians were defeated, and Rivers had now time and opportunity to devote to other pursuits than that of helping his brother-in-law.

He was already famous for his skill both in books and in arms. Knighted before he became of age, in 1467 he challenged to single fight the Bastard of Burgundy, mightiest of knightly champions, and met him in one of the most famous tournaments of the age. He was winning when the combat was called off. He fought in the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and defended London against the Lancastrians. His relationship to the king, his wealth, and his abilities made him one of the most influential men in the realm. For some years, as Dr. Edmund Gosse says, 'there was no man in England of greater responsibility or enjoying more considerable honours in the royal service.' He had been lord of the Isle of Wight, an ambassador to Burgundy, lieutenant of Calais, and captain of the king's armada, before there was committed to his care the young Prince of Wales, his nephew. He became the patron and associate of Caxton. His family was connected with the most powerful houses in England. He had a younger brother, John, who at twenty years of age was married, in 1465, to a *juvencula* of nearly eighty, Catherine, dowager duchess of Norfolk, and aunt of Warwick the kingmaker: *maritagium diabolicum*, says William of Worcester. Anthony himself was more suitably married to Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Scales, and on the death of that nobleman, in 1462, he succeeded to the title.

His mother, the duchess of Bedford, and mother of the queen, died in 1472, and in February 1473 he was made one of the guardians and governors to his nephew, Prince Edward, then three years old. But the story runs that his present prosperity did not cause him to forget the 'tyme of grete tribulacion and adversities' by which it had been reached, and in the summer of this year he went by sea to the jubilee and pardon at Santiago de Compostella. On this voyage, unlike the pilgrims we are told about in the ballad on seasickness already quoted, he beguiled the time by reading in a French translation the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*. He declares that he found this book 'a glorious

fair myrrour to all good Christen people to behold and understonde.' So impressed was he by the book that afterwards he translated it 'into right good and fayr Englyssh'; and in 1477, for 'the noble and puissant lord Lord Antone Erle of Ryvyers,' it was revised and published by William Caxton—the first book printed in England.

His visit to Compostella was saddened by the death of his wife, September 1, 1473. Otherwise all went well. That he obtained all the advantages of the Jubilee may be taken for granted. For one thing, it inspired him to further study and devotion. He indulged more and more in literary occupations, and became 'one of the purest writers of English prose of his time.' In the autumn of 1475 he went on a pilgrimage to Rome. At this time Pope Sixtus IV. conferred on him the title of 'Defender and Director of the Siege Apostolic for the Pope in England.' He wrote several treatises and poems which have been lost to sight. The political conditions must have tried him exceedingly. Storm was coming on fast. He is now described as one who 'conceiveth well the mutability and the unstableness of this life.'

At last the storm broke. Edward IV. died April 9, 1483, leaving two sons, Edward and Richard. The older boy was twelve years of age; and most people knew of the ambition and unscrupulousness of his uncle Richard, duke of Gloucester. Earl Rivers, guardian with Gloucester of the princes, advised the queen, his sister :—

> 'Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
> Of the young prince your son : send straight for him ;
> Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives.
> Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
> And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.'

She acted promptly, and Edward V. began his short reign of three months, with Gloucester as Lord Protector. Before many days, Earl Rivers was arrested by order of the Lord Protector, and confined in Pontefract. The queen knew well what it meant :—

> 'I see the ruin of my house !
> The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.'

And on June 25, within three months of the death of Edward IV., Rivers and his nephew Richard Grey, the new

little king's half-brother, were put to death. Before he died Earl Rivers prayed :—

> 'And for my sister and her princely sons,
> Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
> Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.'

Again not many days, and the young princes perished in the Tower. Two years later came Bosworth Field, and the crown of England was found hanging on a hawthorn bush, and given to Henry, Earl of Richmond, first of the Tudor kings, who placed it on his own head.

Of the noble and gentle men of England 'untimely smother'd in their dusky graves' at the command of Richard III., none was nobler or more accomplished than Rivers. 'The gentle Rivers,' his sister, the queen, affectionately called him—as Commines styled him, 'un très-gentil chevalier'; and I know few incidents more delightfully domestic, or more warmly inspired by fondest love, than that incident sketched by the little brother of the boy-king to his grandmother :—

> 'Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
> My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
> More than my brother : "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloucester,
> "Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace" :
> And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
> Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.'

Nor can a sacred memory have a nobler eulogy than that pronounced on Earl Rivers by his friend William Caxton, who, after he had recorded the earl's devotion to works of piety, his saintliness which outshone even his wisdom as a statesman and his skill as a scholar, says, the earl being still in life : 'It seemeth that he conceiveth wel the mutabilite and the unstableness of this present lyf, and that he desireth with a greet zele and spirituell love our goostlye help and perpetual salvacion, and that we shal abhorre and utterly forsake thabominable and dampnable synnes which communely be now a dayes.' And so Sir Thomas More described him, 'a right honourable man, as valiant of hand as politic in counsel.'

By the way, whoever wrote the 'ghost scene' in *Richard III.*, he came near unsaying much that had been said in favour of Earl Rivers, when, after the style of 'mine Ancient

Pistol,' he made him address the king on the eve of the battle of Bosworth :—

> 'Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
> Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die ! '

Anthony Woodville was not the only member of his family who had to do with Spain. About the time of his death, or soon after, his brother Edward went abroad to take part in the campaign which Ferdinand and Isabella had begun to drive the Mahommedans out of Granada, the last bit of Spain in foreign hands. I do not know that Sir Edward Woodville, who in the *Paston Letters* is erroneously called Lord Woodville, had anything to do with St. James of Compostella, though he may have done as most Englishmen did who had the chance and made his offerings there ; but he is in himself so interesting, and he received such favour from their Catholic majesties, who, in spite of their many exploits, did not forget Santiago, that I cannot pass him by.

He first appears at court about the year 1486. 'There came from England,' says Pietro Martire, an Italian scholar, who probably the very next year attached himself to the Spanish court, and afterwards wrote the narrative of the war in his *Opus Epistolarum*,—'There came from England a cavalier, young, wealthy, and high-born. He was allied to the blood-royal of England. He was attended by a beautiful train of household troops, three hundred in number, armed after the fashion of their land with long-bow and battle-axe.' Some time in 1486, in the camp before Moclin, Ferdinand and Isabella met for conference, and at this conference the English Lord Scales, or the Conde de Escalas, as the Spaniards called him, appeared in magnificent style. Prescott thus summarizes Bernaldez's description of him :—

'He was followed by a retinue of five pages arrayed in costly liveries. He was sheathed in complete mail, over which was thrown a French surcoat of dark silk brocade. A buckler was attached by golden clasps to his arm, and on his head he wore a white French hat with plumes. The caparisons of his steed were azure silk, lined with violet and sprinkled over with stars of gold, and swept the ground, as he managed his fiery courser with an easy horsemanship that excited general admiration.'

The English knight distinguished himself at the siege of Loja, a key position held by the Moors in a deep valley which led from Castile into Granada, very beautiful in itself, and so

set in the midst of frowning mountains that it was given the name of 'The Flower among the Thorns.' The place made stubborn resistance, but surrendered May 28, 1486. In the course of an attack, the Conde de Escalas, finding the scope for cavalry action too restricted for his taste, dismounted and led his men to an assault on a promising part of the walls. He was already mounting a ladder, when a stone well aimed from above caught him full on the face, hurling him to the ground, and he was with difficulty extricated and carried to his tent. For some time he lay senseless. Soon it was discovered that the blow had deprived him of two of his front teeth, a loss, as Prescott remarks, likely to disturb the equanimity of a cavalier of fashion however courageous.

Nevertheless the Conde de Escalas rose to the occasion. He was much appreciated by the king and queen, which appreciation was by no means lessened by accounts of his daring, and during his convalescence, as a mark of their favour and sympathy, they came to see him. They condoled with him on what he had suffered. He replied cheerfully: 'It is little to lose a few teeth in the service of Him who has given me all'; and rather facetiously he went on to say: 'God who hath made this building, my body, hath but opened a window that He may the more clearly see what passes within.'

The sovereigns were pleased with this response. The brave soldier recovered from his wound. He was rewarded for his help and valorous deeds by rich gifts, and not long afterwards he departed to his own country. But he could not live a quiet life. He was killed at the battle of St. Aubin du Cormier, July 28, 1488. After all, there were many men like him: rich, noble, vain, ambitious, brave. They were all religious after the fashion of their class and times, and apparently without any consciousness of inconsistency could bend the knee in devotion to God, and also draw the sword in thirsty passion and venture into orgies best left undescribed. Once in a while from among them came a penitent, like Raymond Lull, for instance, who forsaking all else clung to the life that rose to saintship.

My chapter is long, and yet I cannot end it at this point. I have allowed the Spanish knight to lead me on to English saint, to English yeoman, and to English courtier; and the courtier has brought me to two of the most illustrious personages that had to do with Santiago. It is not fitting that I should pass them by.

All the world knows of Ferdinand of Aragon, the husband of Isabella of Castile, and of Isabella the friend and protector of Christopher Columbus. Not only by 1492 had their Catholic majesties, as Pope Alexander VI. two years later styled them, united Spain as closely as it has ever been united, but in that year the Genoese navigator discovered the highway by which Spain should fetch the gold that would make her the richest and most powerful country in Europe.

Of the two sovereigns, Isabella is to most people the more interesting. She easily ranks among the world's greatest women. Her purity of life and exactitude of decorum led her to lift up a debased and degraded court into being 'the nursery of virtue and of generous ambition,' and to strive unceasingly for a reformation of manners and morals among the clergy. 'Spain undoubtedly owed to Isabella's clear intellect, resolute energy, and unselfish patriotism much of that greatness which for the first time it acquired under "the Catholic sovereigns."' In piety she attained heights of devotion and sacrifice equal to the most spiritually minded of her contemporaries; her religious convictions were strong enough to satisfy the most exacting of Dominicans. Her very sincerity and zeal involved her in a severity of conduct and errors of state and ecclesiastical policy which led her far away from the spirit of a Raymond Lull; indeed brought her under the domination of Tomas Torquemada, who stands out in history as the personification of intolerance, despotism, bigotry, and cruelty. At his persuasion she allowed the Inquisition to be organized and vivified as it had not been for the two centuries since its establishment in Spain. Early in her reign the 'Dogs of the Lord,' the *Domini canes*, as the Dominicans were called, overran the country. During the eighteen years that Torquemada held the office of Inquisitor-General, it is said that he burned two thousand heretics, and so severe did the 'Holy Office' become that both the Pope and the sovereigns had to interfere. The expulsion of the Jews was carried out under the supervision of this fanatical Confessor of the Faith. Over three-quarters of a million of these people were driven out; and, notwithstanding the discovery of America, from that time dates the commercial decay of Spain.

That Isabella should have had part in this lamentable outburst of a persecution that equalled, if it did not exceed, any that pagan Caesar waged against the early Church, is indeed

pitiful, not only because it was unworthy of a woman and a ruler, endowed as such with remarkable gifts, but also because it was contrary to her character and disposition. She was by nature gentle and merciful. In some striking particulars she compares favourably with the English Elizabeth, the only queen, perhaps, with whom she may be compared. Unfortunately she had accepted the principle which wrought such deplorable damage and bitter disgrace in Spanish ecclesiastical life, that zeal for the purity of the faith could atone for every sin. Torquemada had indeed the spirit of the Hebrew Elijah and the Galilean St. James, who would bring down fire from heaven upon those who offended them ; but Torquemada did not remember that that Lord in whose name he wrought his wrong had rebuked that spirit, and had condemned the sword as a means of grace. Isabella was overpowered by the man to whom she had entrusted the care of her conscience.

It has been reasonably conjectured that she was sought in marriage by the brother of Edward IV. of England, Richard, duke of Gloucester. Happily she married her cousin Ferdinand of Aragon, a prince wanting in personal attractions and little better than a politician, yet in morals singularly pure, and in devotion to his wife most exemplary. Seven or eight years passed, and Isabella went on pilgrimage, in 1477, to the tomb of St. Juan de Hortega, a well-remembered monk and pilgrim of the early part of the twelfth century, who being himself an only child, desired by his parents for twenty years, ' was an especial mediator in this need.' The Señor de Hortega, or Lord of the Nettles, occupied a tomb which about twenty years earlier had been opened for the purpose of translating his body into the neighbouring church. Many nobles and prelates were present at the time. But the tomb was no sooner opened than ' there came out from it a multitude of white bees, with a sweet odour ; they hummed about, they even stung the obstinate, and the tomb was closed again.' Bees are curious creatures. When the tomb of Childeric was opened, in 1653, more than three hundred golden bees were discovered.

St. Juan, however, though he answered her prayer, was not as kind to Isabella as he might have been. Her one son, Don Juan, died in early youth ; her eldest daughter, Isabella, became queen of Portugal, and both she and her infant son, Miguel, were soon cut off ; Joanna, her second daughter, married a German prince, Philip the Handsome,

gave birth to two sons, one of whom became the Emperor Charles v. and the other the Emperor Ferdinand i., and spent the last fifty years of her life completely insane; and Catherine, the youngest daughter, had a most unhappy English experience. In spite of her infirmities, Joanna was sought in marriage by Henry vii. of England—not, we may suppose, because he loved her, but because he saw advantages in an alliance with her. He failed to secure her, but in the end his far-sightedness prevailed. In 1501 Catherine was married to Arthur, Prince of Wales, but he died the next year, and her father-in-law as soon as possible obtained a papal dispensation to enable her to marry her deceased husband's brother.

Though betrothed to the new Prince of Wales, she was not married to him for six or seven years, owing to disputes concerning her dowry. Her father tried to cheat the English king of the marriage portion, and the English king tried to extort from her father new conditions. Among other proposals, Henry endeavoured to secure a marriage between his daughter Mary and Ferdinand's grandson, Catherine's nephew, afterwards Charles v. In the meantime Catherine was kept in England, her unhappy condition apparently disturbing no one but herself. In a letter to her father, dated March 9, 1509, she describes the state of poverty to which she was reduced, and declares the king's unkindness impossible to be borne any longer. Seven weeks later the king died, and within two months she and Henry viii. were married. The coronation took place in another fortnight. He was then eighteen years of age, and she twenty-four. Some years of happy married life followed. Henry showed himself an affectionate husband, till seventeen or eighteen years later his conscience began to worry him. Of the six children born within the first eight years only a girl survived. Catherine's health became such that no more children could be expected; and England had never yet had a queen regnant. This condition was generally ascribed to the curse pronounced in Deuteronomy against incestuous marriages, and then, as now, the irregularity of a marriage such as that between Henry and Catherine was reprobated and condemned. The more people talked, the more troubled Henry's conscience became. In June 1527 he informed his wife that they had been living in mortal sin and must separate. In his perturbation he appealed to the Pope for a dissolution of the marriage. Such dissolutions of royal marriages were not

unknown. Indeed, this same Pope, Clement VII., a little later annulled the marriage of James IV. of Scotland and Henry's own sister Margaret. But Clement VII., under the influence of the Emperor Charles V., Catherine's nephew, rather than allow the king's petition, proposed as a solution of the problem that Henry should be allowed two wives. Henry had an illegitimate son whom he had created duke of Richmond and given precedence over all the peers of England. To meet the demand for a male heir to the throne, the Pope looked not unfavourably on the project for marrying the duke of Richmond to the Princess Mary, a brother to a sister. This was worse than dissolving the marriage; but at that time Charles V. held the Pope in prison, and the Pope, between the hammer and the anvil, could only do what the emperor allowed. After all, the question turned on the legality of the papal dispensation given for the marriage of Henry to his brother's widow. In the end, the nation had to choose between the Pope and the king. As it had always done, it followed the king. England cast off the papal jurisdiction, declared the Pope's dispensation *ultra vires* and the marriage null and void, and transferred Catherine's jointure to the king's new wife, Anne Boleyn.

The Princess Mary, only survivor of Catherine's children, was pronounced legitimate; and later, not only became queen regnant of England, the first England ever had, but also married her mother's sister's grandson, Philip II., son of the Emperor Charles V., and king of Spain. Charles II. of England married Catherine Braganza, daughter of John IV. of Portugal; but since the marriage of Philip II. and Mary Tudor, no marriage occurred between princes or princesses of the English and Spanish royal houses, till in late years the two peoples were made happy in the union of Alfonso of Spain and Victoria of England, both of them lineal descendants of John of Gaunt.

This digression may serve to illustrate the condition religiously of England in the days when to the world began another era—an era as clearly divided from the preceding age as the first era of Christianity was from the ages of Greece and Rome. Religion was not deep in English hearts when the people found it so easy to turn from Pope to king, in a few years back again, and then again in a few years return to the first change. Not that England was ever strongly papal. She was Catholic, holding every doctrine the Church held; honouring every custom, tradition, or

saint the Church honoured: but never quite satisfied with the Church's political aspirations. When the change came, she lost her own saints, and she cared nothing about other countries' saints, not even for him of Compostella. But the separation of Englishmen from continental Christendom did not come from spiritual or moral causes. Perhaps in time it would have so come. But in the storm-days of which I have been speaking, had Catherine of Aragon had a son—I shall not say had Henry never seen Anne Boleyn—there had been no quarrel with Charles v. or break with Clement vii.

Isabella the Magnificent, not foreknowing the fate of her children, had nothing against St. Juan the Nettle-Lord. Some may blame him for the sad fate of Catherine, noble daughter of noble mother, described, after all her bitter and undeserved misfortunes, as 'more beloved by the islanders than any queen that has ever reigned.' Of this, however, Isabella knew nothing. She rebuilt the chapel of the saint that had answered her prayers, and did other things to express her gratitude. But she seems to have known the saints and the sacred places all over the country. Her indefatigable zeal led her everywhere. She loved the stories of the saints. I can imagine her, let us say, in Saragossa, standing before the Pillar of the Virgin—a pillar like unto the shaft at Santiago which held up the original altar of St. James. The legend is doubtful which declares that the two companions of the Apostle brought the pillar at Compostella from Jerusalem; but none can gainsay the story of the pillar at Saragossa, which story gladdened Queen Isabella's heart, as it has gladdened myriads of faithful souls through the ages.

It so happened that one October day, A.D. 40, when St. James was preaching the gospel in Spain, he fell asleep on the site in Saragossa where the church of Nuestra Señora del Pilar now stands. During his sleep the angels caught up the Blessed Virgin, then still living in Palestine, and transported her to Saragossa on a jasper pillar. She desired the slumbering son of Zebedee to build a chapel on that spot. The angels carried her back again, but left the pillar. When St. James awoke, the pillar stood before him as an evidence that his dream was true. The chapel was built, and to it the Virgin often came. The pillar is still there, and on the top of it, we are credibly informed, stands an incense-blackened wooden image of the Blessed Virgin draped in a heavily embroidered mantle. Near by are

marble groups of the Virgin and angels, and of St. James and his disciples. The chapel is fashioned after the style of the holy house at Loreto with a dome, and sculptures and paintings on the walls. In the wall at the back of the pillar is a hole, through which, standing outside, the devout may touch the sacred relic.

With the taking of Granada and the fall of the Moorish power in Spain—the complete triumph of the Catholic sovereigns, in the obtaining of which the English knight, Sir Edward Woodville, had part—

> ' Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale '—

not only came the first outburst in Spain of the Renaissance, but Compostella became more than ever the centre of the religious enthusiasm of the country. Had Ferdinand and Isabella foreseen the wealth the discovery of the new world would bring to Spain, their gratitude would have been still greater than it was for the downfall of the Moor. In 1492 they manifested their thankfulness for the conquest of Granada by freely attributing the success of their enterprise to their national hero-saint, St. James, and by enacting, the like of which other kings had done, a tribute of a bushel of grain on every pair of oxen, horses, mules, and asses used in agriculture throughout Spain. This was to be devoted to Compostella as an annual thank-offering and used for three purposes : the holding of commemoration services in the cathedral, the building and repair expenses of the cathedral, and the relief of the poor. Thus the king and queen brought Compostella to the highest magnificence and renown it has ever attained.

At this time pilgrims flocked in such multitudes that Ferdinand and Isabella, ' knowing how poor was the accommodation provided for pilgrims to Compostella, commanded that a commodious inn should be constructed close to the cathedral, where pious pilgrims might find shelter and the sick be nursed.' Then was built one of the finest structures in all Spain, of pure renaissance style, and furnished with sculptures and decorations that the world cannot but recognize as perfect in art. The noblest part is the principal entrance. No better example of the form of architecture adopted is to be found in Spain. There may be read :—

> ' Magus Fernandus et grandis Helisabeth peregrinis : divi Jacobi construi : Jussere anno salutis : M : D : I : opus : inchoatorum decennio : absolutuno.'

The foundations of the Royal Hospital were laid in 1501, and the building was ready for its first inmates ten years later. In 1550, Molina writing of it says :—

'I believe that this hospital is so well known in every part of the world, that all I can say about it will be readily credited. In the three large wards there are few days when there are less than two hundred sick people, and the number is much larger in Jubilee year. Yet every patient is treated with as much care as if the hospital had been erected for his particular benefit. The hospital is one of the great things of the earth. Apart from its sumptuousness and the regal grandeur of its architecture, it is a marvellous thing to feel its size, the multitudes of its officials, the diligence and zeal of the attendants, the cleanliness of the linen, the care taken about the cooking, the perfect order of the routine, . . . the assiduity of the doctors, . . . in short, one may regard it as a crowning glory of Christendom.'

And after all said and done, as doubtless Raymond Lull would agree, and old Anthony Woodville, and Ferdinand and Isabella, the best outcome of saintship is care for the poor and sick, and sympathy for pilgrims, whether to earthly shrine or to the celestial city—pilgrims who would do what they believe to be the will of God. In this respect Compostella was not behind other holy places in Christendom ; and undoubtedly St. James favoured rather the people who reminded him of the multitudes that followed the Man of Sorrows than the people who made the fashions of the world and displayed the luxury and power of courts and cities.

CHAPTER XXII

OF TWO ENGLISH PILGRIMS

In this chapter, which brings me near the end of our study, I purpose to speak chiefly of two English pilgrims who wrote accounts of their respective visits to Compostella. Their accounts afford much interesting information, and also suggest the changes at that time subtly creeping into the old modes of life and aspects of thought. As these narratives have a restricted circulation, and may not be easily obtained, I shall deal with them at some length; and from them, as far as I can, give the reader an adequate and clear idea of the two men—the one, Master William Way; the other, Doctor Andrew Boorde.

Next to nothing is known of Master William Way beyond what he himself tells us in his *Itineraries*—a copy of which was published by the Roxburghe Club in 1857, from the original manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This manuscript is said to be a small quarto volume, very legibly written, probably by the author himself, on vellum, with rubricated letters, but not illuminated, and is in an excellent state of preservation. As he died, in his seventieth year, November 30, 1476, and made his last pilgrimage to the Holy Land in his fifty-fifth year, 1462, he must have finished his account of his wanderings some time between those two dates. He also left two series of manuscript sermons, but these have been lost sight of.

It would seem, then, that he was born about the year 1406, in the days when Henry IV. of Lancaster reigned in England. Not so much earlier both Chaucer and Langland had passed away. Seven years later Henry V. came to the throne, and in his ninth year was fought the battle of Agincourt. Way is said to have been a native of Devonshire and a fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Not so long after the foundation of Eton College, by Henry VI. in 1442, he was transferred to that institution, and later described himself as 'Willelmus Wey, sacre theologie baccularius, socius Collegii Regalis Etone'—'Collegii beatissime Marie et sancti Nicolai Etone juxta Wyndesoram.' He was licensed by the king 'to

passe over the See on peregrinage'; and in 1456 he went to Compostella, and to the Holy Land in 1458 and again in 1462. Some little time after his last journey he appears to have resigned his fellowship at Eton, and to have made his profession of the rule of St. Austin at the priory of Edyngdon, in Wiltshire. To this house of the good men—'Boni Homines vulgariter nuncupati'—he gave many of the relics and curiosities which he brought back from Palestine on his second pilgrimage there; and thence fourteen years later, as runs the Introduction to the Roxburghe reprint, 'in the seventieth year of his age, he set out on his last pilgrimage —"consecratus ad modum peregrinorum," as on former occasions, I cannot doubt.'

The Roxburghe reprint of which I have spoken is a rare book and difficult to find. It is said that not a hundred copies were published, and rarely does a copy appear in the London market, and then only at a high price. The volume contains the three itineraries, for the most part written in Latin. Some instructions to travellers are given in English, and these, quaint and helpful, mark the shrewd, practical common-sense of the author. He advises the pilgrim going by ship to buy a barrel for water to set in his room, and to be careful of it—'for yf the galymen, other pylgremys, may come ther, to meny wyl tame and drynke therof, and stele yowre watyr, whyche ye wold nat mysse oft tyme for yowre wyne.' He repeats directions we have heard elsewhere: 'Also take with yow a lytel cawdren and fryyng pan, dysches, platerrys, sawserys of tre, cuppys of glas, a grater for brede, and such nessaryes.' And he finishes his counsel: 'Kepe all thes thynges afore wryt, and ye schal, wt the grace of God, well spede yn yowre jorney to goo and com to the plesure of God, and encrese of yowre blys, the whyche Jhesus gravnt yow. Amen.'

Of the three itineraries, the one which came first in time is last in order, which, however, says the Introduction, may be owing to the carelessness of the binder rather than to want of method in the writer. As we are not concerned in Master Way's visits to the Holy Land, we turn to the section containing the 'Peregrinacion ad sanctum Jacobum in Ispannya.' On the flyleaf at the end of the manuscript is a couplet which must evidently be 'the result of the long experience and careful observation of a well-travelled man, far surpassing as it does the wise caution of Horace—"Quid, de quoque viro, et cui dicas saepe videto."' The writer of

the Roxburghe Introduction thinks it possible that this couplet may have been by the author of the *Itineraries* :—

'Si fore vis sapiens sex serva quae tibi mando :
Quid loqueris, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando.
'Edyngden Abbey.'

These lines are frequently thus paraphrased :—

'If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.'

Inspired by divine grace and protected by the king's licence, our gentle and scholarly priest, as we imagine him to be, 'our well-beloved clerc Maister William Wey,' as the king styled him, then about fifty years of age, left Eton, to journey to St. James of Compostella, on Easter even, March 27, 1456. He moved leisurely across country, perhaps stopping for visits here and there, possibly going to his native place in Devonshire, for he did not reach Plymouth till Friday, April 30. There he was detained till Monday, May 17, when he set sail on the *Mary White*, a ship of Plymouth. Five other vessels went out at the same time : one of Portsmouth, another of Bristol, a third of Weymouth, a fourth of Lymington, and a fifth called the *Cargryne*. The little fleet met with no delay from sea or weather or free-booter, for after sighting Cape Ortegal, the first point of the Spanish country, and passing Cape Prior and the Cisargas Islands, the *Mary White* reached Grwne in the afternoon of Friday in the same week. By 'Grwne' is to be understood Corunna. In old times the English knew the port by the name La Groyne, and it is said to be still so called by British sailors. It is a memorable place. Here John of Gaunt landed in 1386 to claim the throne of Castile in right of his wife, the daughter of Pedro the Cruel. In 1554 Philip II. embarked here for England to marry Queen Mary ; and in 1588 hence sailed the Invincible Armada to end the reign of Elizabeth. Ten years later Drake burned the town to the ground. Here, close by, January 16, 1809, died Sir John Moore, immortalized not only by his bravery and success in battle, but also by the poet's transcendent skill :—

'Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.'

Master Way, and presumably his companions, hastened from Corunna. Forty miles lie between the port and Compostella ; and the next day, the eve of the Feast of the Holy Trinity, May 22, the pilgrims were within the walls of St. James. He says no more of the journey by land than of the voyage by water.

Of his religious purpose there can be no doubt, but Master Way was also diligently bent on collecting information concerning the ecclesiastical state of Spain. On his return to England, such notes might be found useful. Among others whom they would interest was the king himself: whose earnestness of life and devotion to sacred things were beyond praise. The wealth and dignity of the church at Compostella attracted Master Way at the outset. The first thing he records sets forth its magnificence. It has an archbishop—one of the three in Spain ; another being at Seville, and the third at Toledo. He has jurisdiction over twelve bishoprics. Under him at Compostella are seven cardinals : chief priests or counsellors of the archbishop after the fashion, but not with the renown, of the cardinals at Rome. Originally every priest belonging permanently to a cathedral church was called a cardinal, he being, as it were, so built into it that the church depended on him as a door on its hinges. The archbishops of Seville and Toledo had no such dignitaries, but, by the way, at a later date, Lisbon was allowed a college of them, and the archbishop held the rank of a patriarch, as though he were a second pope. Besides the seven cardinals, the dignity of the cathedral was maintained by a dean, a precentor, five archdeacons, a schoolmaster, and two judges, all bearing mitres and croziers. There were also eighty canons and twenty-eight other holders of office. Way ascertained the stipends this staff of clergy received ; and he was satisfied that the ministrants of St. James were well taken care of. The oblations made in St. James of Compostella, Way says, were divided into three parts, of which one went to the archbishop, another to the cardinals, canons, and other dignitaries, and the third to the fabric of the church : anticipating a similar arrangement made by Ferdinand and Isabella.

The next day, Trinity Sunday, the pilgrims beheld processions and services in which was displayed the splendour of Compostella, then approaching the height of its magnificence. It chanced to be the year of jubilee and pardon, when additional benefits were bestowed on pilgrims, and the town

was crowded with strangers. More than that, the young King Henry IV. of Castile and Leon, the last of the House of Trastamara, though worthless, impotent, and unfortunate in every relation of life, yet in the third year of his reign had met with some successes in his crusade in Granada against the Moors, and in gratitude thereof had given a golden crown to St. James, which crown this very day was placed on the head of the image of the Apostle sitting in the midst of the high altar. It is not clear that Master Way saw this ceremony. But he mentions the robes and other ornaments of the clergy. Everything was elaborately adorned to the extreme. In the procession before high mass there were nine bishops and cardinals. It is probable that had the archbishop of Compostella, Rodrigo de Luna, been present, Master Way would have mentioned him.

Rodrigo de Luna belonged to the hot-blooded and high-born race of which in the preceding generation came two extraordinary men: Alvaro de Luna, the faithful and able favourite of the gracious, cultured, and weak Juan II. of Castile, and Pedro de Luna, better known as Pope Benedict XIII., a relative of Doña Maria de Luna, queen of Martin, king of Sicily and heir of Aragon. Either of these men is sufficient to break the continuity of a narrative. Both have romance and adventure, and both stand out in history; but to the pontiff only may a diversion be made.

In this Pedro de Luna, with his exalted rank, vast learning, renown as a lawyer, and austere integrity of life, were combined extraordinary courage, untiring energy, and steadfast purpose. When in 1375 Gregory XI. made him cardinal deacon of St. Maria in Cosmedin, the pontiff humorously and significantly charged him, 'See to it, Don Pedro, that your moon is never eclipsed!' If diligence and purity go for aught, he did his best to observe the admonition. Nineteen years later, in 1394, he was unanimously elected Pope at Avignon—the City of the Three Keys: the keys of heaven, earth, and hell. The first Spaniard to attain to that dignity, he soon met with the hostility of the French and Italian prelates and princes. It was expected that he would work for the reunion of the papacy: but satisfied that of the two or three popes claiming authority he was the one true and legitimate successor of St. Peter, he maintained his position without faltering or flinching. Trouble awaited him. His enthronement began a career

as exciting as it was romantic, and as ineffective as it was brave and bold. His opponents, who outnumbered his adherents, abused him, denounced and cursed him, declared him deposed, excommunicated him ; but he yielded neither jot not tittle. They played upon his name. The French called him, ' Le Pappe de la Lune.' It was freely said that the Church would never be united unless there were ' a total eclipse of the moon.' One of the greatest preachers of the age delivered a sermon ' on the phases of the Moon as symbols of the life of Benedict XIII. ' ! This preacher, Master Vincent Ferrer by name, by the time he numbered sixty-five years had preached six thousand sermons, each three hours long. But not even he could move the will of Pedro de Luna. Worse than all else, ' the man, de Luna,' as some styled him, was charged with witchcraft and with having learned the art of conjuring devils. It was said that he slept with three volumes of magic under his head.

In defiance of the decree of deposition made by the Council of Constance in 1417—the council which harried John Huss to death—the Pope stood firm. Small in stature and slight in form, no age has produced a man more unchangeably vigorous in body and mind than he. In his eighty-eighth year, before the emperor and an assembly of princes, ambassadors, and professors, he sought to vindicate his position in a speech seven uninterrupted hours in length. He spoke in Latin. It was a marvellous achievement. ' Not a sound of impatience or weariness was heard in the hall,' says that most delightful of novelists, Vincente Blasco Ibañez. ' Even his bitterest enemies were forced to recognize the superiority of this man, in intelligence, in force of personality, in character and private virtues, over all the popes who had been his competitors and over all the pedantic theologians and log-rolling cardinals who had assailed him in the Councils.'

Benedict XIII. loved the sea and sailors, and now that he is well-nigh forgotten Ibañez has brought him back to life, and given him a new soubriquet in that charming book, *The Pope of the Sea.* There we may picture the brave old man, still holding tenaciously the three keys of Avignon, wandering from port to port, exercising his sacred functions, the papal flag at his little ship's mast-head, and determination burning in his heart.

He made his home at Peñiscola, an impregnable fortress on a bold, lofty point of rock, which was likened by the Phoenicians of old to Tyre, and by modern navigators to

Mont Saint Michel in Brittany, about seven and twenty miles north of Valencia. Here, as the aged pontiff imagined, the real and living remnant of the Church fled—even as all humanity had fled to the ark to escape the deluge of Noah's time. So Peñiscola was called 'Noah's Ark.' In the church at Peñiscola lie some bodies of followers of St. James the Great, who, according to tradition, were disembarked here, perhaps when the remains of the Apostle were on their way from Jerusalem to Compostella, but no one knows. Only, it is pleasant to conjecture that in his last days the great Spanish pontiff had some touch with the patron saint whom he had venerated from childhood. And here, in 1422 or 1423, at the age of ninety-four, Pedro de Luna died. Five or six years earlier, a preacher at Constance compared the Church Victorious, as the Council fondly considered her, to the woman mentioned in the Apocalypse as clothed in sunlight, her feet resting on a moon and her head crowned with twelve stars. 'The stars,' says Ibañez, 'were the sovereigns who had submitted to the Council; the moon was the Pope of Peñiscola!' With the death of Benedict XIII. was practically concluded the Great Schism—the Church's 'Babylonian Captivity,' as Petrarch styled that unhappy period,—which had vexed Christendom for so many years.

This happened thirty years and more before Master William Way's visit to Compostella. Neither during his pontificate, nor earlier when legate under Clement VII. in Aragon and Castile, does Benedict XIII. seem to have done any great thing for Santiago. His kinsman Rodrigo de Luna had been archbishop of Compostella about six years at the time of Way's pilgrimage. Two years later, Rodrigo was driven out of the archbishopric by the people of Compostella because of an attempt upon the honour of a youthful worshipper in the cathedral; and, again two years later, in 1460, he died. Under the direction of one of his cardinal assistants, his sarcophagus was built on the gospel side of the high altar in the Church of Santa Maria de Iria, near Padrón, and his bust and an epitaph set thereon. In that place they may be seen to this day.

Magnificent and impressive as services were in England, Master Way had seen none to equal these Trinitytide services in Compostella. Nor does he seem to have been more surprised at the decorations and ceremonies than at the numbers of Englishmen, both clerical and lay, in that city.

Unfortunately he gives few details, but there is preserved among the ancient documents of the cathedral, so Mrs. Gallichan states, a description of the ritual ordered for the pilgrims, as the service was carried out in the thirteenth century by Archbishop Juan Arias. That observed in Way's time probably differed little from it.

'The custodian of the altar and the priest, each standing erect with a rod in his hand, marshalled the bands of pilgrims in turn according to their nationality, and in their own language. The pilgrims now grouped themselves around the priest, whose duty it was to deliver to them the indulgences they had gained by their pilgrimages. Then, the divine service having been participated in by them, they therewith proceeded to lay their gifts before the altar, after which it was their privilege to venerate the relics of the Santo Apostle: first came the chain, and after the chain, the crown, the hat, the staff, the knife and the stone.'

No one seems to have had any doubt of the genuineness of these sacred articles. That they were at Compostella and were seen by people who had been there satisfied the most inquisitive minds, very much after the argument of Smith the Weaver concerning the father of Jack Cade. That Jack's father was stolen in infancy and became a bricklayer when he came of age, did not disprove his and the king's twinship. On the contrary, the evidence supported the claim. 'Sir,' said Smith, 'he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.' What better proof can there be that the Roman governor committed suicide on Mount Pilatus than the existence of the lake? If he did not drown himself in it, why is it there? Without the slightest hesitation Master Way gives a list of the relics preserved at Compostella and at Padrón. In the church at the latter place is the sacred tunic of our Lord Jesus Christ; the tunic of St. James would also have been there or at Compostella had it not been stolen about the middle of the sixth century and taken to Paris. At Santiago is the body of the blessed James Zebedee, nephew of the Virgin Mary, *totum et integrum*—in spite, by the way, of the hand given to the Empress Matilda long before. There are also the bodies of other holy men. Master Way had seen them, and his testimony could not be questioned.

Nor did he have any misgiving as to the efficacy of the indulgences granted at Compostella to pilgrims. He care-

fully enumerates the advantages of going to Compostella, and the conditions on which those advantages may be obtained, very much after the style of a merchant who publishes lists of goods and prices. As a theologian he would lay more stress on the conditions, such as confession, contrition, and amendment, than on the bare act of pilgrimage. Merely going to Compostella without fulfilling those conditions would avail nothing. A man might wear out his shoes or sandals on the road, and even bruise and cut his feet that he could scarcely walk, or, on the other hand, suffer almost to death the horrors of the sea, but unless he repented him of his sins and purposed living a new life he could not profit by the pardon or the indulgence. It has been said that the common people were diligently instructed in this particular, and in some parishes they may have been, but generally speaking such was not the case. Ample testimony thereof may be found in Dr. G. R. Owst's *Preaching in Medieval England*, an enlightening and convincing work. It is fairly certain that people far below the rank of Master Way, not so earnest and devout as he, uninstructed and ignorant folk as the great majority of pilgrims were, thought less of the conditions and more of the journey. Even in these days, almsgiving and service to the sick and poor are regarded as superior to repentance and faith—or, at least, if one does these works of charity one is sure of heaven and happiness. So it may be taken as the rule, that pilgrims considered the pilgrimage itself as the indispensable and virtue-giving thing. Theologically, the qualifications of repentance and faith made the pilgrimage unnecessary. With them salvation was secure. So Master Way undoubtedly thought; but the salvation would be all the more enjoyable, and virtue all the easier, from a pilgrimage to Santiago. About the same time, Dr. William Gascoigne, the chancellor of Way's own university, spoke with scorn of the popular opinion of pardons and indulgences, and one would fain hope that Master Way had a like contempt. 'Sinners say in our days,' the chancellor declared, '"I care not how many or great sins I commit in God's sight; for I can get with all ease and despatch a plenary remission from any penalty or guilt whatsoever through an absolution granted me by the Pope, whose writing and grant I have bought for fourpence or sixpence, or won at a game of ball."'

In these words comes an echo of Chaucer's Pardoner. Fifty or sixty years earlier that 'propre man,' after he had

spoken of other gifts at his disposal, announced to his fellow-pilgrims :—

> 'But, sires, o word forgat I in my tale;
> I have relikes and pardoun in my male,
> As faire as any man in Engelond,
> Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond.
> If any of yow wole of devocioun
> Offren, and han myn absolucioun,
> Com forth anon, and kneleth heere adoun,
> And mekely receyveth my pardoun.'

But there were advantages in pilgrimages, and our Bachelor of Theology, who may be supposed to have knowledge of such beyond most men, insisted upon them. He tells a story of a Somersetshire man who came to him for counsel while he was waiting at Plymouth for his ship to Compostella. The man had made a vow to go to St. James, and he had got so far on his way, but a great infirmity made it difficult for him to carry out his vow. Would it be right for him to return home? He had rather die with his family than pursue the journey.

'I advised him,' says Master Way, 'that he should go to St. James, and that it would be better to die on the way than at home because of the indulgences given to pilgrims to St. James.' The man was not pleased with the counsel, and he rushed back to his own country. But St. James had his eye on him—so we suppose—and dragging himself along one day twenty miles in great pain and sorrow, he came to the inn where he should pass the night. All at once he was made whole from the infirmity which he had suffered a long time. Gratitude followed fast. He returned to Plymouth, and made the voyage to Compostella. Master Way saw him in the Friars' Church at Grwne on Corpus Christi Day. There could be no doubt of the benefits of Santiago.

Having performed such duties and received such satisfactions as were customary, above all else having won the joy and inspiration which come from visiting a place associated with a sacred or an honoured personality, Way returned to Corunna, or, as he puts it, to the Port Grwne; and there he spent three days in further devotion. I do not read that he went up to the Torre de Hércules, whence may be had one of the most magnificent views in the world, or that he cared anything for scenery. He had not come to worship nature. On Wednesday he walked in procession to the Church of Santa Maria del Campo; and the next day,

Corpus Christi, he heard a sermon by an English Bachelor of Theology, in the Church of the Minor Friars, on the text, 'Behold me, for thou hast called me.' At the close of the sermon, the preacher made all the English present—and there seems to have been none in the church but Englishmen—say to St. James, presumably aloud and after him, the words, 'Ecce ego, vocasti, scilicet per Dei gratiam ut huc venirem et locum tuum visitarem.'

Of the eighty-four ships in the harbour at Corunna, thirty-two were English. Besides these English ships, there were vessels from Ireland, Wales, and Normandy. These numbers suggest the flow of pilgrims. Master Way sailed for home May 28th, but was driven back into port six days later. On June 5th his ship put out again, and, having sighted the rocks of Cornwall, and passed Mount's Bay and Lizard Head, reached Plymouth, Wednesday, June 9th.

We can imagine the return of Master Way to Eton: the enthusiasm of his reception by his friends, the thankfulness with which he thought of his escape from the perils of the sea, and the delight with which he gave and the recipients received the relics and curiosities he brought with him. He had so much to talk about: his adventures, the ship, the storms, the expanse of water, the gulls gleaming in the sunshine, the mountains and rocks, the inns, the people, the churches, the services and shrines, the hard bread and the exhilarating wine, the miracles—a thousand and one things which people wished to know, and which made him a man of valiant deeds and of endless information.

We can now well suppose that for a while his sermons had an interest beyond measure. As a rule, in his day, and for centuries before and centuries after his day, few people cared to listen to sermons. This happened, perhaps still happens, from no fault on the part of the preacher. If, from sickness or overwork, or from lack of ability, he found himself unable to prepare a sermon, he could buy or borrow from some kind-hearted and more fortunate brother a discourse suitable for the occasion. Indeed, sermon-outlines were compiled and put on sale for inefficient parish priests, as they are said to be even in this twentieth century. These outlines were called 'Sleep-wells.' The parson could rest easily Saturday night knowing that the Sunday sermon was safely on hand. One wonders if any of Master Way's neighbours ever sought to get from him one of his 'Sleep-wells'!

But be the preacher ever so persevering, still more diligent was the archdemon, Grisillus by name, in charge of the little black devils who, under his supervision, ran around during sermon-time to put people to sleep or to distract their attention. Thick as flies on a summer day were these busy, spiteful emissaries of evil. Once a preacher saw them with his own eyes at work, flitting about the church, here thickening the wax in one man's ear that he became deaf as a door-post, and there weighing down another man's eyelids till he lost consciousness. Mean 'hissers' they were called: sometimes whistling so sweetly as to overpower the preacher's voice, and sometimes making people chatter so loudly and incessantly that the preacher could not hear himself. From all these diabolical machinations against the increase of sacred wisdom—from the jangling, snoring, jesting, yawning, petting of dogs or hawks, or bargaining about pigs or oxen, then so common in church during divine service—Master Way was now freed. Unlike other preachers, who used anecdotes and stories, familiar and threadbare from constant use, he had tales of his own to give, legends for the truth of which he could hold himself responsible, and incidents out of his own experience alive and vivid. As Dr. Owst tells us—and possibly the same thing could be said of times much later than the second half of the fifteenth century—'Now and again the reader pictures the awakened congregation, eagerly leaning forward to catch some fragment of a traveller's reminiscence, as he describes the perils of Italian roads, a vineyard custom in France he has observed, or some game which is "commoner in parts beyond the sea."'

Here, then, Master Way got some benefits from his pilgrimage. He told his stories, as others told theirs, and perhaps if we knew them we should mock at them; but both Master Way and his stories, as Dr. Owst reminds us in speaking of like men and of like stories, 'came from an age rich in the emotions and that "suggestive" power which kindles men to do great things for the Faith, even if mountains were never removed beyond the mountains of vice and selfishness in human hearts.' The times were difficult, but there were men, and not a few, as earnest and honest as in any age, ancient or modern, who struggled bravely against the evil and error. 'As the brightness of stars and candle is better seen and shines more brightly by night than by day,' says one of the preachers of that day, whom Dr. Owst freely admires, 'so are they who dwell in the midst of a

perverse people.' This man, by name John Bromyard, did his best to help his hearers. He not only vigorously denounced sin, unflinchingly rebuked wrongdoers in high places, and set forth lively and sound doctrine, but also, at least on one occasion, described the altered habits of the pet monkey in its old age; and there were both preachers and philosophers who fain would have found out 'what was the cause that a flee that is so lityll a beeste hath sixe feet, and a camell that is so grete a beeste hathe but fowre?'

So Master Way had something to preach and to talk about, and, human nature being such, the men and women who listened to him thought more of this curious information than of the piety which had been strengthened in him by the pilgrimage, or of the advantages the pilgrimage had given him against difficulties in the future life. Nor do I suppose he ever tired or wore out. He had been to Santiago, and both he and they who heard him believed in Saint James.

In the *Antiquaries' Journal* for July 1926, the organ of the Society of Antiquaries of London, appears an article by W. L. Hildburgh, F.S.A., entitled, 'A Datable English Alabaster Altar-piece at Santiago de Compostela.' It gives the story of an English parish priest who, in 1456, made the pilgrimage to Santiago, and for an offering took with him an English retable of wood with panels of carved alabaster, which he gave to the cathedral containing the shrine. To Mr. Hildburgh we are indebted for all that we know either of the pilgrim or of his gift.

On the Corpus Christi Day in which Master Way heard the sermon in Corunna by an English Bachelor of Sacred Theology, had he not left Compostella he might have seen his countryman presenting his offering. 'A document,' Mr. Hildburgh says, 'written in Gallegan Spanish and still in being, sets forth how there appeared before its writer, with witnesses, at the high altar, on the 25th day of May, 1456, "a man who said that he was of the nation of the Kingdom of England, by name called Johanes Gudguar, rector of the church of Cheilinvvintour diocese," who, for the service of God and reverence for the very holy Apostle "Sebedeu," and for the benefit of his sins, gave to the Compostelan church a retable of wood with figures of alabaster, painted with gold and blue, setting forth the history of the said holy Apostle.'

The expression 'Sebedeu,' referring to St. James's father Zebedee, distinguishes him from St. James the Less. 'He seems often to have been called "Santiago Zebedeo," or by its Latin equivalent, in medieval Santiago.' The name 'Johanes Gudguar' is reasonably conjectured to be the Gallegan scribe's rendering of John Goodyear, and the name of his parish and that of his diocese probably refer to Cheil, now Chale, in the Isle of Wight, and in the diocese of Winchester.

John Goodyear laid down the condition that his gift was not to be sold, pledged, exchanged, or given to any other place or sanctuary whatsoever; that it must not be withdrawn from the church by the archbishop for his private chapel, nor by any person; and that it must be kept within the body of the church. He had faith in 'the consciences of the said Señor Archbishop and his successors and of the present and future incumbents of the said holy church,' and down to near the end of the nineteenth century the altar-piece was kept in the Chapel of San Fernando. It is not known whether it ever had a place at the high altar. It is no longer in use, 'but carefully preserved in the Capilla de las Reliquias, together with the cathedral's holy relics and its many objects made of precious materials'—among these relics being a thorn from the Crown of Thorns, a small bottle of the Virgin's milk, and the skull of St. James the son of Alphaeus. Baedeker's *Handbook* states that 'these treasures cannot be inspected closely and are sometimes not shown at all.'

This altar-piece consists of five carved alabaster panels: and in these panels are presented scenes from the life of St. James: the calling of St. James by the Sea of Galilee; our Lord's charge to the Apostles; the preaching of St. James; the martyrdom of the Saint, by order of and before Herod Agrippa; and the translation of the body of the saint from Joppa to Iria Flavia. In the article from which my information is being taken, Mr. Hildburgh gives some excellent photogravures of these panels, also of the altar-piece as a whole, and part of the document quoted above recording the gift of the altar-piece.

'The altar-piece,' Mr. Hildburgh says, 'has several distinctions. It is the only one of the kind, of which I have any record, upon which are shown scenes from the life of St. James; it is one of the few which we have reason to believe were especially ordered from the English craftsmen for placing in a specific situation abroad, instead of being

one of a stock pattern ready prepared for delivery to any customer who chanced to want an altar-piece; and it is one of the very few—at the moment I recall no other—to whose making we can attach a known date, for we can hardly doubt that it had not been long in existence when the English priest took it to Santiago, most probably by the short and convenient sea-route instead of by one of the long routes overland which continental pilgrims had to use.'

Some time about the year 1342, there came on pilgrimage to Compostella a rich Swedish nobleman, Ulf Gudmarson, and his wife, Bridget—she destined to become the most celebrated saint of the Scandinavian kingdoms. Her devout and charitable life made her known far and wide; and having borne her husband eight children, she induced him to pay a visit to the shrine of St. James. Already she was recognized as a dreamer of dreams. Her visions and revelations were collected and in course of time obtained much popularity in Europe. One of her daughters, afterwards canonized as St. Catherine of Sweden, had a like gift. When at Compostella, Ulf and Bridget, he as intense a mystic as she, agreed to separate: he to go into a Cistercian monastery, and she to travel as an advocate of religion with her caravan of offspring. Her chief purpose in life was to lift up the moral tone of the age. She founded an Order known as the Bridgittines, recognized in 1370 by Pope Urban v., and the last twenty years of her life she spent either at Rome or on pilgrimage. In 1373 she died, the first of a series of remarkable women who affected religious and national events in the end of the fourteenth century and beginning of the fifteenth: as, for instance, Catherine her daughter, Catherine of Siena, Colette, who sided with Pedro de Luna in his troubles, and Joan of Arc, the most extraordinary of them all. How much St. James of Compostella had to do with the strengthening of the character of the worthy Bridget of Sweden, I am not sure; but she seems to have picked up something at that apostolic shrine which helped her in her really wonderful mission, and perhaps began this constellation of visionaries and mystics, among the purest the Church has ever known.

CHAPTER XXIII

ANDREW BOORDE, THE OTHER PILGRIM

This is all that is known of John Goodyear. Like William Way he passes out of sight. Both men disappear in the multitude which believed in the superiority and benefit of the pilgrimage to Compostella, soon to be followed by the Pastons and Sir Anthony Woodville; and we leave the times of Lancastrians and Yorkists to find in the days of Henry VIII. a traveller who bears the honour of having written the first guide-book in English to continental Europe. I do not think that Andrew Boorde, the last pilgrim I shall consider at any length, had the devotion or faith which possessed the men and women who discovered and brought into the world's life St. James the Apostle, but he had a scholarship superior to most of them, and, I think, a gift of observation and discernment beyond any of them.

But the times had changed. Not only had Columbus discovered a new world beyond the Atlantic, but Europe was fast becoming a new world itself. Another era had begun. 'The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages,' as James Anthony Froude reminds us, 'were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return.' We must bring in the historical perspective, and realize that, in England for instance, men could not in Tudor times think of things or see things as they had done in Plantagenet times.

For one thing, the State and the Church had brought nearer to an end their long struggle; and the Church was slowly, but decidedly, passing under the domination of the State. The king had become more to the nation than the Pope had ever been. Perhaps in England he had always been superior—certainly since the days when William the Conqueror held his own against Gregory VII.; but the

superiority had never been allowed without dispute. Now it was generally taken for granted, and men were getting more and more to hold that the sword the Pope claimed as his by divine right belonged inherently to the king. He reigned not by permission of St. Peter, but by the grace of God, more fully than had sometimes been thought of. The love of country, too, had attained first rank among the social virtues. Consolidation of the people, held together by laws of their own making and governed by rulers one with themselves, meant more than the supremacy of St. Peter or the unity of the Church. The Pope still received a respect begotten by time and tradition; the king became the personification of everything his subjects held sacred and thought worth having. Macaulay long since pointed out that a people sometimes found its freedom and happiness safe and sure under forms of despotism. So Henry VIII. broke with Rome, and his people stood beside him. Mary brought back the Pope, and the people agreed with her. Elizabeth changed again, and the country changed too. If the nation had been really and deeply religious, either Papal or Protestant, it had not been possible for Mary to burn Protestant or for Elizabeth to imprison and slaughter Papist. Undoubtedly there were groups of earnest, sincere, perhaps fanatical, partisans on both sides, but the overwhelming mass of the people were indifferent to any positive form of religion. At any rate, the nation determined to obey the law, to carry out the will which the king and parliament set forth for them, no matter what the consequences. The Scripture commanded, 'Fear God, and honour the king'; but it did not say anything about the Church or the Pope.

And with this changed conception of the principle of human government, and the determination to cast off restraints which had become both irksome and injurious, much else that had once been allowed and valued fell out of use. I do not say that the change was altogether for the better. It does not follow that a new age is sure to be superior to the age it displaced. I only advance the fact, to put it in this form, that William Way lived in a different world from that in which Andrew Boorde passed his life, and consequently thought of St. James from another point of view; and so with other questions, say, religious or scientific. In other words, we are passing out of a period lasting, as it happened, many centuries, in which St. James the Apostle held the

affection and reverence of Christendom, into a period during which St. James faded into neglect and forgetfulness.

'Andreas Perforatus est meum nomen,' said Andrew Boorde. The name 'Borde' is an early word for 'table,' and 'Boorde' one for joke, play, jest. He was himself a merry-souled, light-hearted, kindly man, with a rich experience, ever willing to help others at the cost of much hardship and danger to himself, glad to rejoice with those who did rejoice, fond of the pleasures of the table, and possibly open to faults of which the less said the better. No one has dealt with him more intelligently or more indulgently than Dr. F. J. Furnivall—more lovingly, I might have said; and as one reads Dr. Furnivall's notes and comments in his edition of Boorde's *Introduction,* one feels that Andrew Boorde was deserving of all the praise men gave him, and may be forgiven for whatever weaknesses were charged against him.

Among the many things for which he is famous two may here be mentioned. In a letter to Thomas Cromwell, written from Catalonia, in July, 1535, he says: 'I have sent to your mastership the seeds of rhubarb, the which come out of Barbary. In these parts it is had for a great treasure. The seeds be sown in March, thin; and when they be rooted, they must be taken up and set every one of them a foot or more from another, and well watered.' This was two hundred years before that plant was generally cultivated in England.

He is even more kindly remembered for his commendation of a good draught of strong drink before one goes to bed—worthy advice to pilgrims especially, tired out with the day's tramp. 'Ale for an Englishman,' he says, 'is a natural drink'; even as beer 'is a natural drink for a Dutchman.' As to wine: 'it doth actuate and doth quicken a man's wits, it doth comfort the heart, it doth scour the liver.' At the same time, Boorde condemns all excess: 'Intemperance is a great vice, for it doth set everything out of order; and where there is no order there is horror.' Robert Burton, the erudite author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy,* agreed with Andrew Boorde in these observations, though he thought that strong drinks should not be taken in the morning, lest they hinder the work or journey of the day. Rather strong drinks, says he, 'for such as have dry brains, are much more proper at night.' The expression 'dry brains' is worthy of note.

The reference to rhubarb and strong drink not only enables me to direct attention to two articles that concerned travellers very closely in olden time—and they who give advice to pilgrims have much to say on such things—but also to bring to mind the *Dyetary of Helth*, compiled by 'Andrew Boorde of Physycke doctour,' and dedicated by him in 1542, 'To the armypotent Prynce and valyent lorde Thomas Duke of Northfolke.' This work was edited in 1870 by Dr. F. J. Furnivall for the Early English Text Society, and was published by the Society with the celebrated *Introduction*, of which I shall presently have much to say.

But first something should be said of Andrew Boorde himself. He was born, before the year 1490, in the county of Sussex, and was educated at Oxford, and while under age, not being yet sixteen years old, against both law and reason was received into the strictest order of monks, that of the Carthusians. In due time he was ordained priest, and about the year 1520, probably because a native of Sussex, he was appointed suffragan bishop of Chichester, —subordinate to Robert Sherborn, bishop of that diocese since 1508. By virtue of a forged papal Bull, in 1505 Sherborn had gotten himself consecrated to St. David's: but his delinquency evidently turned not to his disadvantage. In 1521, by a papal Bull, Andrew Boorde was dispensed from the obligation of Chichester, and, probably never having been made a bishop, he never filled any of its functions.

He was by no means happy in his monastic profession. Rarely was a man less fitted for it. The rules, says Dr. Furnivall, were of such extreme strictness and minuteness as to behaviour, dress, meals, furniture of the cells, etc.—telling the monks how to walk, eat, drink, look, and hardly to talk,—that they must have nearly worried the life out of a man like Boorde. The isolation must have been next to unbearable. A writer in the thirteenth century doubted if God was much delighted with such restrictions. 'This I well know, that if I was myself in Paradise, and alone there, I should not wish to remain in it.' Not only, says this observer, Guyot de Provins by name, is a solitary man always subject to bad temper, 'but what I particularly dislike in the Carthusians is, that they are murderers of their sick. If these require any little extraordinary nourishment, it is peremptorily refused. I do not like religious persons who have no pity; the very quality which, I think, they especially ought to have.'

So likewise thought Andrew Boorde. He was by nature born to be a physician; and to see men die without an attempt to alleviate their sufferings or to save their lives was to him abhorrent. His health began to give way under the confinement. He appealed to the authorities for release from his vows: 'I am nott able,' he said, 'to byd the rugorosite off your religion.' At last, about the year 1528, after some twenty years of vegetarianism and fasting with the Carthusians, Andrew got a dispensation, graciously given by the Master and Chapter of the Grande Chartreux. He seems to have parted from his brethren without the slightest ill feeling. The truth is, he said to his fellow-Carthusians, I was dispensed with the religion, considering I cannot, and never could, live solitary, and I amongst you intrussed in a close air might never have my health.

Boorde was now nearly forty years of age, and he at once began the study of medicine. It is not necessary that we should go abroad with him. He made several journeys on the Continent from university to university, 'for to have the notion and practice of physic in divers regions and countries.' He must have been a diligent student, a close observer, and a delightful companion. His witticisms are said to have been on a par with his medical skill, and were widely repeated. Various collections of jests are attributed to him; but that his buffoonery gave rise to the epithet 'Merry-andrew' is by the best authorities declared to be without evidence or intrinsic probability; though no less an antiquary than Thomas Hearne says that he went round like a quack doctor to country fairs, and thereby was allotted the epithet.

A good illustration of his humour may be seen in his proposed remedy for the cure of idleness in young people:—

'There is nothing so good for the "fever lurden" as is *Vnguentum baclinum*, that is to say, Take me a stick or wand of a yard of length and more, and let it be as great as a man's finger, and with it anoint the back and the shoulders well, morning and evening, and do this twenty-one days; and if this fever will not be holpen in that time, let them beware of wagging in the gallows; and whiles they do take their medicine, put no lubberwort into their potage, and beware of knavery about their heart; and if this will not help, send them to Newgate, for if you will not, they will bring themselves thither at length.'

At the same time he won respect for his skill in medicine.

He not only was retained, for many urgent causes, by Sir Robert Drury, but the Duke of Norfolk sent for him, and, 'thankes be to God,' he set his ducal patient straight. The duke was the head of all the Howards, the president of the council, and the uncle of Anne Boleyn. By his means, Boorde was allowed to wait on the king. He remained till his death a close friend of Thomas Cromwell. His position and popularity, deservedly gained, made people disregard the rumours of his getting drunk while learning medicine at Montpelier—and, by the way, Boorde declared that 'of all the places that ever I did come in, Montpelier is the noblest university of the world for physicians and surgeons.' His books maintained his reputation. He stood among the foremost of the skilled and best-liked men of his day; and therefore an object of envy to those who had evil concerning him in their heart. In his old days, even as in his young days, a charge was brought against him of a life freer than became either priest or physician. Anthony Wood in his Memoirs, says that it was Andrew Boorde's 'custom to drink water three days in a week, to wear constantly a shirt of hair, and every night to hang his shroud and socking or burial-sheet at his bed's feet': nevertheless, they who repudiated celibacy for the clergy got the best of him, and at last, as Dr. Furnivall puts it, 'our lettered and widely-travelled healer of others' bodies, our preacher to others' souls, and reprover of others' vices, our hero sinned against and sinning, lies in the Fleet prison, sick in body, yet whole in mind.' The charge may not have been true: God alone is the Judge. It is a painful business with which to wind up the record of a useful life; but men are men. And while in the Fleet prison, in April, 1549, when about sixty years of age, Andrew Boorde died, some said having poisoned himself to escape public shame.

But they who know the man—and no one can know him better than one who has perused the *Introduction*, which I shall now describe—will agree with Dr. Furnivall: 'In spite of Boorde's sad slip at the end of his life, no one can read his racy writings without admiring and liking the cheery, frank, bright, helpful, and sensible fellow who penned them.'

Our author is credited with having compiled the earliest continental guide-book in English, published about 1547, under the title of *The First Book of the Introduction of Knowledge*—'The whyche,' according to the title-page, 'dothe teache a man to speake parte of all maner of

languages, and to know the usage and fashion of all maner of countreys. And for to know the moste parte of all maner of coynes of money, the whych is currant in every region. Made by Andrew Boorde, of Physycke doctor. Dedycated to the right honourable and gracious lady Mary doughter of our souerayne Lorde kyng Henry the eyght.' The dedication was dated from Montpelier, May 3, 1542, and in it the author speaks of the Lady Mary's 'bountyful goodness,' and recapitulates the purpose of his book, 'trustyng that your grace will accept my good will and dylygent labour in Chryste, who kepe your grace in health and honour.'

The book consists of thirty-nine chapters treating of nearly as many countries and of the 'naturall disposycyon' of the several peoples, and their money and speech. In one of these chapters the writer speaks of the pains and troubles with which he 'did go thorow and rounde about Christendom, and oute of Christendome'—

> 'Of noble England, of Ireland and of Wales,
> And also of Scotland, I haue tolde som tales;
> And of other Llondes I haue shewed my mynd;
> He that wyl trauell, the truthe he shall fynd.'

He desires the reader not to be offended at his telling the truth, and assures him that 'I do not wryte ony thynge of a malycious nor of a peruerse mynde, nor of no euyll pretence, but to manyfest thinges the whiche be openly knownen, and the thinges that I dyd se in many regyons, cytyes, and countryes, openly vsed.' He is also anxious to have men know that, unlike Pope Paschal II. in the early years of the twelfth century, he did not go about rebuking sins: 'wyth the which matter I haue nothyng to do.' He plans only to speak of such things as travellers may find it necessary to know or to do wherever they go.

Nevertheless, at the beginning of each chapter he indicates in verse the characteristic of the country he is about to describe. The verse is a rude jingle, and represents the country personified in a speaker: 'I am' this or that. Thus, I was born in Iceland, 'when I eat candle-ends I am at a feast'; if I am a Fleming, I get as drunk as a rat; if I was born in Brabant, 'I do loue good Englysh beere,'—

> 'Yet had I rather to be drowned in a beere barell
> Than I wolde change the fashion of my olde apparel.'

And thus with each country: rather monotonously, each being treated in the same way.

But no Englishman loved England more than he. He quotes the Italian proverb: 'Anglia terra—bona terra, mala gens': but he adds, 'I say, as I doo know, the people of England be as good as any people in any lande and nacion that euer I haue trauayled in, yea, and much better in many thynges, specially in maners and manhod. As for the noble fartyle countrey of England, hath no regyon lyke it; for there is plentye of gold and silver.' He never tires of praising 'the most regall realme of England'—the one country in all the world where the money is only gold and silver—the one land to which all nations flow, which the Jew or the Turk, 'or any other infidel,' must praise—the one kingdom situated in an angle of the world, 'hauing no region in Chrystendom nor out, of Chrystendom equiualent to it.' But even England has its weakness. Englishmen were fantastical in dress. They never knew what to wear or what fashion to follow. Hence Boorde produces a woodcut of an Englishman standing naked, save for a hat and long feather, and a loin-cloth, with a pair of shears in his left hand and a piece of cloth over the other arm, and underneath, the lines:—

> 'I am an English man, and naked I stand here,
> Musyng in my minde what rayment I shall were;
> For now I wyll were thys, and now I wyl were that;
> Now I wyl were I cannot tel what.'

Of the several provinces or kingdoms in the Peninsula, Boorde describes Catalonia, Aragon, Andalusia, Portugal, Castile, Biscay, Navarre, and the part specially known as Spain. He is rather severe in his observations: but not more so than the English generally were said to be. He evidently liked neither the country nor the people. The great towns afford poor and evil fare and worse lodging. 'Hogges in many places shalbe vnder your feete at the table, and lice in your bed.' Many of the people doth go bare-legged. Girls crop their crowns, and leave a rim like the friars. The women have silver rings in their eares. The priests keep tippling-houses, and they furnish the best fare. He records the following curious custom, the like of which he found in Wales:—

'In all these countreys, yf any man, or woman, or chylde, do dye: at theyr burying, and many other tymes after that

they be buryed, they wyl make an exclamacyon saying, " Why dydest thou dye ? Haddest not thou good freendes ? Mightyst not thou haue had gold and syluer, & ryches and good clothynge ? For why diddest thou die ? " crying and clatryng many suche folysh wordes ; and commonly euery day they wyll bryng to church a cloth, or a pilo carpit, and cast ouer the graue, and set ouer it, bread, wyne & candyl-lyght ; and than they wyll pray, and make suche a folyshe exclamacion, as I sayd afore, that al the churche shall rynge ; this wyll they doe although theyr freendes dyed vij yere before ; and thys folysh vse is vsyd in Bisca, Castyle, Spayne, Aragon & Nauerre.'

In the February of 1510-11, there was given at the English court a pageantry or masque in which Spanish fashions and pilgrims' costumes were displayed. In Hall's *Chronicle* will be found a description of the occasion and the play. In the procession, Hall says, 'Came in vj ladyes appareled in garmentes of Crymosyn Satyn, embroudered and trauessed with cloth of gold, cut in Pomegranettes and yokes, strynged after the facion of Spaygne.' But every conception of pilgrims was set at naught. Never did pilgrim appear in such splendour—and the very 'make-up' shows that the notion of pilgrimage had changed. 'Then came nexte the Marques Dorset and syr Thomas Bulleyn, like two pilgrims from sainct Iames, in taberdes of blacke Veluet, with palmers hattes on their helmettes, wyth long Iacobs staues in their handes, their horse trappers of blacke Veluet, their taberdes, hattes, & trappers, set with scaloppe schelles of fyne golde, and strippes of blacke Veluet, euery strip set with a scalop shell ; their seruauntes all in blacke Satyn, with scalop shelles of gold in their breastes.'

Doctor Andrew Boorde saw no pilgrims arrayed in this guise when he went to Compostella, the first time about the year 1532, and again some years later. The dates can be given only approximately ; nor can the two journeys always be distinguished the one from the other. But what he records as having seen is full of interest. I am afraid, however, that he was moved to visit the shrine of St. James by purposes other than religious—not, I should say, unworthy in themselves or entirely without some sense of piety, but purposes differing widely from those which possessed pilgrims three hundred years earlier. He simply drifted on the stream of his times : pleasant memories, perhaps, of sacred days in the old Carthusian monastery, dull but good ; and loyalty

through all changes and chances to the king and Thomas Cromwell. Not an active faith in things spiritual, but faith abounding in the new learning and in human nature.

On his way to Compostella he passed through Navarre. 'The people be rude and poore,' he says, 'and many theues, and they dothe liue in much pouerte and penury; the countrey is barayn, for it is ful of mountayns And wildernes; yet haue they much corne.' And he tells a story the like of which appears in other legends of St. James, and which, though I have already referred to it, I here transcribe as it is written, except in breaking the narrative into paragraphs for greater clearness. It should be read carefully.

'The chiefe towne is Pampilona, and there is a nother towne called saynt Domyngo, in the whyche towne there is a churche, in the whyche is kept a whit cock and a hene. And euery pilgreme that goeth or commyth that way to saynct Iames in Compostell, hath a whit feder to set on hys hat.

'The cocke and the hen is kepte there for this intent:— There was a yonge man hanged in that towne that wolde haue gone to saynct Iames in Compostell; he was hanged vnistly; for ther was a wenche the whych wolde haue had hym to medyll with her carnally; the yonge man refraynyng from hyr dysyre, and the whenche repletyd with malice for the sayd cause, of an euyll pretence conueyed a syluer peece into the bottom of the yonge mans skrip.

'He, wyth his father & mother, & other pylgrems, going forthe in theyr Iurney, the sayde whenche raysed offycers of the towne to persew after the pylgryms, and toke them, fyndynge the aforesayd peace in the younge mannes scryp: Wherfore they brought to the towne the yong man; and [he] was condemned to be hanged, and was hanged vppon a payre of galowes,—Whosoeuer that is hanged by-yonde see, shall neuer be cutte nor pulled downe, but shall hange styll on the galowes or Iebet.—

'the father and the mother of the yonge manne, with other of the pylgryms, went forthe in theyr pilgrymage. And whan they returned agayne, they went to the sayd galows to pray for the yong mans soule.

'whan they dyd come to the place, The yonge man did speke, & sayd "I am not ded; God and his seruaunte saynt Iames hathe here preserued me a lyue. Therfor go you to the iustis of the towne, & byd him come hyther and let me down."

'vpon the which wordes they went to the Iustice, he syttyng at supper, hauyng in his dyshe two greate chykens; the one was a hen chik, and the other a cock chyk.

'the messengers shewyng him this wonder, & what he should do, the iustice sayd to them, "This tale that you haue shewed me is as treue as these two chekenes before mee in thys dysshe doth stonde vp and crowe." & as sone as the wordes ware spoken, they stode in the platter, & dyd crowe; wher vpon the Iustyce, wyth processyon, dyd fetche in, a lyue from the galows, that sayd yong man. & for a remembraunce of this stupendyouse thynges, the prestes and other credyble persons shewed me that they do kepe styl in a kaig in the churche a white cocke and a hen.'

I am not sure that Andrew Boorde thought it necessary to believe this story literally as it was told. He may have tried to do so, though if I understand the man I doubt if he made the effort. Still, there were other miracles attributed to St. James quite as wonderful, save possibly in the one particular of the chickens. Vincent of Beauvais, an encyclopaedic scholar of the thirteenth century, tells the story of a youth who survived a suspension on the gallows for thirty-six days. St. James had held him up and fed him. Another story runs, that a young man felt the pinch of poverty so severely that he could afford neither to go to Compostella nor to get married. The devil appeared to him in the likeness of St. James, and tempted him to commit suicide. St. James saw the devils running away with the poor fellow's soul. He followed them fast; and it is pleasant to learn from the legend that St. James, notwithstanding his age when he died, and the experiences he had gone through in the centuries since, was still ruddy and brown, and comely and young. He induced the demons to attend a council of saints, at which the Blessed Virgin was presiding. We are told that she was of middle height, very fair to see, and exceedingly sweet-looking. St. James argued the case before her, and in the end he was allowed to take back the soul to the body. The wounds from which the young man had died were healed, but the scars remained. Hugh of Cluny, with many others, saw and touched the scars. What can be said more? And Doctor Andrew Boorde evidently thought there was nothing more to be said about, certainly not against, the story that he told. He solemnly affirmed: 'I did se a cock and a hen ther in the churche, and do tell the fable as it was tolde me, not of three or iiij parsons,

but of many.' He does not, however, give a hint as to the supply of white feathers. Did this one pair of chickens furnish sufficient feathers for the pilgrims all the year round ? And their descendants, renewed some said every seven years, for the centuries to follow ? I think that that is the most important question in the whole story of San Domingo de la Calzada.

Of the young man tempted by the devil to commit suicide a more detailed and highly coloured account is given in his autobiography by Guibert, abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy (1053-1124). It was told him, so he says, 'by a religious and truly meek-spirited monk, whose name was Geoffrey.' At one time this Geoffrey had been lord of the castle of Sambre in Burgundy ; and the young man on whom the miracle was wrought lived in the upper land adjoining his own. The Book of St. James in the *Acta Sanctorum* for July says that the young man's name was Gerald, that he was a furrier, the support of his widowed mother, and that he lived in a village in the diocese of Laon ; but the *Golden Legend* states that he lived in the country of Lyons, and that he was accustomed to go oft to St. James—'as Hugh the abbot of Cluny witnesseth.' We need not trouble ourselves about the tangle which the several narrators make of the story. They all agree that the youth had not been as good as he should have been. 'At long last regaining his senses, he had in mind to go on pilgrimage to St. James of Galicia.' Everybody knows of the subtlety of the devil. In those days he appeared in several forms : as an old god, in female guise, as a dog—or whatever suited his purpose. St. Gregory tells of a nun who ate a lettuce leaf that had a devil on it. The devil did her damage, and then began to cry : 'What have I done ? I sat upon a lettuce and she came and bit me ! ' At the command of a holy man of God, the devil left her. St. Bartholomew once had some conversation with a demon that had assumed the form of a pilgrim. It was a hopeless venture for the devil. 'He fell down into hell with a great bruit and howling ; and then they sent for the pilgrim, and he was vanished and gone and away, and they could not find him.'

So it was a mean trick the devil played on the young man. But in the end the young man recovered—not entirely, as the unexpurgated versions of the story show ; but sufficiently to continue his pilgrimage, and to rid himself of sins he would never again commit. Abbot Guibert declares : 'Now the

old man who told me this, said he had the tale from one who had seen the man that came back to life.' Even though this was one of the events 'unparalleled in our times,' as Guibert observes,—whereby I get a suspicion that he was not so simple as he seems—it must not be forgotten that it happened in St. Hugh's lifetime (1049-1109), and that he is spoken of as one of the witnesses. Somehow or other, I feel that Andrew Boorde would have loved Abbot Guibert could he have known him.

But a more wonderful thing happened to Andrew Boorde at Compostella. There he was disillusioned of the principal parts of the story of St. James. And when one recalls, as we have done in these pages, the long series of events by which the Apostle of Galilee was made the patron saint of Galicia, the legends that came to light as time moved on, the great men and the greater multitudes that were satisfied with the evidences of the translation, the glorification, the wonders, and the happy certainty which pervaded all Christendom of the truth of Compostella, we feel as if a structure that men had learned to love and venerate for its beauty and antiquity had crumbled to pieces. We are sorry especially for Andrew Boorde. He need not have let his prejudices against Catherine of Aragon, or his desire to please Cranmer and Cromwell, tempt him to rob Spain of her greatest glory. If he felt that no good thing could come out of Spain, and that his sovereign's conscience was rightly troubled, he could have held his peace without hurt to any one; for nothing that he said changed the faith of Christendom.

Perhaps he believed as long as he could believe: but why did he turn to the spirit of his age and ask questions? Of course, the times had changed. The assurance of the eleventh century had given place to the uncertainty of the sixteenth. Listen to the unfortunate doctor, and know that scepticism has begun in him its foul work.

'Take thys tale folowyng for a suerte.

'I dyd dwel in Compostell, as I did dwell in many partes of the world, to se & to know the trewth of many thynges, & I assure you that there is not one heare nor one bone of saint Iames in Spayne in Compostell, but only, as they say, his stafe, and the chayne the whyche he was bounde wyth all in prison, and the syckel or hooke, the whyche doth lye vpon the mydell of the hyghe aulter, the whych (they sayd) dyd saw and cutte of the head of saint Iames the more,

for whome the confluence of pylgrims resorteth to the said place.

'I, beynge longe there, and illudyd, was shreuen of an auncyent doctor of dyuynite, the which was blear yed,—and, whether it was to haue my counsell in physycke or no, I passe ouer, but I was shreuen of hym,—and after my absolucion he sayd to me, "I do maruaile greatly that our nation, specially our clergy and they, and the cardynalles of Compostell"—

'(they be called "cardynalles" there, the whyche be head prestes; and there they haue a cardynall that is called "cardinalis maior," the great cardynal, and he but a prest, and goeth lyke a prest, and not lyke the cardinalles of Rome,)—

'"illude, mocke, and skorne, the people, to do Idolatry, making ygorant people to worship the thyng that is not here. We haue not one heare nor bone of saynct Iames; for saynct Iames the more, and saynct Iames the lesse, sainct Bartilmew, and sainct Philyp, saynt Symond and Iude, saynt Barnarde & sanct George, with dyuerse other saynctes, Carolus magnus brought theym to Tolose, pretending to haue had al the appostels bodies or bones to be congregated & brought together into one place in saynt Seuerins church in Tolose, a citie in Langawdocke."'

This ancient, blear-eyed doctor of divinity, by one fell swoop, demolished a very fortress of legends and traditions which had withstood the storms and attacks of many centuries. Why he should have belittled the fame and worth of the city in which he dwelt and exercised his office is not told. He does not seem to have doubted the removal of St. James and the other apostles from their original resting-places. They had been brought from beyond the seas, but not to Compostella. Charles the Great had for them a nobler city. Archbishop Turpin died ignorant of the wholesale gathering of the bodies of the Apostles by the great king. Evidently the question had become a matter of dispute; and the attentive reader will now see the reason why the supreme Pontiff every now and then issued his edict declaring Compostella to be the true custodian of the remains of St. James. Unfortunately Boorde had come within the influence of men to whom the Pope's decisions determined them in the opposite direction.

'Therefor,' Doctor Andrew continues, 'I did go to the citie & vniuersite of Tolose, & there dwelt to knowe the trueth; & there it is known by olde autentych wryttinges

& seales, the premyses to be of treuth ; but thes words can not be beleued of incipient persons, specially of some Englyshe men and Skotyshe men.'

Nothing could better suggest the kindly nature of Andrew Boorde—his devotion to his calling as a physician, and his readiness to help others at the cost of hardship and danger to himself—than his journey from Orleans to Compostella with some countrymen, on an occasion, I think, other than that in which he lost his faith in St. James.

' whan I dyd dwell in the vniuersite of Orlyance, casually going ouer the bredge into the towne, I dyd mete with ix Englyshe and Skotyshe parsons goyng to saynt Compostell, a pylgrymage to saynt Iames. I, knowyng theyr pretence, aduertysed them to returne home to England, saying that " I had rather to goe v tymes out of England to Rome,—and so I had in dede,—than ons to go from Orlyance to Compostel " ; saying also that " if I had byn worthy to be of the kyng of Englandes counsel, such parsons as wolde take such iornes on them wythout his lycences, I wold set them by the fete. And that I had rather they should dye in England thorowe my industry, than they to kyll them selfe by the way " : wyth other wordes I had to them of exasperacyon.

' They, not regardying my wordes nor sayinges, sayd that they wolde go forth in theyr iourney, and wolde dye by the way rather than to returne home. I, hauynge pitie they should be cast away, poynted them to my hostage, and went to dispache my busines in the vniuersyte of Orliaunce.

' And after that I went wyth them in theyr iurney thorow Fraunce, and so to Burdious & Byon ; & than we entred into the baryn countrey of Byskay and Castyle, wher we coulde get no meate for money ; yet wyth great honger we dyd come to Compostell, where we had plentye of meate and wyne ; but in the retornyng thorow Spayn, for all the crafte of Physycke that I coulde do, they dyed, all by eatynge of frutes and drynkynge of water, the whych I dyd euer refrayne my selfe.'

This was a sad ending. But Boorde was always careful about water. He advises you to wash your face only once a week, if you want to clear it of spots. On other days wipe it with a scarlet cloth, or with brown paper that is soft. When on a journey the only things safe to drink are ale or wine. Even in these days the guide-books generally warn travellers against water.

This covers all that Boorde has to say about the pilgrimage to Compostella; and here we leave him. Dr. Furnivall justly thinks him a character well worth knowing. Certainly he helps one to picture the difficulties of the road. He is himself a man 'at times of great seriousness and earnestness, yet withal of a pleasant humour; reproving his countrymen's vices, and ridiculing their follies; exhorting them to prepare for their latter end, and yet enliven their present days by honest mirth.' They who understand him deem him deserving of praise, and condone the faults which he had in common with most men.

But he did not like Spain or the pilgrimage to St. James.

'I assure all the worlde,' says he, 'that I had rather goe v times to Rome oute of England, than one to Compostel: by water it is no pain, but by land it is the greatest iurney that an Englyshman may go. and whan I returnyd, and did come into Aquitany, I dyd kis the ground for ioy, surrendring thankes to God that I was deliuered out of greate daungers, as well from many theues, as from honger and colde, and that I was come into a plentiful country; for Aquitany hath no felow for good wyne & bred.'

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PASSING OF SANTIAGO

The cult of St. James and the prosperity of Compostella were at their highest development during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The glory of the ages had concentrated itself in the magnificence of the closing years of the fifteenth century. The taking of Granada and the discovery of America were far from being the cause of the decline, but they synchronize therewith, and mark the coming of an age in which mighty men, such as Erasmus, Luther, and Rabelais, should lead the way to the destruction of errors more formidable than the Moors had been to Spain, and to the development of human thought and enterprise which would make the finding of the Western Main beneficial to humanity. The decline of Santiago was but one of many changes due to the dying out of one age and the dawn of another. The whole civilized world was rebuilding and reforming itself, using old material whenever possible, preserving whatever had proved itself true as well as beautiful and had endeared itself to human hearts and minds, but casting aside whatever had worn itself out and bordered on decay and death.

Spain guarded herself against the inroads of new thought and new practice, and with every means at her disposal resisted changes which elsewhere had already happened. The cult of St. James had not worn itself out; but its continuance depended largely on foreign sympathy and support. Most of the pilgrims came from abroad, from Germany, Scandinavia, England, France, and Italy. As the sixteenth century moved on, the motive for pilgrimage weakened and passed away. Without motive no one would go to Compostella. Even when commercial enterprise came in, traders soon found that they could carry on business without the guise of religion.

The scepticism, then, which appears in Andrew Boorde's references to Santiago of Compostella was by no means peculiar to him. He was simply caught in the drift,

and the drift to unbelief had long been deepening and broadening. As the individual Christian realized the right and learned to think and inquire for himself, doubt sprang up not only concerning the legends which had gathered about a shrine such as that of Compostella, or any other shrine in Christendom, but also in general on the benefit of pilgrimages and the efficacy of saintly intercession. We may be sure that some unbelief had existed in reference to St. James from the very first, or there would not have been so many miracles wrought or appeals made to support the legends. When everybody assents, there is no need of argument; and should unbelief intrude itself, with most people it was reduced easily to silence and stupor. Moreover, in cases of obstinacy, for centuries rare and extraordinary, death became a speedy cure; and the speedier the cure, the shorter the sickness of the afflicted patient, and the more sure the health of the community. After all, unbelief came, not from the strangeness of the wonders alleged, or from any inborn tendency of the human mind, but from the Evil One who could not be contented in heaven, and now found his pleasure in hindering good and hastening evil. The masses of Christendom, both clerical and lay, held that the devil himself was at the bottom of the opposition, say, to the cult of St. James; and as the devil was the father of lies, doubt inspired by him should not be trusted or indulged in. So, speaking generally, good people everywhere fought the devil and clung to the Saint. They thanked God for having given them legends and miracles, and were not discouraged.

But by the middle of the fifteenth century this conviction had lost much of its strength. More persistent and forceful as time went on arose the question, Is the body of St. James the Great really at Compostella? To be sure, Ambrosio de Morales answers the question decidedly in the affirmative. He has no doubt whatever that St. James lies within the shrine there. But Juan de Mariana, of the same century and of quite as good repute, is not sure either of the visit of St. James to Spain or of the genuineness of the body said to be his. Mariana, however, does not care to make trouble. 'It is,' he says, 'not expedient to disturb with such disputes the devotion of the people, so firmly settled as it is.'

The objection to pilgrimages, however, sprang up not so much from intellectual or spiritual doubts, for, in spite of

evidence or argument to the contrary, it is not difficult to believe anything that one makes up one's mind to believe. The time came when men did not wish to believe, not because the subject of faith was untrue, but simply because they had lost interest in the subject. To-day it is a matter of indifference what the ancient pagans found at the end of their pilgrimage to the shrine of Jupiter Tyrius at Gades, or of Apollo at Delphi, or of Diana at Ephesus. So regardless are we of those deities, that we do not try either to believe or to disbelieve. As concerning them, their miracles or qualities, we do not care about the truth. In other departments of life many things are true, but fail to excite faith. So at length, a long length to be sure, pilgrimages passed out of fashion. Here and there they were condemned outspokenly and vigorously; but even then not always because of any error of doctrine or legend that may have led to them. The objections far more frequently came from their results or outcrop. The nature of the tree was made known by its fruits rather than by any theories claimed for it.

Thus it was alleged that pilgrimages gave encouragement to laziness and wicked living. More than that, they furthered the traffic in relics, and no abuse prevailed to so enormous an extent or begat such gross imposition. Though writing of times a century and a half later than those of which we are just now thinking, Sir Walter Scott fairly interpreted the popular feeling when in *The Abbot* he tells us, that at the country fair at Kinross, off Lochleven, among other curiosities were exhibited 'cockle-shells which had been brought from the shrine of St. James of Compostella.' These shells were disposed of to devout folk at nearly as high a price as antiquaries in Sir Walter's time were willing to pay for baubles of similar intrinsic value. Thus the journey to Compostella could be saved and pretence be made of the achievement. Much earlier than this, people had so bought and exhibited these shells. Long before the times of Mary, Queen of Scots, the authorities had denounced this imposture. Popes Alexander III., Gregory IX., and Clement V. had granted to the archbishops of Compostella a faculty to excommunicate all persons who should sell these 'shelles of Galice' to pilgrims anywhere but in that city. So in *The Monastery*, Julian Avenel, failing to recognize Henry Warden, a preacher of the new doctrine of the lords of the congregation, exclaimed against his buckram

gown and long staff, and greeted him as perchance 'some pilgrim with a budget of lies from St. James of Compostella.' He bids him, 'Away with thee, with thy clouted coat, scrip, and scallop-shell!'

As we have said in former chapters, the cockle-shell, which is abundant on the shores near Vigo and other ports at which pilgrims used to disembark, had been long the distinguishing badge of visitors to the shrine at Compostella. The shell was worn on the cloak or hat, 'the scallop-shell his cap did deck.' Thus in the ballad, 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' the lady describes her lover as clad in 'a pilgrim's weedes':

> 'And how should I know your true love
> From many an other one?
> O by his scallop shell and hat,
> And by his sandal shoon.'

Nor may we here forget Sir Walter Raleigh's exquisite lines:—

> 'Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
> My staff of faith to walk upon,
> My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
> My bottle of salvation,
> My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
> And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage.'

The scallop-shell and other relics obtained at Compostella had served a useful purpose. Devout people cherished them. Many a pure, loving spirit interpreted them to his heart's joy:—

> 'Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
> Travelleth towards the land of heaven.'

These sacred things had awakened emotions and stirred desires which in themselves had made friends and neighbours at home and far away think of the Apostle, of the wonders done by faith in him, and of the duties involved in seeking and securing his help. Even later than the sixteenth century, when, for instance, England had fallen away, the Spanish people still held to their ancient custom. A late legend gave another interpretation to the purpose of the Milky Way. It became the road trodden nightly by the spectres of those who did not make the pilgrimage to St. James's sepulchre while they were upon earth, which, so it was said, all good Spaniards should do.

But the noblest aspirations live in peril of decay and death. So here. Not, as I said just now, so much from the neglect of doctrine as from the abuses of practice. Molina traces the decline of the pilgrimage to Compostella to the 'damnable doctrines of the accursed Luther,' and these doctrines, he says, 'diminished the numbers of Germans and *wealthy* English.' To some extent this is near the fact; but far more destructive were the tales and claims of pilgrims, and the fraudulent dealings in relics and pardons. Had the practice kept pure, the change of doctrine would have had little effect.

It is scarcely necessary to attempt to prove the passing away of the cult of St. James. One could as profitably evince the setting of the sun. But as illustrating the fact, I give a number of extracts from authorities near at hand. They will add force to much that I have said, and perhaps throw light on the whole subject.

Chaucer seems to have had little against pilgrimage itself. He laughed at relics and pardons; but he gave the world the story of a pilgrimage which is as immortal as it is exquisite, and without which literature would be sadly at a loss. But Langland is outspoken in his dislike both for the act and also for the people who performed it. He regards the pilgrim—perhaps we had better say the promoter who moved the pilgrim to make the journey—as an impostor. For him he had neither respect nor pity. Ignorance and selfishness, the love of money and despicable ingenuity, led to his deceitfulness. He cared not an iota for the souls of his trapped and deluded dupes. Langland seems to have known by experience the wrongs that had thus been done; and his *Piers Plowman* is itself, like the mediaeval *Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine*, or John Bunyan's allegory, and after the fashion of the *Faery Queen*, the story of a pilgrimage out of the darkness of one phase of life into the light of another and a better phase.

In the fifth passus of *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, he tells of the company which went out to seek truth. They met a 'paynim in pilgrimes wise,' bearing about him all sorts of articles indicating the holy sites which he had visited—'signes of Synay, and shelles of Galice, and many a crouche [cross] on his cloke.' Some of the company asked him whence he came. He had been in many places:—

> 'Ye may se by my signes, That sitten on myn hatte,
> That I have walked ful wide In weet and in drye,
> And sought good seintes For my soules helthe.'

And yet when they asked him, 'Knowest thou a saint men call Saint Truth? Couldst thou show us the way to the place where he dwelleth?' he could only reply, 'Nay, so me God helpe!'

> 'I seigh never palmere, With pyk ne with scrippe,
> Asken after hym er Til now, in this place.'

But, as some one else says, 'Truth is not the sort of saint that pilgrims go to seek,' and Piers Plowman therefore undertakes to guide the company on such a pilgrimage as should result in finding the desired Saint. Shall they who seek surely find?

It so happened that on the seventh day of August, 1407, at the Castle of Saltwood—a residence of the archbishops of Canterbury of very ancient origin, then recently rebuilt, a mile north of Hythe in Kent—there was brought for examination before Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, a north of England priest named William Thorpe. This was not the first time Thorpe had stood before the archbishop. Ten years earlier, in 1397, he had been charged with heresy, and the archbishop, driven by powerful influences to put down as far as possible the Wycliffite or Lollard movement, had sentenced him to imprisonment. From this imprisonment Thorpe was freed by Robert Braybrooke, bishop of London. Now came a second trial. Thorpe had been preaching at Shrewsbury, and among other things he had affirmed that men and women who go on pilgrimage are accursed and made foolish, spending their goods in waste. For this he was arrested, and sent to Saltwood Castle.

The Lollards and their 'Poor Preachers' were troublesome and irritating people. In the then social divisions of England they stood on the side of the husbandman and peasant, and against barons, prelates, and princes. The clergy came in for their most vehement denunciation, especially the friars, who, lustful, unscrupulous, and accomplished in tricks, were the more direct oppressors of the poor. The author of *Piers Plowman's Crede* gives us a 'portrait of the fat friar with his double chin shaking about as big as a goose's egg, and the ploughman with his hood full of holes, his mittens made of patches, and his poor wife going barefoot on the ice so that her blood followed.' Other contemporary poets tell the same tale. The *Ploughman's Complaint*, to quote Principal Lindsay in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 'paints

popes, cardinals, prelates, rectors, monks and friars, who call themselves followers of Peter and keepers of the gates of heaven and hell, and pale poverty-stricken people, cotless and landless, who have to pay the fat clergy for spiritual assistance, and asks if these are Peter's priests. "I trowe Peter took no money, for no sinners that he sold." '

Flesh and blood found it hard to tolerate advocates of opinions such as these. Possibly the charges may have been exaggerated, grossly so, after the manner of controversialists, and exceptional cases may have been taken for the rule, but the most saintly of men, free as Nathaniel of Galilee from all guile, do not like to be numbered among the transgressors. They are apt to resent it. We are not surprised therefore to find that Thomas Arundel was provoked at Lollardy. It spoke so outrageously of dignitaries. He does not seem to have been by nature resentful or cruel. He had attained high rank, both as a prelate of the Church and as Chancellor of England, not so much because of his noble birth as for his abilities and disposition to justice. But even mild and judicious men can be provoked to anger and severity. Oxford had felt his heavy hand because of the drift of the university to the doctrines of Wycliffe.

And there stood before him, for the second time, this notorious Lollard, William Thorpe!

The archbishop was not in kindly humour. We can imagine that the mere garb of the poor preacher excited him, though Thorpe, a member of the university of Oxford, was both a priest and a scholar. Nor do I suppose that the chaplains and secretaries, and the officers and attendants of the court, thought much of the archbishop's coarseness and bad manners. 'The caitiff had condemned pilgrimages!' He deserved no better treatment.

The charges were made in proper form. This done, I fancy I hear the archbishop's shout, 'Again!' Then, so the record says, he exclaimed :—

'Ungracious lousel!'—Worthless wretch!—'Thou favourest no more truth than a hound!'

No pilgrimages? No saints? No relics?

Thorpe stated his position clearly and firmly, in remarkably good language, and with respect :—

'Examine,' he says, 'whosoever will, twenty of these pilgrims, and he shall not find the men or women that know surely a commandment of God, nor can say their Paternoster and Ave Maria, nor their Credo, readily in any manner

of language. The cause why that many men and women go hither and thither now on pilgrimages, is more for the health of their bodies than of their souls ; more to have riches and prosperity of this world than to be enriched with virtues in their souls ; more to have here worldly and fleshly friendship than for to have friendship of God and of His saints in heaven.'

He contends, says the erudite author of *Curiosities of Popular Customs*, that such persons as these, who spend much money and time in seeking out and visiting the bones or images of this or of that saint, do that which is in direct disobedience to the commands of God, inasmuch as they waste their goods partly upon innkeepers, many of whom are women of profligate conduct, partly upon rich priests, who already have more than they need.

'Also, sir,' he concludes, 'I know well that when divers men and women will go thus after their own wills, and finding out one pilgrimage, they will ordain with them [arrange with one another] before to have with them both men and women that can well sing wanton songs, and some other pilgrims will have their bagpipes ; so that every town they come through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking out of dogs after them, they make more noise than if the king came there away with all his clarions and many other minstrels.'

The archbishop, determined at all risks to defend this merriment, made reply—and the reply, after all, is not entirely without common sense :—

'Lewd wasel!' he cried, 'thou seest not far enough into this matter. I say to thee that it is right well done that pilgrims have with them both singers and also pipers, that when one of them that goeth barefoot striketh his toe upon a stone and hurteth him sore, and maketh him to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellows begin then a song, or else take out of his bosom a bagpipe, for to drive away with such mirth the hurt of his fellow. For with such solace the travel and weariness of pilgrims is lightly and merrily brought forth.'

William Thorpe was too brave and determined a preacher, and had too widespread a reputation as a favourer of change in church and in social life, to be allowed freedom. His end is somewhat uncertain, but it is stated on fairly good authority that he was burned at Saltwood in the same month of his trial, August, 1407.

Thus a spirit was abroad working against Compostella, and other shrines, and against pilgrimages in general, persistent and subtle, growing from generation to generation, sometimes leading to death, perhaps discerned only and estimated accurately by the few in any age who can read the signs of the times. At last the laugh of Rabelais passed over Christendom, gathering into its huge, boisterous mirth the accumulations of derision, ribaldry, scorn, merriment, and drollery. Little could stand before that laugh, and that which did survive lived rather with brown leaves of autumn than with green buds of spring, beautiful perhaps, but in the near grip of winter. A laugh, and yet not altogether a laugh: for thus, full of gravity and wisdom, speaks Grangousier to some pilgrims, and beyond them to all sorts of men :—

'Go your ways, poor men, in the name of God the Creator! to whom I pray to guide you perpetually, and henceforward be not so ready to undertake these idle and unprofitable journeys. Look to your families, labour every man in his vocation, instruct your children, and live as the good Apostle St. Paul directeth you: in doing whereof, God, His angels and saints, will guard and protect you, and no evil or plague at any time shall befall you.'

But no one more disturbed the faith of Western Europe in the Saint of Galicia than did Erasmus. In one of his *Colloquies*, entitled the 'Religious Pilgrimage,' he represents a man whom he names Ogygius as returning home from a journey full of superstition. The man had paid a visit to St. James at Compostella, his wife and mother-in-law having obliged him to make a vow so to do. On getting near home, he meets a friend, Menedemus by name, and the following conversation occurs. I give it in full from the translation made in the early part of the eighteenth century by the lexicographer, N. Bailey. It is worth reading, both for its quaint ideas and language, and also for the information it conveys—much of which I could not venture otherwise to give.

MENEDEMUS AND OGYGIUS

Men. What Novelty is this? Don't I see my old Neighbour Ogygius, that no Body has set their Eyes on this six Months? There was a Report he was dead. It is he, or I 'm mightily mistaken. I 'll go up to him, and give him his Welcome. Welcome, Ogygius.

Ogy. And well met, Menedemus.

Men. From what Part of the World came you ? For here was a melancholy Report that you had taken a Voyage to the Stygian Shades.

Ogy. Nay, I thank God, I never was better in all my Life, than I have been ever since I saw you last.

Men. And may you live always to confute such vain Reports : But what strange Dress is this ? It is all over set off with Shells scollop'd, full of Images of Lead and Tin, and Chains of Straw-Work, and the Cuffs are adorned with Snakes Eggs instead of Bracelets.

Ogy. I have been to pay a visit to St. James at Compostella, and after that to the famous Virgin on the other Side the Water in England ; and this was rather a Revisit ; for I had been to see her three Years before.

Men. What ! out of Curiosity, I suppose ?

Ogy. Nay, upon the Score of Religion.

Men. That Religion, I suppose, the Greek Tongue taught you.

Ogy. My Wife's Mother had bound herself by a Vow, that if her Daughter should be delivered of a live Male Child, I should go to present my Respects to St. James in Person, and thank him for it.

Men. And did you salute the Saint only in your own and your Mother-in-Law's Name ?

Ogy. Nay, in the Name of the whole Family.

Men. Truly I am persuaded your Family would have been every Whit as well, if you had never complimented him at all. But prithee, what Answer did he make you when you thanked him ?

Ogy. None at all ; but upon tendring my Present, he seemed to smile, and gave me a gentle Nod, with this same Scollop Shell.

Men. But why does he rather give those than any Thing else ?

Ogy. Because he has plenty of them, the neighbouring Sea furnishing him with them.

Men. O gracious Saint, that is both a Midwife to Women in Labour, and hospitable to Travellers too ! But what new Fashion of making Vows is this, that one who does nothing himself, shall make a Vow that another Man shall work ? Put the Case that you should tie yourself up by a Vow that I should fast twice a Week, if you should succeed in such and such an Affair, do you think I 'd perform what you had vowed ?

Ogy. I believe you would not, altho' you had made the Vow yourself : For you made a Joke of Fobbing the Saints off. But it was my Mother-in-Law that made the Vow, and it was my Duty to be obedient : You know the Temper of Women, and also my own Interest lay at Stake.

Men. If you had not performed the Vow, what Risque had you run ?

Ogy. I don't believe the Saint could have laid an Action at Law against me ; but he might for the future have stopp'd his Ears at my Petitions, or slily have brought some Mischief or other upon my Family : You know the Humour of great Persons.

Men. Prithee tell me, how does the good Man St. James do ? and what was he doing ?

Ogy. Why truly, not so well by far as he used to be.

Men. What 's the Matter, is he grown old ?

Ogy. Trifler ! You know Saints never grow old. No, but it is this new Opinion that has been spread abroad thro' the World, is the Occasion, that he has not so many Visits made to him as he used to have ; and those that do come, give him a bare Salute, and either nothing at all, or little or nothing else ; they say they can bestow their Money to better Purpose upon those that want it.

Men. An impious Opinion.

Ogy. And this is the Cause, that this great Apostle, that used to glitter with Gold and Jewels, now is brought to the very Block that he is made of, and has scarce a Tallow Candle.

Men. If this be true, the rest of the Saints are in danger of coming to the same Pass.

So far for Erasmus. Of Martin Luther much may be said, but, positive and destructive as he was in many particulars, in dealing with superstitions, as he termed them, he displayed considerable inconsistency. Thus, for instance, he held that 'memorial pictures or those which bear testimony to the faith, such as crucifixes and the images of the saints,' are honest and praiseworthy, but the images venerated at places of pilgrimage he execrated as 'utterly idolatrous and mere shelters of the devil.' Curiously enough, both he and his immediate followers outstripped the Middle Ages in the stress they laid on the reality and the work of the devil. Thus runs a passage in a sermon of one of his right-hand men: 'The Papists have their own devils who work supposed miracles on their behalf, for the wonders which occur among them at the places of pilgrimage or elsewhere in answer to their prayers are not real miracles but devil's make-believe. In fact Satan frequently makes a person appear ill, and, then, by releasing him from the spell, cures him again.'

It would seem, therefore, that more depended on the use made of the practice or opinion than on the verity of such. The Lutherans could invent and publish legends as freely and aptly as their opponents. Here is a familiar illustra-

tion: 'Seven years before his death, it was reported of Bellarmine, the great controversialist of that day, that "he had died miserably and in despair," carried off on the back of a fiery he-goat for hell; and "even to this very day," so it was told during his lifetime, "Bellarmine may be heard gruesomely howling in the wind, astride his flaming, winged steed."'

But, for all that, Luther had tremendous influence. Dean Hook in his *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, says: 'When Erasmus and Luther spoke, theirs was only the voice of genius giving utterance to the pent-up feelings of Christendom. To the call of Erasmus, preceding that of Luther, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the leading characters of England gave a cordial response.' The influence of Luther in England, however, was far less powerful. The English divines listened to him, but they can scarcely be said to have trusted him. It so chanced that they agreed with him in his opinions concerning pilgrimages. Of such he had nothing favourable to say. He declared that they were a creation of the monks, and enjoined by them at the expense of the duties of a man's calling. They were an easy way of getting out of disagreeable or difficult tasks. A man could leave far behind, business, wife and children, all the obligations of everyday life, and, under pretence of religion, gad abroad with other like-minded wastrels to distant shrines. This, however, was an abuse of the idea of pilgrimage, and long before Luther's time had been condemned by earnest and faithful preachers all over Christendom. It was not a new teaching. But in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the growth of the abuse, the doubt of the efficacy of the act, the unscrupulous efforts to support a custom which to say the least had degenerated, and the tendency to change the old for the new, had given the teaching a strength and a popularity it had never possessed. The strictures of Luther were welcomed by those who agreed with him, no matter how much otherwise they differed from him. Pilgrimage did not fall between friend and foe, but friend and foe united in opposition to its corrupt practices. 'A man should perform the duties of his calling, and not neglect them for the sake of prayer, or "out of the way practices" such as pilgrimages.'

Though an opportunist, even when at Wittenberg he nailed his Ninety-five Theses on the church door, or at Wartburg he threw his ink-pot at the devil, Luther had a

sharp and heavy axe, and the axe was made of true and trusty steel. The trees fell under his stroke; and, dislike him as men may, none can deny his rank among the powerful leaders of a powerful age.

He was both iconoclastic and conservative, but it is doubtful what purpose guided him in either direction, whether always truth or sometimes policy. It is, however, fairly evident that neither he nor the men who laboured with him in the same work had the slightest desire to establish freedom of thought. They would abolish the ancient and time-worn doctrines and customs, but in their stead they wrought industriously to forge new fetters in catechisms and confessions of faith which should bind as tightly as ever the minds of men. That they did not favour pilgrimages, told against pilgrimages. None of them had a word to say for St. James of Compostella; and the Saint after a thousand years of glory was left to shift for himself.

When men such as Erasmus found it possible to sum up the objections which had been so long accumulating against the cult of St. James, and to set them forth in words that the world had to listen to, and would laugh over, it may be said that the Spanish Apostle was in sorry case. Some would say that he was as good as dead. Without being dead, he was practically helpless. His friends, in their stupidity and shortsightedness, had devitalized and exhausted him.

Again I remind the reader that it is not necessary to suppose, because Erasmus denounced or ridiculed the evils and abuses which pervaded the religious practices of his times, that he denied or cast aside the doctrines or opinions which at the outset occasioned such practices. Like his friend Sir Thomas More, and many other earnest and conservative scholars who sought rather to cleanse and purify the sanctuary than to pull down and rebuild it, he felt that where practices led to corruption, and corruption overspread the land, it was desirable to get rid of the practice. Take the unmarried life, for instance. Celibacy is an ideal state of life for the clergy, and even in the most immoral ages was beyond doubt kept faithfully by many, perhaps by most of them, yet, ensuing as it frequently did in deplorable conditions, it were better left as an ideal till an age arrived suitable to its practice, and human nature had so modified itself as to make it safe. So far as we can see, it is a rule for heaven and for angels, but not for earth or for men. It may be taken for granted, therefore, as an illustration, that

men who would abolish evil, and yet not relinquish opinions or customs which had in them both wisdom and truth, would esteem celibacy without making it obligatory.

So with pilgrimage. They would correct its shortcomings, and refrain from repudiating the act itself.

Moreover, it should not be forgotten that in the process of disparaging persons or customs, exaggeration and misrepresentation have no insignificant part. We are not obliged to take as fact all that was said against pilgrimages, shrines, or saints. Even Edmund Spenser, heartily as he approved of the Reformation as it shaped itself in the reign of Elizabeth, regarding the particular doctrines which the Church of England had rejected as articles of a 'diabolical faith,' had no hesitation in denouncing the slanders and untrue reports which had led to the destruction of so much that in itself was helpful and true. The spirit of this evil-speaking he represented under the figure of the 'Blatant Beast,' and described the monster at some length in the last canto of the fifth book of the *Faery Queen*. This is the 'dreadful fiend' which, in the sixth book, Sir Calidore pursues and puts to shame. Of all the good knights spoken of by Spenser, Calidore is the noblest and best. He is pre-eminently the knight of courtesy, and, as Professor Henry Morley observed, his name describes his quality as a beautiful gift. Perhaps I may venture to suggest that before the reader accepts all that is said against St. James of Compostella, or, let us enlarge the application and say, against the times in which his cult began to weaken, he should read the following stanzas from the twelfth canto of the sixth book:—

'. . . let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by final force to quell,
Through every place with restless pain and toil
Him follow'd by the trace of his outrageous spoil.

'Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoil, such havoc, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodness he bereft,
That endless were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with main and might.

'Into their cloisters now he broken had,
Through which the monks he chased here and there,
And them pursued into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cells and secrets near;
In which what filth and ordure did appear,
Were irksome to report; yet that foul Beast,
Naught sparing them, the more did toss and tear
And ransack all their dens from most to least,
Regarding naught religion nor their holy heast.

'From thence into the sacred church he broke,
And robb'd the chancel, and the desks down threw,
And altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th' images, for all their goodly hue,
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rue;
So all confounded and disorder'd there:
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatal hand by former fear;
But he him fast pursuing soon approached near.'

Calidore, overtaking and fiercely assailing the hideous creature, forced the monster to turn round, and he looked into his open, poison-foaming mouth, grisly grim, with its iron teeth—an enormous cavern, like the vast gateway into Hades. And therein the knight saw the weapons of Slander. If I quote these descriptive stanzas it is chiefly that I may illustrate the tone and temper of the times in which an age sought to bury its past, and evil, seizing its opportunity, outraged the cherished beliefs of centuries.

'And therein were a thousand tongues empight
Of sundry kinds and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of bears, that groyn'd continually;
And some of tigers, that did seem to gren
And snarl at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
Which spake reproachfully, not caring where or when.

'And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poison, and gore-bloody gear,
At all that came within his ravenings;
And spake licentious words and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of low and high,
Ne kaisars spared he a whit nor kings;
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.'

CHAPTER XXV

THROUGH DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

But though St. James of Compostella came near death's door, it is not to be taken for granted that he died. That is to say, the cult was some distance from being entirely abandoned. Even in England, though pilgrimages fell into desuetude, the holy Apostle was remembered in a crude fashion by proverbs and customs. Londoners still begin eating oysters on his day, July 25, and it is said that, 'He who eats oysters on St. James's Day will never want money' —perhaps because only the wealthy can afford them on this opening day. In some parts of the country, apple trees are blessed on St. James's Day. In other localities we hear that 'Till St. James's Day be come and gone, you may have hops or you may have none,' which no doubt has a meaning, though it be not on the surface. So used to run the rhyme :—

> 'July, to whom, with Dog-star in her train,
> St. James gives oysters, and St. Swithin rain.'

Nor is it forgotten, at least by those familiar with the antiquities of London, that on St. James's Day, in the year 1625, Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles I., walked barefoot and in sackcloth through St. James's Park and Hyde Park to the gallows at Tyburn, and there prayed for the souls of the saints and martyrs, as she called them, who were executed for their share in Gunpowder Plot. This act of piety must have given food for thought to some of his majesty's Anglican and Puritan subjects.

St. James's Park was once a swampy, desolate tract of ground, on the outskirts of an extensive forest. In this damp and secluded meadow was founded by the citizens of London, it may have been in Norman times, a leper-house which was known as St. James's Hospital—sometimes the Hospital of St. James de Cherryngge or Cherringam, that is, of Charing. It is probable that the St. James here commemorated was the apostolic bishop of Jerusalem, and not the Saint of Compostella ; but the English people generally

so confused the two disciples, and do so still, that we may here leave the question undecided. The house provided shelter for 'fourteen sisters, maidens that were leprous, living chastely and honestly for divine service.' The sisters in this Slough of Despond, as Jacob Larwood, in his *Story of London Parks*, calls this lonely spot, were given the right to the profits of an annual fair held from the Eve of St. James's Day to the end of the sixth day after. The shops in London were closed during this fair. The month in which this fair was held would seem sufficient to decide which St. James was the patron of the Leper Hospital. Later the sisters were allowed fifty-six pounds a year, and still later were given four hides of land, about 480 acres in all. Henry VI. granted its perpetual custody to Eton College, about the time that William Way was a master there. Provision was made elsewhere for the afflicted sisters. Then in 1532 Henry VIII. compounded for it with Eton College, and, demolishing the ancient buildings, erected on their site a 'magnificent and goodly manor-house.' Now 'St. James in the Field' is known the world over as St. James's Palace, and gives its name to the court of the sovereigns of England.

Thus the English people preserved the name, to some extent the memory, of the Apostle of whom their forefathers thought much, and to whom they resorted for counsel, healing, comfort, and the remission of sin. The Church of St. James at Garlick Hythe, in Vintry Ward, was probably dedicated to him of Compostella; and there was a cell belonging to the abbot of Garendon called 'St. James in the Wall,' by Cripplegate. This cell or chapel was bought from King Edward VI. by a devout merchant, who in 1577 endowed it for divine service.

Naturally St. James would be kept in mind more clearly in Spain. Pilgrimages to his shrine are even now observed, but not on the scale which anciently prevailed. After the destruction of the Spanish Armada, it is not likely that any visitors came from England; but an Irish archbishop, while on pilgrimage, died there May 6, 1654, and on his tomb in the cathedral may be read: 'D. Tomas Valois, Arzobispo de Cashel en Irlanda.' The king is still the Grand Master of the Order of St. James, and it is doubtful if there be an Order in Europe, excepting possibly that of the Garter, in which membership is more highly appreciated. Nor has the Apostle been deprived of his rank as Patron and Protector of Spain. But both in numbers and in services, Compostella

is only a shadow of its former self. A few peasants from Galicia and neighbouring provinces gather there from time to time; but rarely, if ever, do pilgrims in any considerable numbers cross either mountain or sea from abroad.

In his *Spanish Galicia*, Mr. Aubrey Bell gives this interesting description of the pilgrimage as it occurs at the present day: 'On the morning of the pilgrimage they march in procession four abreast through the magnificent Plaza del Hospital, the balconies of which are hung with red and yellow, to the cathedral, the men coming first and the band, then the more numerous women. Three policemen lead the way and the parish priests walk like officers at the side. The city is shaken with the firing of shells; the bells of the cathedral clash and peal. The mighty doors are open in welcome, displaying the splendours of the *Pórtico de la Gloria*. A verger with gorgeous magenta robe and silver staff receives them, accompanied by the canons, at the top of the steps and guides them into the cathedral. They enter singing loudly, and the voices of row after row, as it enters the dark aisle from the glowing sunshine, are drowned by the notes of the organ. As one looks on their thin, white, mystic faces one seems to understand the miracles.' Do not forget this last weird impression!

Mr. Walter Wood in a chapter in his *Corner of Spain*, concerning Compostella, which he aptly calls 'Spain's Jerusalem' (London, 1910), describes the celebration at Compostella on the eve of St. James's Day, July 24, and, by the way, he who would know that city to-day should read carefully this most interesting book. I condense some of its paragraphs. From early morn the people give themselves up to enjoyment and merriment: everybody in holiday costume and with smiling face, bands marching through the streets, clanging bells, crashing rockets, processions of 'giants' crudely representing the arrival of pilgrims of old from all parts of the world, and games such as the climbing of greasy poles and dancing to the Galician bagpipes. Thus the day passes on from joy to joy and from noise to noise, till in the darkness comes a brilliant display of fireworks in front of the cathedral; and bells and bands and shouts and songs of the crowds unite in an outburst of uncontrolled and tremendous confusion, sufficient, one would think, to disturb the peace of the mighty dead, and perhaps, on the other hand, to delight the soul of the apostolic Son of Thunder.

Early the next morning appears the great procession of which Aubrey Bell speaks. During the services, the civil governor, the king himself if he be present, ascends the steps of the high altar, and kneeling down offers in the name of the king a fervent prayer and an annual gift of gold, equalling £400 sterling. The service over, the cardinal officiating pronounces the papal blessing, and to all who have shared officially in the ceremonies are given beautiful bouquets of flowers. Then in the sanctuary, before the holy Apostle, and for his special amusement, the giants give a dance. In the afternoon these grotesque figures and the 'dwarfs' walk the streets.

'For these two days in July each year,' Mr. Wood says, 'Santiago surrenders itself to revelry and enjoyment; then the city resumes its peaceful, yet always bright and interesting, life. The people have had their giants and dwarfs, bands of music and mortars, celebrations in the cathedral and their bells, and have shown that in spite of all their woes and burdens they still know how to live.'

Among the particulars Mr. Wood so pleasantly gives, we find the following interesting bit of information :—

'In 1909, for the first time in nearly four centuries, an English band of pilgrims, headed by the Archbishop of Westminster, visited Galicia, by the Booth Line, under the guidance of the Catholic Association, and their banner is suspended in the cloisters of the holy city's minster, while on many of their walls at home are hung the coveted certificates of pilgrimage.'

When this excursion took place, the times had indeed changed. Not only were the traditions of pilgrimage remote and faint, but an archbishop of Westminster was a novelty, and the company he led a schism from the ancient Catholic Church of England. Nevertheless, the occasion suggests a happy recrudescence of a romantic and poetical age. And yet instead of pilgrims, by far the larger number of visitors to the shrine of Santiago consists of tourists and antiquaries. The former do not consider that they have seen Spain unless they have been to Compostella, and as a rule, at least while on their journey, tourists have little religion, and still less faith. They gaze on sacred things with rude curiosity, in their hand a pencil rather than a crucifix, and stroll hither and thither through hallowed precincts heedless of solemn service or ancient association. Than antiquaries, if we may make a comparison, tourists have immeasurably less grace.

The scholar, though, perhaps, dubious and unacquiescing, can picture and appreciate the past, and judge fairly its character and accomplishments; but the mere sight-seer rushes on his way, satisfied that the wonders at which he has looked are scarcely worth trying to understand, and that in all the world there is no region or people more behind the times.

And yet, for those who have eyes to see, much is left in Spain to remind us of a past full of interest and romance. In his *Soul of Spain*, which will well reward the reader's perusal, Havelock Ellis tells us: 'The England of Chaucer and the ballads was familiar with the wandering figure of the palmer with his cockle-shells. Once on arriving at Zamora I found myself walking behind a dark, quiet, bearded man, evidently just arrived from Compostella, who had several large scallop-shells fastened to the back of his cloak, and two or three little twisted shells hanging from the top of the traditional palmer's staff he bore, an ancient figure one supposed had passed from the earth five centuries ago, walking through the streets of a modern city, and not even attracting the attention of the bold and familiar children of Zamora.'

No one would be likely to doubt the honesty of a man making such a pilgrimage nowadays. The dishonesty would be more likely to occur in times when the pilgrimage was popular and profitable. Among the swarms of swindlers which sought the alms of the citizens of London in the late Middle Ages were sham pilgrims with a sprig of palm or a scallop-shell in their hat, claiming to have made the journey to Rome, Jerusalem, or Compostella. 'One such,' says Charles Pendrill, in his *London Life in the Fourteenth Century*, 'walking the streets barefooted and with long hair, confessed that although he had never visited any of these places, he had made a living for six years on the strength of a reputation for having done so.'

It is doubtful if pilgrimage by proxy would be free from imposition. Sometimes devout persons sent a representative to visit shrines and to offer the necessary prayers on their behalf. Louis Francis Salzman, in *English Life in the Middle Ages*, gives several instances of this. In 1352 a London merchant left seven pounds for a pilgrimage to be made to Santiago for his soul's welfare.

In this age, which we regard above all ages as more scientific and more insistent on truth, or what we consider

truth, it is difficult to appreciate the mental drift which assured people of bygone days that an object might be in substance or reality that which its accidents or qualities showed it could not be. The difficulty makes itself felt whether one considers the sacrament on the altar or the relics in the shrine. Compostella claimed to have one of the thorns from the Sacred Crown. More may be said on this difficulty, if we would be just to such people: that is, if we would refrain from condemning them outright as impostors or dupes.

Thus, for instance, take an illustration from an age which cannot be regarded as ignorant or benighted. On St. George's Day in the year 1505, Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, an enlightened patron of arts and letters, minister of Louis XII., and seriously thought of as a candidate for the Papacy, sent as a present to Henry VII. of England a leg of St. George encased in silver. The gift was received with undisguised joy, and, at a critical moment in the affairs of Europe, did much to soften asperities and to beget kindly feelings between the two monarchs, and by command of Archbishop Warham was exhibited in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Is it to be supposed that the cardinal, the archbishop, the king of England, and the king of France, to say nothing of the many attendants concerned in the transaction, were bereft of their senses or their powers of reflection? Did they give or accept that leg of St. George without so much as troubling themselves whether it was an actual physical part of the body of the patron saint of England or a 'make-believe,' at the best a mere symbol? Or had they a gift of suspending inquiry or judgment, and of taking for granted the thing was really that which it was said to be? Or did they simply wish to believe, and so came to believe? Of course, it will be said that the men of whom I speak—men among the most practical leaders of that or of any age—were credulous, and that the depths of credulity have never been sounded.

Perhaps so. But take, for example, Archbishop Warham. He was not only an intimate friend and unfailing patron of Erasmus, but also one of the wisest and ablest occupants of the throne of Canterbury. He was deeply religious, though his religion was more tinctured by superstition than that of Erasmus. He became at different periods in his life Chancellor of England and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Among the great men of his age, he was distinguished for his habit of warmly shaking hands with his

friends, however humble in position. Nor did he shrink from favouring reform, though some thought him timid. Henry VII., cold and cautious as he was, regarded him with much favour. In most senses of the term he was a superior man; though, as Dean Hook says, his whole character was dwarfed by the overshadowing of the master-mind of Cardinal Wolsey. He became primate of all England about the same time that Colet was made dean of St. Paul's and St. George's leg was brought to England. Ten years later, in 1515, with extraordinary rites the red hat was set on Wolsey's head. England had rarely witnessed so sumptuous a ceremony, and I refer to it that, by quoting a sentence from Dean Colet's sermon on that occasion, I may have an opportunity of suggesting the worth of dignitaries who from time to time were most gracious to St. James of Compostella and were not unmindful of St. George of Cappadocia. 'The Cardinals,' said Colet, than whom there was no greater preacher in England, 'represent the order of seraphim, continually beaming with love to God the Blessed Trinity; for which reason they were arrayed in red, the colour that denoted nobleness.'

These were the kind of men in England and France who do not seem to have discerned either imposition or superstition in giving reverence to a leg of the blessed St. George.

Credulous? If that be credulity, England has always been subject to such. She has the inestimable tendency to believe the best that can be said of anybody or anything. In this she differed not from most Christian countries, but we speak specially of her. In her religious history there have been periods of general indifference; then of mournful repentance and hysterical emotionalism; and later of exacting and tiresome observance of outward rite and inward devotion. Take, for instance, sabbatarianism, which bears somewhat on the question we are now considering. This principle is commonly supposed to be a revival of ancient Jewish custom brought about in modern or post-Reformation times. It is spoken of as peculiar to the Protestant type of Christianity in England and in Scotland. There is no more definite mistake. The Church Catholic has from the first advocated a rigid observance of the Sinaitic commandment. In the Middle Ages, and indeed earlier, there sprang up a spirit of sabbatarianism fiercer and more determined than England has known in any later times.

The rule of the Sabbath, which has come down to us from

ages remote even in the time of Moses, has always been hard to maintain. The Babylonians and the Assyrians found it so; and had the Hebrews observed it as their leaders commanded, the prophets would have refrained from the injunctions, threats, and promises which abound in their writings. Ever and anon, especially in seasons of distress, desperate efforts were made to break up this evil and to hinder its recurrence. In the days immediately preceding the coming of Christ extreme views on the subject prevailed; and herein lay much of the opposition of the Pharisees to His more lenient and reasonable teaching. The rabbis, for instance, held that an egg should not be eaten which was laid on the Sabbath Day. One of their legends said that the fish of the Red Sea, mischievous as the serpent in Eden, used to come ashore on the eve of the Sabbath to tempt the people to violate the day of rest. The offenders at length became so numerous that David, to deter others, turned the fish into apes. This accounts for whatever differences there are, if any, among the apes inhabiting Egypt and Arabia. They are Sabbath-breakers.

Canon law was no less severe. It forbade dances, plays, and games, and allowed no work to be done on Sunday. The whole time should be spent with God; and it was said that not only did nature agree with the divine command, but also that strange misfortunes befell those who violated the law. But in vain. Even though it was pointed out that fishes show their respect for God by refusing crumbs from a Sunday-baked loaf, the Sabbath-breakers persisted in their evil ways. On Sunday all self-respecting birds refrained from singing or grubbing.

A miraculous letter sent down from Christ, which can be traced back to the sixth century, insists that the Sunday must be kept from Saturday noon to Monday dawn; and no less an authority than Roger de Hoveden states that a miller of Wakefield who presumed to work after noon on Saturday was punished by a sudden rush of blood which almost filled the meal-barrel set under the hopper. The same authority tells of other singular results: among them of a Norfolk woman who washed clothes on the Sunday, and, though she pleaded poverty and necessity, a small pig of a black colour sprang at her side, and could not by any effort be torn away. The woman screamed and her neighbours ran to her rescue, but the little pig held on, sucking away her blood and strength, and at last she terminated her

wretched life by a miserable death. That is what happened in the thirteenth century to an obstinate Sabbath-breaker.

I do not know what the violators of the law thought of the signs thus given. Possibly each offender imagined that while everybody else would receive punishment, and deservedly so, he would escape; and few people may have observed so closely as did the clergy the habits of the birds and fishes. The reader who so wishes may find the letter from Christ recorded at length in Roger of Hoveden's *Chronicle*; but St. Bernardino declares that the letter came not from heaven, but in truth it was 'brought from the chancery of hell, and containeth many things false, foolish, and full of lies.' So that it seems one is not obliged to accept the authenticity of the letter; but the fate of the miller and the washerwoman cannot be questioned.

Credulous? In such defences of the moral law as these, or in the adoration of St. George's leg? But if so, not peculiar to any given century! More than sixty years since I was myself told a story than which nothing more wonderful happened in the most wonderful of any of the ages through which we have journeyed in this study. Possibly there may be variants of the story coming from the far-away past. I do not know. This was given me as having happened within a few years of the time I heard it; and its truth was solemnly vouched for.

I did not believe the story then, nor do I believe it now, at least not literally, though I think I could explain it metaphorically, as I should explain the swallowing of the Egyptian magicians' rods by the Hebrew's staff, or the effect of that same staff on the waters of the Red Sea. But he who spoke to me, a keen-witted, accomplished, God-fearing, and highly respected man, did believe it, and nothing could shake his faith. To be sure, he had neither cardinals nor seraphim to support his testimony, but he had eyes as blue as a June sky and a voice as sweet as a blackbird's. Moreover, though he had not seen the man on whom the miracle was wrought, yet he knew very well people who had seen him—even though they had not felt the wound in the neck, as it will be remembered St. Hugo of Cluny was fortunate enough to have done in a similar instance.

A footpath from time immemorial had connected two hamlets in a remote part of England, by running across a field lying between them. The land belonged to a squire who appears not to have been too kind to his villagers.

The path made the distance much shorter, and the public had acquired a right to its use. The squire objected, and compelled the people to take the longer road. Nor would he listen to the rector of the parish, who remonstrated with him. At last the situation became desperate: a sullen, angry community, and an obstinate, short-sighted, godless landowner. No arguments could prevail.

One day the squire and the parson met on the footpath in the field. The squire bade the parson go back. The parson refused. The squire lifted his hand to strike. It fell helpless to his side. Then the parson pronounced an awful ban on the aggressor. Until he should change his mind, undo his evil act, and restore the right-of-way to the people, his head should turn half-way round, and remain in that position, so that he should not be able to see where he was going, but have a full view whence he came. By looking on what he had done, he might discover what he should do. The squire's head instantly made the change, much to his inconvenience. The change made it awkward for him to eat or drink, or to speak to anybody without turning his back, or even to smoke pleasantly. He saw people laughing at him as he passed by. A few days of this discipline went far enough. He repented. The clergyman took off the malediction. The squire's head came round. He confirmed the rights of the public in the footpath. The rest of his days he spent in good works, a thankful and a changed man.

I do not know what Ramón Lull or Archbishop Warham would have done with this story had they heard it. Only, I am fairly sure they would not have taken it as an allegory. Nor did the man who gave me the story. He held it to be physically literal: just as the mediaevalists thought their legends and miracles to be. Because I cannot agree with them is no evidence that they were mistaken. For ages men who thought at all were satisfied that the earth was flat and that the sun encompassed it. They did not know. Only, I wonder if we know as much as they knew of things outside the realm of physics. Heaven mingled with earth in their day. Perhaps it does still, but it seems farther off, and to the world at large almost out of sight.

There were abuses, as there are abuses in everything that man has to do with. I do not know anything that has been more abused than Christianity itself. I should be sorry if much that bears the name of Christianity were really such. But if the tendency to error and fraud be strong, still

stronger, I believe, is the tendency to free truth from them. Therefore I bring myself to think that in the ages when men let go the practice of pilgrimages and the friendship of saints because of the corruptions which had crept in, they did not intend to cast reflexions on the principles—the myths, legends, traditions that in the first instance created and cherished in men's minds the desire for the practice or the reasonableness of the friendship.

A writer in the *Lives of the English Saints*, a work edited long since by John Henry Newman, says: 'It is quite true that, in many particular instances, the strange stories in medieval narratives are strongly tinctured by the spirit of the age, call it poetic, superstitious, or faithful, as you will.' But the statement of the fact still leaves the truth of the 'spirit of the age' unsettled. Does that spirit, the spirit of any age, ever stray far from the truth? Is there not, at least generally speaking, under the assertions and practices of any age, a desire to express truth? Take the vision of St. James at the head of the armies of Spain: Did they lie who declared that they saw him? Or can we prove that he did not appear?

And because there have been exaggerations, misunderstandings, deliberate artifices and tricks—no less such because they may have been designed to strengthen religious belief, or, on the other hand, to further interests decidedly otherwise than religious—does that mean that the thing thus maltreated and distorted is itself empty of truth?

More than once in this study I have said that the people of old time seem to have lived nearer than we do to the unseen and unheard worlds of spirit life. They felt themselves to be in the immediate neighbourhood of heaven. God and His blessed ones dwelt as it were next door. The very stars were not much above ground. Devout peasants set a place at their table for the Heavenly Guest should He be pleased to come. Not only did Abraham walk with angels, but the folk of the Middle Ages, and of the Dark Ages, and of the early ages of Christianity, and of ages earlier still, realized that in the hours of toil and of slumber, in sickness and on battlefields, God's angels were ever with them. No one doubted that St. James was really at Compostella and taking a close interest in the affairs of the city. The men and women of those days were no better than the men and women of these days; but they appreciated the things of the other life in a way that we cannot, or are afraid to attempt.

Take, for instance, the following legend, of which there are several variants. We say, 'But it 's not true'; they would say, 'But it is beautiful.' Possibly they who think it beautiful, never trouble themselves about its truth. They take it as it is given.

A path ran across an ancient churchyard, and twice a day a man used that path, to and from his work. And every time he found himself among the graves, he stopped and prayed that they who slept therein might have peace and rest in paradise. The time came when the good man should die, but, with the angels to carry him to God, there came hosts of glorified spirits, men, women, and children, for whom he had prayed, multitudes who sang hymns of welcome, as he passed from his bed of death till he reached the land of life.

As I bring this chapter to an end, and try to find a way out of the confusion into which we have wandered—a confusion which I would fain hope is no worse than that of the woods through which brooks play hither and thither between winding, flower-grown banks, and sunshine gleams and flits among leaf-covered boughs and bushes—there come to my vision with renewed life the land which St. James loved, and the times in which he wrought his wonderful deeds. The times are strange to those who care for no times but their own, and it is a weary country to those who are looking for Florentine vistas or the charms of English landscapes. But to me, and to the reader whose heart beats with mine, there is a fascination, even an exuberant joy, in both times and country. I am sorry the old days have gone. I am sorry there came in abuses which ate into the myths and legends, and brought shame to the blessed Apostle and to the other holy ones with whom Spain abounded. I can understand better than ever William Dynet of Nottingham, who, converted from Lollardy, in his abjuration, December 1, 1395, swore, 'I shall neuermore despyse pylgrimage.' And to-day, in an exquisite Christmas carol given by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, in her *Spaniard at Home*, I hear echoes of the songs the pilgrims sang on their way to Compostella, and of the ballads the people by the wayside hummed to the tinkling tune of stringed instrument:—

'Into the porch at Bethlehem
Have crept the gypsies wild,
And they have stolen the swaddling clothes
Of the new-born Holy Child.

'Oh, those swarthy gypsies!
How could the rascals dare?
They haven't left the Holy Child
A single shred to wear.'

A changed land since St. James was brought to Iria Flavia, and Charlemagne worshipped at his shrine, and the Great Archbishop laid the foundations of his splendour, and to him came in dignified devotion and with gifts of gold and precious stones, Plantagenet and Castilian, French, German, Burgundian, and Norman, emperors and popes, princes, prelates, merchants, knights, and multitudes of humble folk unnamed and unnumbered! They have vanished now. An old saying in France ran: 'None but great beggars go to St. James in Galicia, and little ones to St. Michael'; but great beggars come no more. And travellers wander through that north country, complaining of its inconveniences—George Borrow said, 'No horse can stand the food of Galicia and the mountains of Galicia, long, without falling sick';—but such travellers never say aught of saints, rarely even of St. James. No; neither saints nor angels, nor the blessed James himself, would rid them of the inconveniences, but the contemplation of men who had fought and won might beget a composure and a surrender which would help careworn strangers to bear all the ills that they are called upon to bear.

Instead of entertaining such thoughts, they declare the region God-forsaken and hopeless, fit chiefly for rabbits—the numbers of rabbits in far-away days gave that part of the Peninsula towards the Mediterranean its name, 'pahan,' thence Hispania. On some of the coins struck in the reign of Hadrian, during his visit there, the bust of the emperor is seen on the obverse, and on the reverse a female figure with an olive branch in her hands, and a rabbit at her feet, and the legend, 'Hispania.' A rough, wild land, burrowed and devoured by pests, possibly worthless but for their skin. 'Span' appears to be also Phoenician for a land remote or hidden from sight, the most distant country known to the eastern seafarers, 'Spain.' So even to-day, in spite of railways and steamboats, Galicia seems to visitors from England or America, from London or Paris, far away, strange, and desolate—a breeding-place for rabbits, almost out of the world. The fault is with the visitors, and not with the country. But in Spain itself the mere epithet of 'Gallego' indicates a boor, a person to be made fun of; and

as nearly all Spanish servants come from Galicia, the epithet is almost a badge of servitude. A Castilian, feeling the sting of insult, will exclaim: I have been treated as if I were a Gallego!' A proverb has it: 'All who are born in Spain are Spaniards, and the Gallegos besides.'

When we think of it, however, we become aware that Galicia is not the only part of Spain behind the times, or at all events odd in its manners and customs. There are habits throughout Spain, as in every other country in the world, that surprise the stranger. Interest in the future life is everywhere manifest, though in old time the people had little respect for asceticism. They have little more to-day, but they ever keep the dead in mind. Arnold Bennett says, though I am not sure of his information, that 'the Spanish Church has displayed such psychological expertness in the exploitation of human nature, that even to-day a Spanish widow will pay for half a page in a newspaper to inform the world about the prospects of the soul of her departed husband.'

But the Gallegans do not mind how much they are laughed at. They are a simple, good-natured, hospitable kind of folk. Forget the pilgrimages, the turmoil and trade they created, and the country and its inhabitants will be found not to have changed so much as people who do not know the conditions may suppose. The New World was not always called 'Hispania' or 'Spain,' but also 'Iberia'; and Iberia comes from the Basque 'Ibaia,' running water, and running water suggests pleasant landscapes and nooks and corners of exquisite delight. Hence the River Ebro. And the Gallegans still have the streams, threads of silvery beauty; and the mountains, rough and bare perhaps, but with a wonder and grace all their own; and villages quaint, dilapidated, and old when Madrid was new, and mighty cities beyond the sea were unthought of; and roadside churches and shrines suggestive of thoughts almost too sacred for expression—sanctuaries, which, with heart touched by angels' fingers, the dreamer pictures living in visions of devotion, legend, and faith, as entrancing in pure attractiveness as they are soul-stirring in association.

Seville is not there; nor the Alhambra nor the Escorial. He has a strange heart who there thinks of them. But St. James is there, and one looks heavenward and sees the blue of Galilee and hears the call from the fisherman's boat; and in old Compostella, before the devout spectator, stands the

warrior-saint, his face radiant and his figure noble and knightly as ever.

Over that countryside, in the early dawn and in the eventide, there flows from rising or setting sun a loveliness suggestive more of heaven than earth ; and on hill and in valley, on tree and spire, the loveliness gathers in deep and deepening glow, and the clouds seem to change into hosts of angels. In that glory, as the men of old time would say, Sinai is forgotten and Sion appears in perfect beauty. A scene, divinely created, now softening into peace beyond expression, now heightening into vision beyond all dreams, but always such as tells of life—of ages unending, of days gone by, of memories ever to be remembered, but always of life—the life for which men live and die, and which Christ gives to true penitents and honest pilgrims—the life of the Apostle, whose fire begets light, and to whom, so the Church once believed, God entrusted the care of the Spanish country and its people !

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